THE

MUSES FAREWEL TO Popery & Slavery,

OR, A

COLLECTION

OF

Miſcellany Poems, Satyrs, Songs, &c.

Made by the Moſt Eminent Wits of the Nation, as the Shams, Intreagues, and Plots of Prieſts and Jeſuits gave occaſion.

The Second Edition, with Large Additions, moſt of them never before Printed.

Suis & ipſa Roma, viribus ruit, Hor.

LONDON:
Printed for *S. Burgeſs*, and are to be ſold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, 1690.

TO THE
READER.

IF *the Weather-Glaſs of the* Virtuoſi *be in that kind Uſeful, the ſeveral* Papers *which frequently come forth, are no leſs ſerviceable to the Underſtanding the* Conſtitution *of* Times.

Theſe appear under ſeveral Titles, *as Intelligences, Addreſſes, Petitions, Advices, Obſervations, (not to mention the* Pulpit-Harangues, *whoſe Matter is often taken out of the forementioned, with the Form and Trimming* peculiar *to that ſort of Speakers) To theſe may be added the* Satyrs, *which afford no leſs* Inſtruction, *tho' more of* Diverſion, *by the Advantage of Verſe and Song.*

Among the Ancients, Satyr *was in much eſteem, being as a Faithful Looking-Glaſs of* Humane Nature *and* Things, *wherein the Vices, Ignorance, and Follies of all ſort of Perſons were fairly repreſented, which either Self-Love would not* ſuffer *them to* ſee, *or the Intereſt and Flattery of others might* endeavour *to* diſguiſe.

Of

To the Reader.

Of Later Times, the Small Remains of the Old Roman Spirit, *tho' miſerably oppreſt with the* ſcandalous *Load of Prieſtly Government, has taken the boldneſs to expreſs its Reſentment of the Enormities of thoſe* Infalllible Vicars, *by the Perſons of* Paſquin *and* Marforio, *who upon occaſion, do freely tax the Lewdneſs, Hypocriſie and Rapine of that Herd of Eccleſiaſticks.*

Our Neighbours *the* Dutch, *being a People ſomewhat* Phlegmatick, *are us'd to oppreſs their* Satyr *by their* Pencils; *but* our *Nation, being of a* Free *and* Jolly *Temper, has been of long time* accuſtom'd *to* ridicule *the Reigning Follies of* Particulars, *and the Ill Actions and Miſcarriages of* Publick *Perſons by* Lampoon *and* Song. *To ſay nothing of the* French *and* Spaniards, *who oft-times are not ſparing in that way.*

It has been thought fit, the Preſent Times having given much occaſion to this ſort of Writing, to Collect the moſt Conſiderable Pieces *which have been Publiſh'd of this Nature, and it were to be wiſh'd that the like were done in thoſe Things which relate to* Hiſtory *and* Arts, *for this common Reaſon, leſt being neglected for their being* Small, *they ſhould be loſt, becoming the* Prey *of* Time.

THE

The CONTENTS.

THE *Man of Honour*, page 1.
The Man of no Honour, p. 5.
The Vision, p. 10.
The Advice, p. 13.
The Converts, p. 14.
The humble Address of your Majesty's Poet Laureat, *and others your Catholick and Protestant dissenting Rhymers, with the rest of the Fraternity of Minor Poets, Inferior Versifiers and Sonnetteers of Your Majesty's Ancient Corporation of* Parnassus, p. 18.
The Laureat, p. 20.
The Vision of Toleration, p. 25.
On the Bishops Confinement, p. 28.
The Last Will and Testament of Father Peters, p. 29.
The Pope's Wish, p. 33.
The Protestant Litany, p. 35.
A Character of Old England, *in Allusion to a Piece of* Tacitus de Vita Agricolæ. p. 37.
Advice to the Prince of Orange, *and the Packet-Boat returned.* p. 38.
The Hieroglyphick. p. 40.
To the Ten Dispensing Judges, p. 41.
Religious Relicks: *Or, the Sale at the* Savoy, *upon the Jesuits breaking up their School and Chappel*, p. 42.
Private Occurrences: *Or, the Transactions of the four last Years, Written in Imitation of the Old Ballad of* Hey brave *Oliver*, Ho brave *Oliver*, &c. p. 47.
On Purgatory, p. 50.
A Stanza lately put upon Tyburn, p. 51.
Harry Care's *last Will and Testament*, ibid.
A New Song, p. 53.
A New Catch in praise of the Reverend Bishops, p. 54.
A New Song, ibid.
A New Song of the Mayor being tossed in a Blanket, in the

the North, p. 5
A New Song, p. 5
Tom Tyler; *or the Nurſe*, p. 6
To the Haters of Popery, By what Names or Titles ſoeve dignified or diſtinguiſhed, p. 6
Proteſtantiſm Reviv'd: Or the Perſecuting Church Tri umphing, p. 6
A View of the Religion of the Town: Or a Sunda *Moring Ramble*, p. 6
The Papiſts Exaltation, on His Highneſs the Prince o Orange *His Arrival in* London, p. 6
The Explanation, p. 7
A New Song on the Prince and Princeſs of Orange, p. 7
Tyrconnel's *diſtracted Readings upon his* Iriſh *Force in* England; *In alluſion to Mr.* Cowley's *Pindaric Ode upon deſtiny.* Hoc quoque fatale eſt ſic ipſum ex pendere fatum, *Manil*, p. 7
Notes on the Firſt Stanza, p. 7
Notes on the Second Stanza, p. 7
Notes on the Third Stanza, ibi
Notes of the Fourth Stanza, ibi
A New Proteſtant Litany, p. 8
A New Litany for the Holy Time of Lent, p. 8
The Council, p. 8
The Audience, p. 8
The States-Man's Almanack: *Being an Excellent New* Ballad, *in which the Qualities of each Month are con ſider'd; whereby it appears, that a* Parliament *can not meet in any of the Old Months: With a propoſa for mending the* Kalender, *humbly offered to th Packers of the next* Parliament. p. 9
The Almanack. 9
Epilogue. 9

The Contents.

The State-Holder: Or, the Prince's Almanack, &c. 96
The Almanack. p. 98
Epilogue. p. 100.
The Orange. p. 101.
An Epistle to Mr. Dryden. p. 103.
A Sale of Old State Houshold-Stuff. p. 107.
The Dream. p. 110.
The Paradox on the Confinement of the Lords. p. 113.
Over the Lord D---rs *Door.* p. 116.
Over the Lord S — s *Door.* Ibid.
To the Speaking-Head. p. 117.
The Ghost. Ibid.
A Dialogue between a Loyal Addressor, &c. p. 118
A new Song of the misfortunes of an Old Whore and her Brats. p. 119.
A New Song. p. 124.
A new Song of an Orange. p. 127.
A new Song on the Calling of a Free Parliament, January 5*th*, 1688. p. 129.
The Second part of Lilli--li burlero Bullen a-la. 131.
The Chancellour turn'd Tarpaulin. p. 134.
Stafford's *Ghost*, February 1681. p. 135.
On the D---s of P--th's *Picture,* Sept. 1682. p. 138.
All Shams. p. 139.
Fumbumbis. *Or the* North-*Country-Mayor.* &c. 140.
Essay written over his Door upon an Institution and Induction. p. 142.
A new Song the of the Times, 1683. Ibid.
A Heroick Scene. *Enter* Oliver's *Porter, Fidler, and Poet in* Bedlam, &c. p. 145.
The true Way to Honour. p. 153.
A New Litany. p. 154.
Epitaph on the Lord Fairfax, *by the Duke of* Buckingham. pag. 155.
A Match, between the keen Razor, *and the dull* Ax 3 168

1683. *Occasioned by the death of the Lord* Russel *and the E. of* Essex. p. 158.
A New Litany in the Year, 1684. p. 159.
The Fable of the Pot *and* Kettle, &c. p. 161.
Epitaph on Harry Care p. 162.
A New Way to Honour. Ibid.
A Lenten Prologue *refus'd by the* Players, 1682. p. 163.
Dangerfield's *Ghost to* J—— p. 166.
The Troop at Beaconsfield *and their March.* p. 167.
SONG. p. 169.
A true and full Account of a late Conference, &c. 170.
A new Address to Mr. Bays, *on his late Conversion to the Church of* Rome. p. 174.
A short Letany. 177
The Earl of Essex's *Ghost*, 1687. 178
Popish politicks unmaskt. 180
A paper fixed on the Kings Chappel Door on Easter-day 1687. 188.
Upon K. J. Pistoling a Mastiff Dog at Banbury, *in his last Progress.* Ibid.
To the Observator 190
Old Gammer Cook. 191
The Drinking Song. 192
A Dialogue between Father Petre *and the Devil.* 193
The Metamorphosis. 197
Cæsar's *Ghost.* 200
The Fourth Satyr of Boileau *to* W. K. 1687. 210
A Candle for a sick Jesuit 213
A Congratulatory Poem on his Highness the Prince of Orange, *his coming into* England. &c. 214
A Congratulatory Poem to the most Illustrious Queen Mary, *upon her Arrival in* England. &c. 299
Ode on the Anniversary of the Kings Birth. &c. 220
An Ode *on the Queens Birth-Day, Sung before their Majesties at* White-Hall. *By* Tho Shadwell. 223

Mis-

Miſcellany POEMS, &c.

The Man of HONOUR.

By the Lord Halifax.

Occaſioned by a Poſtſcript of *Penn*'s Letter.

NOT all the *Threats* or *Favours* of a Crown,
A *Princes* Whiſper, or a *Tyrants* Frown,
Can *awe* the Spirit, or *allure* the Mind
Of him, who to ſtrict *Honour* is enclin'd;
Though all the *Pomp* and *Pleaſure* that does wait
On publick Places, and Affairs of *State*,
Shou'd fondly court him to be *baſe* and *great*.
With *even* Paſſions, and with *ſettled* Face,
He wou'd remove the *Harlots* falſe Embrace:
Tho' all the *Storms* and *Tempeſts* ſhould ariſe,
That *Church-Magicians* in their Cells deviſe,
And from their ſettled Baſis *Nations* tear,
He wou'd unmov'd the mighty Ruin bear;
Secure in Innocence contemn 'em all,
And decently array'd in *Honours*, fall.

For this brave *Shrewsbury* and *Lumly*'s Name,
Shall ſtand the foremoſt in the Liſt of Fame;
Who firſt with ſteady Minds the Current broke,
And to the ſuppliant *Monarch* boldly ſpoke.

Great Sir, renown'd for Conſtancy, how juſt
Have we obey'd the *Crown*, and ſerv'd our Truſt,
Eſpous'd your *Cauſe* and *Intereſt* in diſtreſs,
Your ſelf muſt witneſs, and our Foes confeſs!
Permit us then *ill Fortune* to accuſe,
That you at laſt *unhappy Councils* uſe,
And ask the *only* thing we muſt *refuſe*.
Our *Lives* and *Fortunes* freely we'll expoſe,
Honour alone we cannot, muſt not loſe:
Honour, that *Spark* of the Cœleſtial *Fire*,
That above *Nature* makes *Mankind* aſpire;
Ennobles the rude Paſſions of our Frame,
With thirſt of *Glory*, and deſire of *Fame*;
The richeſt *Treaſure* of a generous Breaſt,
That gives the Stamp and Standard to the reſt.
Wit, *Strength* and *Courage*, are wild dangerous force,
Unleſs this ſoftens and directs their Courſe;
And would you rob us of the *nobleſt* part,
Accept a *Sacrifice* without a *Heart*?
'Tis much beneath the Greatneſs of a Throne,
To take the *Caſket* when the *Jewel*'s gone;
Debauch our *Principles*, corrupt our Race,
And teach the *Nobles* to be Falſe and Baſe.
What Confidence can you in them repoſe,
Who, e're they ſerve you, all their *Value* loſe;
Who once enſlave their *Conſcience* to their *Luſt*,
Have loſt the *Reins*, and can no more be *Juſt*.
Of *Honour*, Men at firſt, like Women Nice,
Raiſe *Maiden-Scruples* at unpractis'd *Vice*;
Their *modeſt* Nature curbs the ſtrugling *Flame*,
And ſtifles what they *wiſh* to act, with *Shame*.
But once this Fence thrown down, when they perceive
That they may taſte forbidden Fruit and live;

They

They ſtop not here their Courſe, but ſafely in,
Grow Strong, Luxuriant, and bold in Sin;
True to no Principles, preſs forward ſtill,
And only bound by appetite their Will:
Now fawn and flatter, while this Tide prevails,
But ſhift with every veering blaſt their Sails.
Mark thoſe that meanly truckle to your Power,
They once deſerted and chang'd ſides before,
And would to morrow *Mahomet* adore!
On higher Springs true Men of Honour move,
Free is their Service, and unbought their Love:
When Danger calls, and Honour leads the way,
With Joy they follow, and with Pride obey:
When the Rebellious Foe came rolling on,
And ſhook with gathering Multitudes the Throne;
Where were the Minions then? What Arms, what Force,
Cou'd they oppoſe to ſtop the Torrents Courſe?
Then *Pembrook*, then the Nobles firmly ſtood,
Free of their Lives, and laviſh of their Blood;
But when your Orders to mean Ends decline,
With the ſame Conſtancy they all reſign.
Thus ſpake the Youth, who open'd firſt the way,
And was the *Phoſphorus* to th'dawning day;
Follow'd by a more glorious ſplendid Hoaſt,
Than any Age, or any Realm can boaſt:
So great their Fame, ſo numerous their Train,
To name were endleſs, and to praiſe in vain;
But *Herbert* and great *Oxford* merit more,
Bold is their flight, and more ſublime they ſoar;
So high, their Virtue as yet wants a name,
Exceeding wonder, and ſurpaſſing Fame:
Riſe, glorious Church, erect thy radiant Head,
The Storm is paſt, th' impending Tempeſt fled:

Had Fate decreed thy Ruine or Diſgrace,
It had not given ſuch Sons, ſo brave a Race.
When for Deſtruction Heaven a Realm deſigns,
The Symptoms firſt appear in ſlaviſh Minds:
Theſe men would prop a ſinking Nations weight,
Stop falling Vengeance, and Reverſe even Fate.
Let other Nations boaſt their fruitful Soil,
Their fragrant Spices, their rich Wine and Oil;
In breathing Colours, and in living Paint
Let them excel, their Maſtery we grant.
But to inſtruct the mind, to arm the Soul
With Virtue, which no dangers can controul;
Exalt the thought, a ſpeedy Courage lend,
That Horrour cannot ſhake, or pleaſure bend:
Theſe are the *Engliſh* Arts, thoſe we profeſs
To be the ſame in Mis'ry and Succeſs;
To teach Oppreſſors Law, aſſiſt the good,
Relieve the Wretched, and ſubdue the Proud:
Such are our Souls: But what doth Worth avail
When Kings commit to hungry Prieſts the Scale?
All Merit's light when they diſpoſe the weight,
Who either would embroil, or rule the State.
Defame thoſe Heroes who their Yoke refuſe,
And blaſt that Honeſty they cannot uſe;
The ſtrength and ſafety of the Crown deſtroy,
And the King's Power againſt himſelf imploy:
Affront his Friends, deprive him of the brave,
Bereft of theſe he muſt become their Slave.
Men, like our Money, come the moſt in play
For being baſe, and of a courſe allay.
The richeſt Medals, and the pureſt Gold,
Of native value, and exacteſt mold,
By worth conceal'd, in private Cloſets ſhine,
For vulgar uſe too precious and too fine,

Whil

Whilſt Tin and Copper with new ſtamping bright,
Coin of baſe Metal, counterfeit and light,
Do all the Buſineſs of the Nations turn,
Raiſ'd in Contempt, us'd and employ'd in Scorn:
So ſhining Vertues are for Courts too bright,
Whoſe guilty Actions fly their ſearching light;
Rich in themſelves, diſdaining to aſpire,
Great without Pomp they willingly retire:
Give place to Fools, whoſe raſh misjudging ſence
Increaſes the weak meaſures of their Prince;
Prone to admire, and flatter him in eaſe,
They ſtudy not his good, but how to pleaſe;
They blindly and implicitly run on,
Nor ſee thoſe dangers which the others ſhun:
Who ſlow to act, each buſineſs duly weigh,
Adviſe with Freedom, and with Care obey;
With Wiſdom fatal to their Intereſt ſtrive
To make their Monarch lov'd, and Nation thrive;
Such have no place where Prieſts and Women Reign,
VVho love fierce Drivers, and a looſer Rein.

The Man of no Honour.

AS the late Character of Godlike Men,
(Given, as it ought, by a Diviner Pen)
Will make the Race of thoſe I write appear
Low as to Glorious Valour, wretched Fear;
So the ſmooth Lines in which thoſe Truths are told,
(Lines juſtly happy as they're Nobly bold)
VVith right from humble Muſes bold Eſteem,
And ſhow my Verſe as diſtant as my Theam.

Forgive me, you Betrayers of your Land,
If I do scourge you with a wanting Hand;
My Will is good to give you all your due,
The Pope will pardon want of Power in you.
Your Aid, my Muse, this once I humbly ask,
Exposing Villany's a Noble task;
Assist my story with such ample Phrase,
It may find leave to live and see good Days:
Stamp an Eternal Value on the Brave,
By drawing to the Life a sneaking Knave;
Show him how justly he's expos'd by all,
And show him time may come when he may fall;
Show him on what Foundation now he stands,
Show him, instead of Rocks, mistaken Lands;
Show him it lately fail'd believing man,
And will do so when time shall serve again.
When *Oxford* Prophesies were come to pass,
And many a squeamish Church-man prov'd an Ass,
Then blockish Honesty was made give ground,
And foolish Knaves were much more useful found;
A search throughout the *Senate* pass'd for such,
(Since Fools would do to find no more 'twas much)
Vile Interest was oppos'd to Men of sense,
And many from that hour did Rogues commence.
Besides, with Gold the despicable *Slaves*,
Were willingly thought Fools, they might be Knaves.
Of these the Chief a Consultation call,
Where they shall stop, or whether stop at all.
Some faint Resistance Conscience wou'd have made,
And Honour wou'd have spoke, but was forbad;
Interest with Impudence assum'd the Chair,
And thus address'd to each Plebeian Fool was there:
Of all Philosophers that plagu'd the World,
And curious Brains in various Labyrinths hurl'd,

None

None far'd ſo ill, and yet ſo juſtly far'd,
As thoſe Preach'd Vertue for its own Reward;
More uſeful Doctrines ſprung from wiſer Schools,
They heard their Morals, and reſolv'd them Fools.
Mark thoſe who ſtrive the multitude to pleaſe,
Nice of their Honour, laviſh of their Eaſe:
How in the gazing crowd they humbly ſtand,
With their perplexing Honeſty at hand,
They dare not uſe the ſtrength they may command.
They prove their Grandeur from their humble Soul,
But he is great who can and dare controul;
You'll ſoar above, exhal'd by Princely Rays,
And with contempt look down on rotten Praiſe;
Laugh at dull Notions of a Glorious Name,
When Beggery's the Baſis of its Frame.
More uſeful Honour ſhall attend your Fate,
You ſerve a Power can make you Rich and Great,
VVho ſcorns the Nations Love ſhall live above
(their Hate.
Permit no Bugbear thoughts againſt your Cauſe,
The loſs of your Religion and the Laws,
Trifles to thoſe who dare their God defy,
And can with copious Conſciences comply.
Contemn ye fooliſh Threats of diſtant Time,
'Tis plain that Honeſty is yet a Crime;
If things hereafter turn another way,
You'll ſtill be right, for ſtill you can obey:
Ne'r fear the Brand of Knave will hurt you much,
The beſt of Courts will ſtand in need of ſuch;
Fools oft grow uſeleſs, and are laid aſide,
But Knaves of Conduct always will abide:
Old honeſty ſome poor Employ may get,
But he that ſticks at nothing ſhall be great,
The Villain wiſely thrives in every *State*.

Thus Intereſt ſpoke, and merits juſt Applauſe,
The Judges firſt declar'd againſt the Laws;
Of *Levi*'s Tribe not many went aſtray,
(Much wonder'd at, ſince they procur'd this Day)
But men of Conſcience oft in Judgment fail,
Miſtaken Loyalty did once prevail,
But ſuch Diſeaſes now no more they ail.
Become good Chriſtians by Afflictons Rod,
Their King they Honour, but they fear their God.
Of thoſe that brand their Country with Diſgrace,
Noble in Title as in Practice baſe,
Give underhand Pre-eminence of place,
The ſniveling Repreſenter of the reſt,
VVho in their Names the *Monarch* thus addreſt:
Moſt Glorious Prince, in whom all Vertues ſhine,
VVhere every worth in one great Soul combine;
You for your Gracious Deeds we come to bleſs,
But moſt of all your conſtancy confeſs;
Safe by your VVord, in Peace your people ſleep,
Your ſacred VVord which you ſo nicely keep;
That word ſo much throughout your Land Renown'd,
In which Equivocation ne'r was found.
On this it is ſo firmly we rely,
You cannot ask the thing we can deny;
As Heaven has taught the Soul of men to know,
VVhat e're it pleaſeth to diſpence below,
Shall to advantage of believers tend,
And bleſs their blind Obedience in the end;
So we ſuch awful Thoughts of you receive,
What e're you'll do we for our good believe;
Our grand Ambition is our King to pleaſe,
We ne'r can want Repoſe while he's at Eaſe.

When

When by Obedience we have giv'n you reſt,
And blaſted ev'n the frightful Name of Teſt,
But ſmile upon us, and your Slaves are bleſt.
Thus ſpake the fawning Miniſter of State;
Poor in Eſteem, and deſpicably Great;
The Monarch bleſt the Prieſthood skill,
Forſakes his Reaſon to perform his Will,
Deſerts his Noble Friends for flattering Knaves,
Neglects his Subjects whilſt he favours Slaves:
Riſe up, brave Prince, attend your Natures Courſe,
We know that's Noble, when exempt from force;
Spread your relenting Arms, imbrace your Friends,
They'll help you to attain more Noble Ends;
You know their Love, the Rebels know their Force,
Serve God with ſpeed, annul th' unjuſt Divorce,
Then ſhall you ſtand great in your Peoples Love,
A lively Emblem of the Mighty *Jove*.
Then ſhall your haughty Rival ceaſe to ſoar,
And tremble at the Neighb'ring *Britiſh* ſhore;
The Senates Bounty ſhall preſerve you ſtill,
With cheerful Tribute all your Coffers fill.
All Kings ſhall gaze with Envy on your Throne,
Then with Contempt look down upon their own;
To gain your ſmiles ſhall be their utmoſt Pride,
And happy he who neareſt is ally'd.
Belov'd by God and Men you ſhall remain,
Great without War, and undiſturb'd your Reign.
Then when the Remnant of your days are done,
The Thred of Glorious Life at length is ſpun,
Sincere in Grief your people all ſhall mourn,
Some goodly Fabrick ſhall your Grave adorn
With this Inſcription, for Eternal Praiſe,
Here lyes the only Prince who left all Evil Ways.

The VISION.

TWas at an hour when buſie Nature lay
Diſſolv'd in ſlumbers from the noiſy Day,
When gloomy ſhades and dusky Atoms ſpread
A darkneſs o'er the Univerſal Bed,
And all the gaudy beams of light were fled;
My flutt'ring fancy 'midſt the ſilent peace,
Careleſs of *ſleep*, and unconcern'd with *eaſe*,
Drew to my wandring thoughts an object near,
Strange in its *form*, and in *appearance* rare.
Methought (yet ſure it could not be a Dream,
So real all its Imperfections ſeem)
With *Princely* Port a ſtately *Monarch* came,
Airy his mein, and *Noble* was his frame:
A ſullen ſorrow brooded on his Brow;
He ſeem'd beneath ſome weighty Fate to bow;
Diſtruſt and *Grief* upon his Eye-lids reſt,
And ſhow the ſtrugling troubles of his Breaſt.
Upon his Head a *nodding Crown* he wore,
And in his Hand a *yielding Scepter* bore;
Forlorn and careleſs did his ſtrokes appear,
And every motion ſpoke a wild *Deſpair*.
This mournful Scene did all my Paſſions move,
And challeng'd both my *pity* and my *love*,
And yet I thought him by the ruins made
Above my *pity*, and beyond my *aid*;
Long did he in a penſive ſilence ſtand,
For ſure his thoughts cou'd not his words command:
Too big for ſpeech——

Till

Till sullen murmurs from his bosom flew,
And thus a draught of his disorders drew.
Almighty Powers! By whose consent alone
Ordain'd, I did ascend the *Regal* Throne,
Led by your dark Decrees, and Conduct there,
I, as your great *Vicegerent*, did appear
Beneath my charge, whilst crowding Nations sate,
And *bow'd* and did *admire* my rising Fate:
'Twas then my *Laurels* fresh and blooming grew,
And a loud Fame of all my Glories flew;
My willing Subjects bless and clap the day;
The bravest and the best were all my friends,
Whilst Faction in confusion sneak'd away;
At distance grinn'd, but could not reach their ends.
Such Faith unto my promises were shown,
My Word they took, for Oaths were useless grown;
My very Word compos'd their hopes and fears,
Sacred 'twas held, and all *Serene* appears:
Until my *Fate* revers'd did backwards reel,
Blurr'd all my Fame, and alter'd Fortune's Wheel;
Ye Gods! Why did ye thus unconstant prove?
Was I the Envy of th' Abodes above?
Or was this stately Majesty but given
To be the Cheat and Flatt'ry ev'n of *Heaven*?
Can ne'er a *Saint* implore Cœlestial aid?
Nor yet the *Virgin Goddess* intercede?
'Twas for her Cause engag'd I suff'ring lie;
'Twas to advance *her* just *Divinity*:
Yes, I avow the Quarrel and the Cause,
'Twas for my *Faith*, and to out-cope the *Laws*.
I'de rather be forsaken and alone,
Than sit a *craving* Monarch on a *Throne*:
Let all my cringing Slaves at distance stand,
Fawn on th' Invading Foe, and kiss his Hand;

Leave

Leave me their *Prince*, forſaken and forlorn,
Expos'd to all their ſlights and public ſcorn.
Let after Ages judge the mighty Teſt,
Judge the Magnifick Grandure of my breaſt.
I ſaw my great forefather yet afore
Seal all his Sacred Vows with *Martyr'd gore*;
His *Royal Iſſue* branded with diſgrace,
Saw all th' Efforts they us'd t' Exclude the Race:
And yet theſe Terrours all I dare invade,
Thus *Conſcience*, thus *Religion* does perſwade.
I'll ſtand or fall by both thoſe Tenets ſtill,
And be the ſecond *Martyr* to my *Will*:
And then he ſtop'd, his fiery Eye-Balls move,
And thus with his reſiſting *Fate* he ſtrove,
And ſtood, like *Capaneus* Defying *Jove*.
When ſtreight a noiſe, from whence it came unknown
Was heard to anſwer in an angry tone;
Die then, unpity'd *Prince*, for thus thy Fate
Long ſince, by its Decrees, did antedate:
To ſuch *perverſneſs*, what regard is ſhown?
What *Merit* could'ſt thou plead to mount a Throne?
To thy repeated Wiſhes Heav'n was kind,
And pleas'd the wild Ambition of thy mind;
It put a *Scepter* in thy eager Hand,
Yet not t' oppoſe the *Genius* of the Land;
If Reaſon could not ſway thy Actions here,
Heaven's not oblig'd by *Wonders* to appear.
See how thy Creatures at a diſtance ſtand,
Sculk from thy troubles to a ſafer Land;
Thoſe who their beings to thy *bounty* own,
Forſake their fawning Cheats, and now are gone.
Thoſe who were *Friends* to thee and to thy Cauſe,
Bold for their *Rights*, and for their *Countries* Laws,

Thou, from thy darker Counsels, did'st remove,
And want their aid, now they refuse their love.
Some more imperfect sounds did reach my ear,
But sense return'd, and day-light did appear.

The ADVICE.

WOuld you be Famous and Renown'd in *Story*,
And after having run a Stage of Glory,
Go streight to *Heaven* and not to *Purgatory*:
This is the time.
Would you surrender your Dispensing Power,
And send the *Western* Hangman to the Tower,
From whence he'll find it difficult to scoure.
This, &c.
Would you send Father *P-n*, and Father *L--*,
Assisted by the Poet Laureat *Squab*,
To teach Obedience Passive to the Mob.
This, &c.
Would you let Reverend Father *Peters* know
What thanks the Church of *England* to him owe
For Favours past, he did on them bestow.
This, &c.
Would you with expedition send away
Those four dim Lights, made Bishops t'other day,
To convert *Indians* in *America*.
This, &c.
Would you the rest of that Bald-Pated Train
No longer flatter with thin hopes of Gain,
But send them to Saint *Omers* back again.
This, &c.

Would you (instead of holding Birchen tool)
Send *Fulton* to be lash'd at *Busbey's* School,
That he in Print no longer play the Fool.
This, &c.

Would you that *Jack of all Religions* scare,
Bid him for Hanging speedily prepare,
That *Harry H---s* may visit *Harry Care*.
This, &c.

Would you let *Ireland* no more fear *Macdonnel*,
And all the Rabble under *Philem* O *Neale*,
And *Clarendon* again succeed *Tyreonnel*.
This, &c.

Would you court Ear-wiggs banish from your Ears
Those Carpet-Knights, and interested Peers,
And rid the Kingdoms from impending Fears.
This, &c.

Would you at once make all the *Hogan Mogans* yield,
And be at once their *Terrour* and our *Shield*,
And not appear by *Proxy* in the Field.
This, &c.

Would you no more a *Womans* Council take,
But love your Kingdoms for your Kingdoms sake,
Make Subjects *Love* and Enemies to *Quake*.
This, &c.

The CONVERTS.

I Did intend in Rhimes Heroick
To write of Converts Apostolick,
Describe their persons and their shames,
And leave the World to guess their Names:

But

t ſoon I thought the ſcoundrel Theme
as for Heroick Song too mean;
heir Characters we'll then rehearſe
Burleſque, or in Dogrel Verſe;
f Earls, of Lords, of Knights I'll ſing,
hat chang'd their Faith to pleaſe their King.
The firſt an Antiquated Lord,
walking Mummy in a word,
loves cloath'd in Plaiſters Aromatick,
nd Flannel, by the help of a Stick,
nd like a grave and noble Peer,
utlives his Senſe by Sixty year;
nd what an honeſt Man would anger,
utlives the Fort he built at *Tanger*;
y Pox and Whores long ſince undone,
et loves it ſtill, and fumbles on:
Vhy he's a Favourite few can gueſs,
ome ſay it's for his Uglineſs;
or often Monſters (being rare)
re valued equal to the Fair:
or in his Miſtreſſes, kind *James*
oves uglineſs in its extreams;
ut others ſay 'tis plainly ſeen,
'is for the choice he made o'th' Queen;
Vhen he the King and Nation bleſt
Vith Off-Spring of the Houſe of *Eſte*;
Dame whoſe Affability
quals her Generoſity:
h! VVell match'd Pair, who frugally are bent
o live without the aids of Parliament.
ll this and more the Peer perform'd,
hen to compleat his Virtues, turn'd;
ut twas not Conſcience, or Devotion,
he hopes of Riches or Promotion,

That

That made his Lordſhip firſt to vary,
But 'twas to pleaſe his Daughter *Mary*;
And ſhe to make retaliation,
Is full as lewd in her Vocation.
The next a Caravaniſh Thief,
A lazy Maſs of damn'd Rump Beef;
Prodigious Guts, no Brains at all,
But very Rhynocerical,
VVas Married ere the Cub was lickt,
And now not worthy to be kickt;
By Jockeys bubbled, forc'd to fly,
To ſave his Coat, to *Italy*,
VVhere *H——s* and he, that virtuous Youth,
Equal in Honour, Senſe, and Truth;
By Reaſon and pure Conſcience urged,
Paſt Sins by Abjuration purged:
But 'tis believ'd both Rogue and Peer,
More worldly Motives had to veer;
The Scoundrel Plebeians ſwerving
Was to ſecure himſelf from ſtarving;
And that which made the Peer a Starter,
VVas hope of a long wiſh'd for Garter.
Next comes a Peer who ſits at Helm,
And long has ſteer'd the giddy Realm.
VVith Taylors motion, mein, and grace,
But a right Stateſman in Grimace;
The Sneer, the Cringe, and then by turns,
The dully grave, the Frowns, and Scorns,
Promiſes all, but nought performs:
But howe'er great he's in Promotion,
He's very humble in Devotion;
VVith Taper light, and Feet all bare,
He to the Temple did repair,
And knocking ſoftly at the Portal,
Cry'd, Pitty (Fathers) a poor Mortal,

And for a Sinner make ſome room,
A Prodigal returned home.
Some ſay that in that very hour,
Convert *Mall Megs* arriv'd at door;
So both with penitent Grimace,
States-man and Bawd with humble pace
Enter'd and were receiv'd to grace.

The next a Knight of high Command
'Twixt *London-bridge* and *Dover-Sand*;
A Man of ſtrict and holy Life,
Taking example from his Wife;
He to a Nunnery ſent her packing,
Leſt they ſhould take each other napping.
Some ſay *L'Eſt* —— did him beget,
But that he wants his Chin and Wit;
Good natur'd, as you may obſerve,
Letting his Titular Father ſtarve;
A Man of Senſe and Parts, we know it,
But dares as well be damn'd as ſhow it;
Brib'd by himſelf, his truſty Servant
At *Kings-Bench-Bar* appear'd moſt fervent
Againſt his Honour for the *Teſt*,
To him 'twas Gain, to all Mankind a Jeſt.

Blue-Bonnet Lords a numerous ſtore,
Whoſe beſt Example is they're poor,
Meerly drawn in, in hopes of Gains,
And reap the ſcandal for their pains;
Half-ſtarv'd at Court with expectation,
Forc'd to return to their *Sootch* Station,
Deſpis'd and ſcorn'd by every Nation.

A paltry Knight not worth a mention,
Renounc'd his Faith for piteous Penſion;
After upon True Proteſtant Whore,
H'had ſpent a large Eſtate before.

A thick ſhort Collonel next does come,
With *Stradling* Legs and maſſy Bum:
With many more of ſhameful Note,
Whoſe Honour ne're was worth a Groat.
If theſe be Pillars of the Church,
'Tis fear'd they'll leave her in the lurch;
If abler Men do not ſupport her Weight,
All quickly will return to *Forty Eight.*

The humble Addreſs of your Majeſty's Poet Laureat, *and others your Catholick and Proteſtant diſſenting Rhymers, with the reſt of the Fraternity of Minor Poets, Inferiour Verſifiers and Sonnetteers of Your Majeſty's Ancient Corporation of* Parnaſſus.

Humbly Sheweth,

THat we your Majeſty's poor ſlaves,
Your merry Beggars, witty knaves,
Being highly ſenſible how long
And dull dry Proſe addreſſing Throng,
Have daily vext your Royal Ears
With fulſom ſpeeches, canting Prayers,
Unanimouſly think it better
T' addreſs your Majeſty in Meeter.
Great Sir, your healing Declaration
Has cur'd a baſe diſtemper'd Nation;

The Godly hug it for the eaſe
It gives to ſqueamiſh Conſciences;
And by the Mammoniſts, 'tis made
The grand encouragement of Trade;
But we muſt reckon it (in our ſenſe)
A gracious Poetick Licence.
'Tis your peculiar excellency,
T' indulge Religion to a frenſy;
And our Religion is our fancy:
For which, we judge 'twould be a crime,
Not to preſent our thanks in rhime;
We, with all Subjects of our mind,
To pay, like us, their dues in kind:
That jealous Proteſtants would greet
With *Teſts* and Laws your Royal Feet;
That all would ſacrifice in courſe
Their ſtubborn Conſciences to yours;
That th' Academies wou'd oppoſe
On no pretence your Royal Cauſe,
But quit their Oaths and Founders Laws;
That Corporations yield their Charters,
And no more grudge your Souldiers Quarters;
That Borough Towns would chuſe ſuch Men,
As you ſhan't need ſend home again;
That all right Members take their ſtations,
Such as Sir *Roger* and Sir *P*———
That your new Friends ſtand every where,
Of which we recommend one pair,
Honeſt *Will Pen* and *Harry Care*.
Diſſenters will with all their heart-a
Vote for a Goſpel *Magna Charta*;
Your Judges too will over-awe
The poor dead letter of the Law;

Your High Commiſſioners, from whom
The obſtinate receive their doom,
For truſty Catholicks make room.
Only one reſty part o'th' Nation,
Would bound your power of diſpenſation;
For which we'll bait the Rogues agen,
With ſecond part of *Hind* and *Pan*:
We'll Rhime 'em into better manners,
And make them low'r their Paper-Banners;
Nor is this all that we will do,
No, Sir, we'll pray like Poets too.
May our great God *Apollo* bleſs you,
May *Juno* help your budding iſſue;
May you attempt no enemies
To skirmiſh with but Butterflies:
Nor exerciſe Your Martial Arms,
But in mock-ſieges, falſe alarms.
May you have long and peaceful days,
And may we live to ſing your Praiſe;
And after all, may you inherit
The overplus of the Saints merit.

The LAUREAT.

Jack Squabb, *his Hiſtory in little drawn Down to his Evening, from his early dawn*

APpear thou mighty Bard, to open view;
Which yet we muſt confeſs you need not do
The labour to expoſe thee we may ſave,
Thou ſtand'ſt upon thy own Records, a Knave;

Co

Condemn'd to live in thy Apoſtate Rhimes,
The Curſe of Ours, and Scoff of Future Times.
Still tacking round with every turn of State
Reverſe to *Sh*———*ry* thy curſed Fate
Is always at a change to come to late:
To keep his plots from Coxcombs was his Care,
His Policy was mask'd, and thine is bare:
Wiſe Men alone cou'd gueſs at his Deſign,
And cou'd but gueſs, the Thred was ſpun ſo fine:
But every pur-blind Fool may ſee through thine.
Had *Dick* ſtill kept the Regal Diadem,
Thou hadſt been Poet Laureat to him,
And, long ere now, in Lofty Verſe proclaim'd
His high Extraction, among Princes Fam'd;
Diffus'd his Glorious Deeds from Pole to Pole,
Where VVinds can carry, and where VVaves can (rowl.
Nay, had our *Charles*, by Heavens ſevere Decree,
Been found, and Murther'd in the Royal Tree,
Even thou hadſt prais'd the Fact; his Father ſlain,
Thou call'dſt but gently breathing of a Vein:
Impious, and Villanous! to bleſs the blow
That laid at once three lofty Nations low,
And gave the Royal Cauſe a fatal Overthrow.
VVhat after this cou'd we expect from thee?
VVhat cou'd we hope for, but juſt what we ſee?
Scandal to all Religions, New and Old;
Scandal to thine, where Pardon's bought and ſold,
And Mortgag'd Happineſs redeem'd for Gold:
Tell me, for 'tis a Truth you muſt allow;
VVho ever chang'd more in one Moon, than thou?
Even thy own *Zimri* was more ſtedfaſt known,
He had but one Religion, or had none:

VVhat ſect of Chriſtians is't thou haſt not known,
And at one time or other made thy own?
A Briſtled *Baptiſt* bred; and then thy ſtrain
Immaculate, was free from ſinful ſtain.
No Songs in thoſe bleſt times thou didſt produce
To brand, and ſham good manners out of uſe:
The Ladies then had not one Bawdy Bob,
Nor thou the Courtly Name of Poet Squab.
Next, thy dull Muſe, an *Independent* Jade,
On ſacred Tyranny five Stanza's made,
Prais'd *Noll*, who ev'n to both extreams did run,
To kill the Father, and dethrone the Son.
VVhen *Charles* came in, thou didſt a Convert grow,
More by thy Intereſt, than thy Nature ſo.
Under his livening Beams thy Laurels ſpread;
He firſt did place that wreath about thy Head;
Kindly reliev'd thy wants, and gave thee Bread.
Here 'twas thou mad'ſt the Bells of Fancy chime,
And choak'd the Town with ſuffocating Rhime.
'Till Heroes form'd by thy Creating Pen,
VVere grown as cheap, and Dull, as other Men.
Fluſh'd with ſucceſs, full Gallery, and Pit,
Thou braveſt all Mankind with want of VVit.
Nay, in ſhort time, wer't grown ſo proud a Ninny,
As ſcarce t'allow that *Ben* himſelf had any.
But when the men of Senſe thy Error ſaw,
They check'd thy Muſe, and kept the Termagant
(in awe.

To Satyr next thy Talent was Addreſt,
Fell foul on all, thy friends among the reſt:
Thoſe who the oft'neſt did thy wants ſupply,
Abus'd, Traduc'd, without a reaſon why.
Nay, ev'n thy Royal Patron was not ſpar'd,
But an obſcene, a ſantring wretch declar'd.

Thy

Thy Loyal Libel we can ſtill produce,
Beyond Example, and beyond Excuſe.
O ſtrange return, to a forgiving King,
But the warm'd Viper wears the greateſt Sting.
Thy Penſion loſt, and juſtly without doubt,
VVhen Servants ſnarl, we ought to kick 'em out;
They that diſdain their Benefactors Bread,
No longer ought by Bounty to be fed.
That loſt, the Vizor chang'd, you turn about,
And ſtrait a True-blue Proteſtant crept out;
The *Frier* now was writ; and ſome will ſay
They ſmell a Male-content through all the Play.
The *Papiſt* too was damn'd, unfit for Truſt,
Call'd Treacherous, Shameleſs, Profligate, Unjuſt,
And Kingly Power thought Arbitrary Luſt.
This laſted till thou didſt thy Penſion gain,
And that chang'd both thy Morals, and thy ſtrain.
If to write Contradictions, Nonſenſe be,
VVho has more Nonſenſe in their VVorks than thee?
VVe'll mention but thy *Lay-mans Faith*, and *Hind*,
VVho'd think both theſe (ſuch claſhing do we find)
Cou'd be the product of one ſingle mind:
Here, thou wou'dſt Charitable fain appear,
Find'ſt fault that *Athanaſius* was ſevere;
Thy Pity ſtrait to Cruelty is rais'd,
And even the pious Inquiſition prais'd,
And recommended to the preſent Reign:
" O happy Countries, *Italy* and *Spain*!
Have we not cauſe, in thy own words, to ſay,
Let none believe what varies every day,
That never was, nor will be at a ſtay.
Once, Heathens might be ſav'd, you did allow;
But not, it ſeems, we greater Heathens now:

The Loyal Church, that buoys the Kingly Line,
Damn'd with a breath, but 'tis ſuch breath as thine:
What credit to thy party can it be,
T' have gain'd ſo lewd a Profligate as thee?
Stray'd from our Fold, makes us but laugh, not weep;
We have but loſt what was diſgrace to keep:
By them Miſtruſted, and to us a ſcorn;
For it is weakneſs, at the beſt to turn.
True, hadſt thou left us in the former Reign,
T' had prov'd, it was not wholly done for Gain;
Now, the Meridian Sun is not ſo plain.
Gold is thy God, for a ſubſtantial ſumm,
Thou to the *Turk*, wouldſt run away from *Rome*,
And ſing his Holy Expedition againſt Chriſtendom.
But to conclude, bluſh with a laſting Red,
(If thou'rt not mov'd with what's already ſaid)
To ſee thy Boars, Bears, Buzards, Wolves and Owls,
And all thy other Beaſts, and other Fowls,
Routed by two poor Mice: (Unequal fight)
But eaſie 'tis to Conquer in the Right.
See there a Youth (a ſhame to thy gray hairs)
Make a meer Dunce of all thy threeſcore years.
What in that tedious Poem haſt thou done,
But cramm'd all *Æſops* Fables into one.
But why do I the precious minutes ſpend
On him, that wou'd much rather hang, than mend.
No, Wretch, continue ſtill juſt as thou art,
Thou'rt now in this laſt Scene, that Crowns thy part;
To purchaſe Favour, veer with every Gale,
And againſt Intereſt never ceaſe to rail;
Tho thou'rt the only proof how Intereſt can prevail.

The

The Viſion of Toleration.

LAſt Night, when I my ſelf to ſleep had laid;
Whilſt bones did reſt, my roving buſie Head
Methought, had ſtrangely carry'd me from home,
And I (the Lord knows how) was got to *Rome*;
It happen'd to be on a publick day,
When Pope and Cardinals were met; not to pray,
That's not their buſineſs, but to hold Debates,
How to Rule Kings, and how to Govern States.
Moſt ſtrange Employments ſure for Goſpel Preachers,
The Apoſtles were not Rulers, but Mens Teachers.
When Tripple Crown had took St. *Peter*'s Chair,
(He little thought a Crown ſhould e'er come there:)
The reſt to their reſpective ſeats repair;
And the firſt matter they did fall upon,
Was the Affairs of th' Iſle call'd *Albion*:
Methought an horned Legate did preſent
In Parchment fair ingroſs'd, a long complaint,
Againſt the Monſter call'd a *Parliament*:
Which being ſoftly read, Chriſt's Vicar cries,
Who th' plague has open'd theſe damn'd Her'ticks eyes?
I thought the ſugar'd promiſe at firſt made
To them, would the believing Fools perſwade
Out of their Bread and Butter; but ſince jealous
Of Privilege, and for their Church ſo zealous;

Since

Since we can't overturn this Impious Teſt,
Of all methods beyond diſpute the beſt :
Since Shams won't take, What muſt the next be done,
Againſt our Rival Church of Albion?
His Reverend ſpeech thus ended, whilſt each min
Was buſied, ſome new Stratagem to find;
Ere any ſpake, there ſtrangely did appear
One cloath'd in black, and ſtood before the Chair
All Eyes upon him fixt, and all Tongues mute,
With a feign'd Voice he did them thus ſalute :
Hail! Reverend Patriarch, *and ye that are*
Worthy Aſſiſtants of St. Peter's *Chair :*
I from the Author of your Faith am come,
From him firſt plac'd th' unerring Chair in Ro me;
Who gave judicial power to pardon ſins,
And to Depoſe the Unbelieving Kings :
Who you out of your ſenſes does perſwade,
Not to diſcern Fleſh, Blood, and Bones from Bread;
Who is your Churches beſt Friend and Phyſician,
To cure her Schiſms by Holy Inquiſition :
Who taught you burning was the Remedy,
Lawful to purge the Church from Hereſie :
French Nero *taught to manage* Hugonaut *:*
He who all your new Articles has taught;
From him I come, and by Commiſſion tell,
Right Truſty and Belov'd, he greets you well;
Extremely pleas'd with your great pains and care,
T'increaſe his Kingdom, in this grand Affair
Of Albion. *It is his will and pleaſure,*
That to perfect the Work, you take this meaſure;
You know as well as he, that in that Nation,
Are many Baſtard-ſlips of th' Reformation;
Who, with their Siſter have been ſtill at odds,
Becauſe (I wiſh 'twere true) *ſhe ſerv'd your Gods.*

But ſeeing their miſtake, they now begin
To have a good opinion, and come in
To her Communion; and ſhe thereby
Grows daily a more potent enemy.
Now to prevent a Reconciliation,
He bids declare an Act of Toleration;
Let Independant, Presbyter, *and* Quaker,
With Anabaptiſt, Muggletonian, Seeker,
Sweet Singer, Family of Love, Fifth-Monarchy;
Give all theſe whimſy-heads their Liberty,
They'll with each other fall at enmity:
And all againſt the Church, confirm'd by Law,
Though for no other cauſe, but 'cauſe tis ſo.
If you can but perſwade them to Rebel,
Th' King has an Army will make all things well;
In theſe Directions Expeditious be,
Your time's but ſhort, J. R's *paſt Fifty three.*
His well invented Speech thus having ended,
He in a flaſh of Brimſtone fire deſcended.
They ſeeing him to vaniſh in that faſhion,
Cry'd out, that 'twas a Divine Revelation.
At which I wondred, for I did not know,
Till then, that *Roman* Gods had dwelt below.
Firſt ſight, I thought him Jeſuit, but when
I ſaw the Cloven-Foot concluded then
He was th' old accuſer of the Brethren.
When they a while had on his Speech reflected,
They all agreed 't ſhould be as 'twas directed.
One only, cry'd, more grave, and full of ſenſe,
We our deſigns muſt colour with pretence;
We'll ſay 'tis tender Conſciences to eaſe,
And to preſerve the Government in peace,
Which all lik'd well; and bade, 'tſhould be Ingroſt,
And ſent unto the *Nuncio* by the Poſt:

After

After which order to the Secretary,
They all concluded with an *Ave Mary*.

On the Biſhops Confinement.

WHere is there Faith and Juſtice to be found
Sure the VVorld trembles, Nature's in (ſwound
To ſee her pious Sons deſign'd to fall
A victim to Religion; Truth, and all
The charms of Piety are no defence
Againſt the new-found power, that can diſpence
VVith Laws to murder ſacred Innocence:
Surely, unleſs ſome pitying God look down,
And ſtem this torrent, it will down
Divinity it ſelf.——
The Biſhops Priſoners! Can we tamely ſee
Thoſe Reverend Prelates bow the knee
To Antichriſt? No, mighty Monarch, no,
Though we muſt pay to *Cæſar* what we owe,
There is a power ſupream, by which you live;
VVhoſe Arm is longer, and Prerogative
Larger by far than yours; whoſe very word
Can blaſt your hopes, and turn your two-edg'd (ſword
Can make his Secular Vice-gerent know,
Virtue, like Palms depreſt, do higher grow.
Though Rob'd in all the Grandeur of your State,
Courtiers, like radiant Stars, about you wait:
'Midſt of your glorious joys, when you put on
That awful preſence which becomes a Throne;
Belſhazzar like, three Words upon the Wall
Shall blaſt your Joys, and make your Glories fall.

His Holineſs, that Patriot of ſtrife,
Though he can grant you Pardons, cannot Life.
Ariſe then, Mighty Sir, in God-like mien,
As of thy Valour, let thy Truth be ſeen;
Free from miſtruſt, let all your words be clear;
By actions, let your promiſes appear: (Crown;
Protect that Church which brought you to the
You know 'tis great and honourable to own
A kindneſs done; but to reward with death
That happy inſtrument that gave you breath,
Is mean, and might a *Cath'licks* Conſcience ſting,
To cut the hand off that Anoints you King.

The Laſt Will and Teſtament of Father Peters.

I.

IN his Holineſs Name,
With *Amen* I proclaim
My *laſt Will and Teſtament* following:
Who in body am well,
But in mind monſtrous ill;
While in diſmal Diſpair I am wallowing.

II.

My Soul I bequeath,
To the Regions beneath;
It has long to the Devil been due:
To be tortur'd in pain,
More than I did ordain
To inflict on the Heretick Crew.

III.

III.

My Body a Pledge,
I give to the Sledge,
To ride on't to *Tyburn* in ſtate :
And there in a Cart,
Before I depart,
All my Villanous Actions relate.

IV.

When the Rout I've harrang'd,
To ſubmit to be Hang'd ;
And ere dead to be cut down and Quarter'd:
While each Blockhead and Whore
Dips a Clout in my Gore,
To proclaim to the World I am Martyr'd.

V.

My Politick Head
With my Quarters when Dead,
Each one to be perch'd on a Pole ;
Thus by Prophetick Spirit,
According to Merit,
I've diſpos'd of my Body and Soul.

VI.

And next I declare,
Not to mention an Heir,
My Executors wholly and full,
To cut off all other,
The Spark and his Mother,
VVho three Politick Nations wou'd Gull.

VII.

My Funeral Charge,
As it will not be large,
So 'twill take up leſs room in my VVill :
But were it much more,
Since I die on this ſcore,
They'll never be troubled with Bill.

VIII.

It may do 'em both good
For all their High Blood,
'Tis Full Threeſcore thouſand compleat:
As I got it by Fools,
So I leave it to Fools,
While the Church and Relations I Cheat.

IX.

My Books, tho' not many,
For I never lov'd any,
They may keep for their private Occaſions;
They're of Riddles and Dreams,
From whence I took Theams
To furniſh my ſelf with Orations.

X.

The reſt of my Stuff,
Since they have enough,
I Bequeath to a pretty young Sinner;
'Twill furniſh a Room
To practiſe at Home,
And encourage a happy Beginner.

XI.

I'll not give 'em the Trouble
To pay the Prieſts double,
To fetch me from Purgatory:
For that, like the reſt
Of our Creed, is a Jeſt;
And as true as the Song of *John Dory*.

XII.

For if there's a Hell,
I deſerve it ſo well
I need not deſpair of the Place;
And none but an Aſs
Will believe that the Maſs,
Can ever reſtore him to Grace.

XIII.

I confeſs they are fools,
Which our Church daily gulls,
And particularly with this Nation:
Such as when they do Pray,
Know not one word they ſay,
'Tis their Ignorance helps their Devotion.

XIV.

But I am wide of my Text,
Being damnably vext
To ſee how the Jeſuits are fool'd;
And your proſpects of peace
Do my Torments increaſe,
More than loſing my Life and my Gold.

XV.

On our Brotherhood all
May my laſt bleſſing fall,
And on every Monk, Friar and Prieſt;
May they ere 'tis too late
Partake of my Fate,
And become every Hereticks Jeſt.

XVI.

I wou'd have Enlarg'd,
But my Conſcience diſcharg'd,
I'll here make an end of my Sermon,
And wiſh all this Throng
May be damn'd, Old and Young,
And ſo drive away, Honeſt Carman.

The Pope's WISH.

To the Tune of the Old Mans's Wiſh.

IF I wear out of date, as I find I fall down,
For my Chair it is rotten, and ſhakes like my (Crown;
Tho I be an Impoſtor, may this be my doom,
Let my Spiritual Market continue at *Rome:*
May the words of my mouth the Nations betray,
Till Monarchs and Princes my Sceptre obey;
To feed on the fat, and the lean ones to flay:
And the lean ones to flay.
Tho my Birth be equivocal, I look like a Bear;
My Tribe they be cloath'd with ſackcloath and hair,
(A Hypocrites habit, and fit to deceive)
Let no man decypher the Pope for a knave.
May the words of my mouth, &c.
Tho my Actions be wicked, my Principles ill,
May I be reputed his Holineſs ſtill;
With the Keys on my Arm to chink like a Bell,
And Conjure a Soul for Gold out of Hell.
May the words of my mouth, &c.
With a pair of Great Princes, both lazy and idle,
The one to hold Stirrup, the other the Bridle;
And when they have done, for their pains let 'em (take
A kick on the breech, and a ſtamp on the neck.
May the words of my mouth, &c.

May I be adored by better and worſe:
Let Kings kiſs my Toe, and *Mah'met* mine A—e.
May Pardons give price, and *Indulgences* ſell,
And every Oppoſer be turn'd into Hell.
May the words of my mouth, &c.
Let the ſpiritual Peddlers, the Prieſts tell a ſtory,
Of *Limbus Infantum*, and *New Purgatory*,
T extinguiſh Sedition, and blow out Contention
To work all my Miracles by apprehenſion.
May the words of my mouth, &c.
May the Church-men and Clergy ne're Marry no
But hug the old Harlot that's calt in a Bed, (Wed
Let the Friars with the Nuns commit Fornication,
(If ſin) 'tis but Venial, and ſweet Recreation.
May the words of my mouth, &c.
May the Prieſts at Confeſſion make a Virgin to fall
And when ſhe gets up, give her Pardon for all;
Let Bawds have their Trade, and Whores have thei
(pleaſure
To fill (with their fleſhly) my Spiritual Treaſure
May the words of my mouth, &c.
And whate're I do, or whate're befals me,
He's a Spiritual Traitor, that Whoremonger calls me
By Bell, Book, and Candle, I'll bar him from Glory
And ſend him to Hell, or at leaſt Purgatory.
May the words of my mouth, &c.
Let the Saints at devotion make Prayers for th
(Dead
And leaſt they miſreckon, count all by a Bead.
With Pictures in Churches, that people may pray
To Idols compos'd of Stone, Wood, and Clay.
May the words of my mouth, &c.
With a Lamp Everlaſting that burneth for ever,
Of the poor Widows Oil, which providence give
her;
Wit

With St. *Anthony*'s Fart, that he let in a Frolick,
Which ſmells like a Roſe, and cures the *Wind-colick*
May the words of my mouth, &c.
Let people be cheated, a Wafer to take,
And call it a God, tho bak'd in a Cake;
Let them play their Devotion at Church on a fiddle;
But ne'er be ſo wiſe as to find out the Riddle.
May none be ſo bold my words to deſpiſe,
Till I dull all Mens ears, and hood-wink their eyes,
And blind the whole World with fopperies and lyes.

The Proteſtant Litany.

FRom Religion that's Nonſence, and larded with lyes;
From ſhutting the Cupbord, and chinking the Keys;
From Light that aſcendeth like ſmoak to the Skies;
Good Lord deliver us.
From a Pope that's in Paſſion, and bendeth his Wits
For Plots, and Conſpiracies, digging of Pits;
From a people that crameth their God in their Guts;
Good Lord deliver us.
From *Spain*'s Inquiſition, and Scarlet attire;
From zeal that is kindled with Faggot and Fire;
From a Prieſt that Diſpenſeth his Pardons for Hire;
Good Lord deliver us.
From Wine that's Converted to poiſon for blood;
From the Dragon's breath, and venemous flood;
From *Babylon*'s Brats, and all the Beaſts brood;
Good Lord deliver us.

From a *Feminine* Pope, of the Epicene Gender,
From *Joan* who did drink to the Devil her attender;
From him who's of ſopperies (for faith) the Defender; *Good Lord deliver us.*
From unprofitable Servants, who Heaven do merit,
Who Preach the true Goſpel, denying the Spirit;
And think by their fool'ries Salvation t' inherit;
Good Lord deliver us.
From a Queen clad in Scarlet, that looks like a Witch;
From thoſe who for Penance muſt whip their own Breech;
From her that needs brimſtone to cure her old itch;
Good Lord deliver us.
From a Beaſt that is ſpotted, and ſnuffs up the Air,
With a Mouth like a Lion, and Feet like a Bear;
From Garments deceitful, compoſed of Hair;
Good Lord deliver us.
From Beggars who're Rich, and beg for the poor;
From Kings without Kingdoms, that Reign but an hour;
From the Grape of *Gomorrha*, that's ſweet, and yet ſower; *Good Lord deliver us.*
From *Leo* the Coward, and *Clement* the Clown;
From *Pius* the wicked, that's veil'd with a Gown;
From fools out of faſhion, and ſhav'd in the Crown.
Good Lord deliver us.
From *Roma diu titubans*, ready to ſpue;
From Locuſts and Frogs, and *Babylons* crew;
From the Prophet, or tail which the Stars backward drew; *Good Lord deliver us.*

From

From a Shepherd whoſe crook is knob'd like a Club,
The one end to catch, the other to rub;
And one who his Sheep of their Fleece does rob:
Good Lord deliver us.

A Character of Old England, *in Alluſion to a Piece of* Tacitus de Vita Agricolæ.

THE Free-born *Engliſh*, generous and wiſe,
Hate Chains, but do not Government deſpiſe:
Rights of the Crown, Tribute and Taxes they
When lawfully exacted, freely pay:
Force they abhor, and *wrongs* they ſcorn to bear,
More govern'd by their *judgment* than their *fear*;
Juſtice with them is never held ſevere.
Here Power by *Tyranny* is never got;
Law may perhaps enſnare them, *Force* cannot.
Raſh Counſels here, have ſtill the worſt effect;
The ſureſt way to *Rule*, is to *Protect*.
Kings are unſafe in their *unbounded* will,
Join'd with the wretched Power of doing ill.
Forſaken moſt, when they're moſt *abſolute*;
Laws guard the *Man*, and only bind the *Brute*:
Thoſe guardian Laws with force to undermine,
Can never be a prudent Kings deſign.
What King would change to be a *Cataline*;
Break his own Laws, ſhake an *unqueſtion'd* Throne,
Conſpire with Vaſſals to Uſurp his own?
It's worthier ſome *baſe Favorites* pretence,
To *Tyrannize* at the *wrong'd Kings* Expence.

Let *France* grow proud, beneath the Tyrants luſt,
While the *wreckt* people *crawl*, and lick the duſt.
The mighty *Genius* of this *Iſle*, diſdains
Ambitious ſlavery, and Golden Chains.
England to ſlaviſh Yoke did never bow.
VVhat Conquerours ne're preſum'd, who *dare* do now?
Roman nor *Norman* never did pretend
To have *enſlav'd*, but made this *Iſle* their friend.

Advice to the Prince of Orange, *and the Packet-Boat returned.*

Adv. THE year of wonder now is come,
A Jubilee proclaim at *Rome*;
The Church has pregnant made the Womb.
Pac. No more of the admired year,
No more of Jubilee declare;
All Trees that bloſſom do not bear.
Adv. *Orange* give o're your hopes of Crowns,
And yield to *France* the *Belgick* Towns;
And keep your Fleet out of the *Downs*.
Pac. We'll wait for Crowns, not Intereſt quit,
Let *Lewis* take what he can get;
And do not you proſcribe our Fleet.
Adv. Ye talk of Eighty Men of War,
Well Rigg'd and Mann'd you ſay they are;
'Twas joyful News when it came here.
Pac. Well may the ſound of Eighty Sail,
Make *England*'s greateſt Courage fail;
When half the number will prevail.

Adv.

Adv. But we have ſome upon the Stocks,
And others laid up in our Docks;
Well fitted out, would match your Cocks.
Pac: Tack not as if you'd match our Cocks,
And Launch your few Ships on the Stocks;
And if you can, ſecure your Docks.
Adv. Beſides, we've call'd our Subjects home,
Which in your Fleet and Army rome,
But you, they ſay, won't let them come.
Pac. Your Subjects, in our Camp and Fleet,
Whom you with *Proclamation* greet,
Will all obey, when they think fit.
Adv. Souldiers and Seamen both we need,
Old England's quite out of the breed;
Feather and Scarf won't do the deed.
Pac. Of Men and Arms never deſpair,
The Civiliz'd wild *Iriſh* are
Couragious even to Maſſacre.
Adv. Now, if you'd be Victorious made,
Like us, on *Hounſlow* Maſquerade;
Advance your Honour, and your Trade.
Pac. Then take this Counſel back again,
Leave off to mimick in Campaign,
And fight in earneſt on the Main.
Adv. *Buda* we ſtorm'd, and took't with eaſe;
Do you the ſame upon the Seas,
And then we'll meet you when you pleaſe.
Pac. The ſtorming *Buda* does declare,
That you the glorious Off-ſpring are,
Of them that made all *Europe* fear:
Adv. Such Warlike Actions will at leaſt
Inſpire each neighbouring Monarchs breaſt,
Till *Lewis* ſhall compleat the reſt.

Pac. Such Camp, ſuch Siege, and ſuch ſham Shews,
Make each ſmall State your power oppoſe,
And *Lewis* lead you by the Noſe.

The Hieroglyphick.

COme Painter, take a proſpect from this Hill,
And on a well-ſpread Canvas ſhew thy Skill:
Draw all in Colours as they ſhall appear,
And as they ſtand in merit place them there.
Draw, as the Heralds do, a ſpacious Field;
And, as directed, ſo let that fill'd.
Firſt, draw a *Popiſh* Army brisk and gay,
Fighting, and beat, deſtroy'd, and run away.
Then draw a Hearſe, and let it ſtand in view,
The Mourners more, far more than they're in ſhew,
Curſing their Fate, their Stars, and in that fear,
Shew, if thou canſt, how thoſe damn'd *Sots* prepare
To run, or ſtay and skulk in holes alone:
By them, this Motto, *Gallows claim thy own.*
Now, to the Life, let thy brisk Pencil ſhew
Diſtinctly what they are, and what's their due.
Now draw a crowd of *Prieſts* prepar'd to ruu,
Like broken *Merchants* when their ſtock is gone;
Some howling out their Prayers, forget and ſay,
Save us *St. Ketch:* Are all our *Saints* away?
Draw them in hurry, running to and fro,
Poſting to *Dover*, *Portſmouth*, *Tyburn* too.
Next draw a croud of Lords. This Label by,
The great Deſign is loſt. Alas, they cry,
Who'd ſerve a Cauſe of ſuch curſt Deſtiny?

Now

Now draw four *Prieſts*, ſhew how they *Rome* adore,
And each mans Scarf hang to be ſeen before.
Two brace of *Biſhops*, fallen to deſpair,
Arm'd *Cap-a-pe*, but running God knows where.
Now ſhew the Judges, and with them thy skill,
That all who ſee it done, may ſay, 'tis well;
In Caps and Gowns, as they in order ſate
'Twixt Heaven and Earth do thou them elevate;
For their grave Noddles can diſpence with that.
Now draw the little Rogues, the Scoundrel Crew,
Knights, Knaves, and Beggars, they muſt have their due,
G-db-ry, *B ler*, ay, and others too.
Amidſt thus croud, on a fit ſpot of Land,
To crown the work, let a large Gallows ſtand;
All trembling by, arm'd with their guilt and fears,
Kneel to this Image, and pour out their Prayers,
And then die by Suffocation.

To the ten Diſpenſing Judges.

DIgnify'd things, may I your leaves implore,
To kiſs your hands, and your high Heads adore;
Judges you are, but you are ſomething more.
May I draw near, and with a rough-hew'd Pen,
Give a ſmall Draught of you, the worſt of men:
Tell of your merits, and your mighty skill,
And how your Charms all Courts of Juſtice fill.
Your Laws, far ſtronger than the *Commons Votes*,
So finely flow from your *Diſpenſing Throats*.
What *Rome* will ask, you muſt not her deny:
If Hell command you too, you muſt comply.

There's

There's none but you would in this Cauſe combine
Things made like men, but act like brutes and ſwine.
Law-books are traſh, a *Student* he's a Drudge:
Learn to ſay, Yes, he's an accompliſh'd Judge;
He wins the Scarlet Robe, and wears it too:
Ay, and deſerves it well, for more's his due;
All that compleats a Traytor dwells in you.
Thus you like Villains to the Benches get;
And in defiance to the Laws, you ſit,
And all baſe actions that will pleaſe commit:
There muſt you toil for *Rome*, and alſo try
Your *Iriſh* Senſe, and Cobweb Policy,
Compleat your Crimes; and then you're fit to die.
True Loyal Babes! Pimps to the Church of *Rome*,
Treſilian's Heirs: Heirs to his crimes and doom.
Was e'er the Hall fill'd up with ſuch a Brood,
All dipt in Treaſon, Villanies or Blood:
Worſe than *Fanatick* Prieſts, for they being preſt
By a wiſe Prince, Preach'd to *Repeal the Teſt*.
Then here's the difference, 'twixt you *Popiſh* Tools,
You're downright Rogues, they only Knaves and
(Fools.

Religious Relicks: *Or, the Sale at the Savoy, upon the Jeſuites breaking up their School and Chappel.*

I.

LAſt *Sunday*, by chance,
I encounter'd with *Prickle*,
That Man of upright Converſation,

Who

Who told me ſuch News,
That I could not chuſe
But laugh at his ſad Declaration.

II.

Says he, if you'll go,
You ſhall ſee ſuch a ſhow,
Of *Reliques* expos'd to be ſold,
Which from ſin and diſeaſe,
Will purge all that pleaſe
To lay out their Silver and Gold.

III.

Straight with him I went,
Being zealouſly bent,
Where for ſixpence the man let me in;
But the Crowd was ſo great,
I was all in a Sweat,
Before the rare ſhow did begin:

IV.

The Curtain being drawn,
Which I think was of Lawn,
The *Prieſt* croſs'd himſelf thrice, and bow'd;
Then with a ſour Face,
Denoting his caſe,
He addreſs'd himſelf thus to the Crowd:

V.

You ſee our ſad State,
'Tis a folly to prate,
Our Church and our Cauſe is a-ground;
So in ſhort, if you've Gold,
Here is to be ſold
For a Guinea the worth of ten Pound.

VI.

Here's St. *James*'s Old Bottle,
It holds juſt a Pottle,
With the Pilgrims Habit he wore;

The ſame Scollop Shells,
As our Holy Church tells,
Who denies it's a Son of a W[illegible]

VII.

Here's a piece of the Bag,
By Age turn'd to a Rag,
In which *Judas* the Money did bear;
With a part of his Rope,
Bequeath'd to the *Pope*,
As an Antidote 'gainſt all Deſpair.

VIII.

Here's a Rib of St. *Laurence*,
At
'Tis alſo at *Florence*,
And it may be in *France*, or in *Spain*;
It cures Stone and Gravel,
And Women in Travel,
And delivers without any pain.

IX.

Here's St. *Joſeph's* Old Coat,
Though ſcarce worth a Groat,
It's plainneſs does ſhew he'd no Pride;
Yet this he had on,
For beſides it he'd none,
The day that he Marry'd his Bride.

X.

His Breeches are there,
A plain Leather pair,
Come buy the whole Suit, if you pleaſe;
They'll defend you from th' Itch,
From Hag, and from Witch,
And preſerve you from Buggs and from Fleas.

XI.

Here's the Gall of a Saint,
For ſuch as do faint,
Or are troubl'd with Fits of the Mother; Nay,

Nay, if your breath ſtink,
Worſe than Cloſe-ſtool or Sink,
It will cure you as ſoon as the other.

XII.

Here's a Prayer of Pope *John*,
The like to't is none,
If you ſay it but three times a year;
Three hundred in Grace,
And three hundred 'twill place
In Heaven, if they ever come there.

XIII.

Here's our Ladies old Shoe,
Which in Old time was new,
It will cure all your Kibes and your Corns;
With the Coif of *St. Bridget*,
To be worn by each Idiot,
Whoſe Head is tormented with Horns.

XIV.

Here's a bottle of Tears,
Preſerv'd many years,
Of *Mary*'s that once was a Sinner;
Some o'th' Fiſh and the Bread,
That the five thouſand fed,
Which our Saviour invited to Dinner.

XV.

Here's *St. Francis* own Cord,
You may take't on my word,
Who dies in it cannot be Damn'd;
Do but buy it, and try,
If I tell you a lye,
Many thouſands of Heaven are ſhamm'd.

XVI.

Here's his Holineſs's beard,
Of whom you have heard,
That the Hereticks called Pope *Joan*; Yet

Yet this I dare ſwear,
Was his natural Hair,
Or elſe I'll be ſworn he had none.

XVII.

It's Vertue is ſuch,
That if it does touch
Your Head, or your Face, or elſewhere,
It does ſtraitway reſtore,
More than e're was before,
Though by Age or by Action worn bare.

XVIII.

Here's *St. Chriſtopher's* Boot,
For his Right Leg and Foot,
Which he wore when he ply'd at the Ferry,
When on's ſhoulders he bore
His bleſſed Lord o're,
For the poor man had never a Wherry.

XIX.

Such as ſail on the Seas,
I am ſure it will pleaſe,
For its parallel never was found;
Neither Tempeſt nor Storm,
Can e'er do them harm,
Nor is't poſſible they ſhould be drown'd.

XX.

Here's infinite more,
I have by me in ſtore,
All which lye conceal'd in this Hamper;
Either buy them to day,
Or I'll throw them away,
For to morrow, by Heaven, I'll ſcamper.

XXI.

Our Market is done,
We muſt ſhut up at Noon,
We expect them each hour at the Door;

VVe are Hang'd if we ſtay,
And we can't get away,
For none will, nor dare carry us o're.

XXII.

But by th' Faith of a *Prieſt*,
This is no time to jeſt,
Since we are baulk'd in our great Expectation;
Before I will ſwing,
Like a Dog in a ſtring,
I'll Renounce the *Tranſubſtantiation*.

Private Occurrences: Or, the Tranſactions of the four laſt Years. Written in Imitation of the Old Ballad of Hey brave *Oliver*, Ho brave *Oliver*, &c.

I.

A Proteſtant Muſe, yet a Lover of Kings;
On th'Age, grown a little Satyrical, ſings,
Of Papiſts, their Counſels, and other fine things.
Sing hey brave Popery, *ho rare* Popery, *oh fine* Popery,
Oh damty Popery, *oh*.

II.

She hopes ſhe offends no *Engliſhman*'s patience;
Tho Satyr's forbid on all ſuch occaſions,
She's too good a ſubject to read Declarations.
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.*

III.

III.

If the ſaying be good, of *Let him laugh that Wins*,
Sure a loſer may ſmile without any offence;
My Muſe then is gameſome, and thus ſhe begins;
With hey brave Popery, *&c.*

IV.

When *Charles* deceas'd, to his Kingdoms diſmay,
By an *Apoplex*, or elſe ſome other way:
Our brother with ſhouts was proclaim'd the ſame (day
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.*

V.

His firſt Royal promiſe was never to touch
Our Rights, nor Religion, nor priviledge grutch;
But *Peter* ſwore Dam him, he granted too much
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.*

VI.

Then *Monmouth* came in with an Army of Fools,
Betray'd by his Cuckold, and other dull Tools,
That painted the Turf of Geen *Sedgmore* with Gules
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.*

VII.

That Victory gotten, ſome think to our wrong,
The Prieſts bray'd out Joy in a Thankſgiving Song,
And *Teague* with the Bald-pates were at it ding dong
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.*

VIII.

Then ſtraight a ſtrong Army was Levy'd in haſte,
To hinder Rebellion; a very good Jeſt,
For ſome Rogues will ſwear 'twas to murder the (Teſt
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.*

IX.

A Politick Law which Recuſants did doom,
That into our Senate they never might come;
But Equivalent ſince, was propos'd in its room.
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.*

X.

As if a true Friend ſhould in kindneſs demand
A Tooth in my Head, which firmly doth ſtand,
To give for't another he had in his Hand.
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.*

XI.

Then *Term* after *Term*, this great matter was weigh'd,
Old Judges turn'd out, and new Blockheads made;
That *Cook* or wiſe *Littleton* never did read.
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.*

XII.

The good Ch. of *England* with ſpeed was run down,
Whoſe Loyalty ever ſtood faſt to the Crown;
And Presbyter *John* was made Mayor of the Town.
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.*

XIII.

The Biſhops Diſgrace made the Clergy to ſob:
A Prey to Old *Peters* and Preſident *Bob*;
And hurried to Priſon as if they did Rob.
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.*

XIV.

Then into the world a dear Prince of *Wales* ſlipt;
'Twas plain, for we hear a great Miniſter peep'd:
The Bricklayer for prating had like t'a bin whipp'd.
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.*

XV.

Thus *England's* diſtreſſes more fierce than the Plague,
That during three years, of no Quiet could brag.
The Prince *Van Auraignia* has brought from the (*Hague.*
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.*

XVI.

A ſtrong Fleet and Army t'Invade us are bent;
We know not the Cauſe, tho there is ſomething in't:
But we doubt not, e're long we ſhall ſee it in Print.
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.*

XVII.

Ah *England*, that never couldſt value thy Peace:
Had matters been now as in *Elſabeth*'s Days,
The *Dutch* had ne're ventur'd to Fiſh in our Seas.
Then Curſe of Popery, *pox o'* Popery, *plague o'* Popery,
Oh Senſeleſs Popery, *oh.*

On PURGATORY.

WHen the Almighty firſt his Palace fram'd,
That Glorious ſhining place he *Heaven* nam'd;
And when the firſt Rebellious *Angels* fell,
He Doom'd them to a certain place call'd *Hell.*
There's *Heaven* and *Hell* confirm'd in ſacred ſtory,
But yet I ne're could read of *Purgatory:*
That cleanſing place, which of late years is found,
For ſinning Souls to Flux in till they're ſound.
In imitation of which 'tis ſaid,
They have the *Hummums* and the *Bagnio*'s made,
Two *Purgatories* of a quicker Trade.
There one days *Sufferance* cures the worſt that *comes,*
And thence they are releas'd for eaſie *Sums.*
Oh! *Rome*, for Price and Time thou'rt too ſevere,
Keeping an honeſt Monarch in two year,
That never yet deſerv'd to come there.
Prieſts found out this for good of human Race;
Th' Almighty never thought of ſuch a place.
Oh! *Rome*, thou art a wiſe and learned Nation,
To add a place wanting in Gods Creation.

A Stanza lately put upon Tyburn.

HAil Reverend Tripos, Guardian of the Law;
Sacred to Juſtice, Treaſons greateſt awe!
Do thou decide the Nations weighty Cauſe,
And judge between the Judges and the Laws.
So ſhall no guiltleſs blood thy Timber e're pollute,
But Righteous Laws ſhall vouch all thou ſhalt execute.

Harry Care's *laſt Will and Teſtament.*

NOT Hell it ſelf, nor Gloomy Fate, can ſave
The lewdeſt ſinner from his Deſtin'd Grave:
But all the ſooty Surges once muſt try,
Old *Charon*'s Boat's a certain Deſtiny.
This *Harry* found, whoſe moldring Corps did call
For Phyſick props t'uphold the human Wall;
Thinking himſelf to *Ne plus ultra* come,
He thought of Winding Sheets, and of his Tomb:
Summnn'd his glorious Kindred to appear,
To ſee his laſt, and his laſt Will to hear,
The Weeping Crowd the mournful Chamber fill,
While he in dying Accents makes his Will.
Imprimis, for my Soul (if ſuch I have)
I wiſh it buried with me in my Grave:
For if what great Divines do preach and tell,
Be real Verities of Heaven and Hell,

Down to the gloomy Shores I ſurely go,
The ſame I ſerv'd above muſt ſerve below.
And next, for my dear Wife, who Weeps my fall,
And is chief Mourner at my Funeral;
My ſole Executrix I do here make,
And let her all my Goods and Chattels take:
Beſides, my Province too let her command,
That undiſcover'd lies in *Fairy-Land*.
To her my unſold Pamphlets I bequeath,
To buy her Brandy and Tobacco with:
And if ſhe do a Male or Stallion take,
I hope he'll uſe her kindly for my ſake;
With equal Strength the Marriage-Yoke ſhe'll draw,
If he but drench her well with *Uſquebah*.
My Daughter next, the Off-ſpring of my Bed,
I pour a double Bleſſing on her Head;
The only Legacy I can beſtow,
And more than Heaven gave me here below:
May ſhe the *Iriſh* Witneſs wed, and raiſe
A Race of Evidences for our Cauſe.
And for thoſe kinder Folks that propt my Pains,
I freely leave them both my Pen and Brains:
May they my little Artifices uſe,
To raiſe up Factious, and the Crowd amuſe,
Till being doubly dipt in Infamy,
Like me unpityed, and unenvy'd die.
Now to the numerous Crowd that do's ſurvive,
I only can my dying Counſel give:
The Weſtern Emiſſaries I approve,
And even dying do declare my Love.
I charge them to ſtand firm unto their Truſt,
Accounting what's their Intereſt, to be Juſt.
The Females I commend to Brother *Cox*,
Who if he cannot cure, can give the Pox;

And

And may he ſtill the vigorous warmth retain,
T'impart to ſtroaling She in Street or Lane.
I've nothing more to give to all the reſt,
But leave Ten Thouſand Curſes on the Teſt:
And who do its Aboliſhing withſtand,
I leave upon them an Eternal Brand.
And for the Penal Laws they like ſo well,
I'le write for their Repeal when I'm in Hell;
And if Damn'd *Pluto*'s Laws are like to theſe,
I'll quickly ſue him out a Writ of Eaſe,
I there will my Occurrence truly ſtate,
Whilſt ſome Infernal *L---kin* Prints the Cheat;
I Hells black Tyrant will both ſooth and praiſe,
And even in Sulp'rous *Styx* Sedition raiſe.

A New SONG.

WOu'd you be a Man of Favour?
VVou'd you have your Fortune kind?
VVear the Croſs and eat the VVafer,
And you'l have all things t' your Mind.
If the Prieſt cannot convert you,
Intereſt then muſt do the thing:
There be Friars can inform you
How to pleaſe a Popiſh King.
VVou'd you ſee the Papiſt Lowring,
Loſt in a hurry and a fright,
And there Father *Peters* ſcouring,
Glad of Times for happy Flight.
Stay but till the *Dutch* are Landed,
And the Show will ſoon appear;
VVhen th' Infernal Court's disbanded,
Few will ſtay for Harbour here.

A new Catch in praiſe of the Reverend Biſhops.

TRue *Engliſhmen*, drink a good Health to the *Mitre*;
Let our Church ever Flouriſh tho her Enemies
Spight Her :
May their Cunning and Forces no longer prevail,
And their Malice, as well as their Arguments, fail.
Then remember the Seven which ſupported our Cauſe,
As Stout as our *Martyrs*, and as Juſt as our *Laws*.

A new SONG.

To the Tune of, *Packintons Pound.*

TO our once Loyal Town, is lately come down,
Such an *Hodge-Podge* of *Benchers*, as never
wore Gown :
Saints, fit for the Legend of *Romes* Pſeudo-Martyrs,
VVho have pawn'd th' *Old Religion*, to purchaſe
New-Charters ;
To promote *Publick Faith*, they are zealouſly bent
And Bugger *Geneva* to Fructifie *Trent*.
When Satan *was ſqueamiſh, and long'd for a Dainty,*
The Pope *Fricaſſed him this New* Four-and twenty,

II.

The firſt a *State-Jockey*, bred up of a Groom,
Twixt a *Colcheſter*-Mare, and a Stallion of *Rome*.

H

He Cants when at *Hollet's*, on *Hopkins* his Metre,
And drops *Pater-Noſters* with *Lowick* and *Petre* :
Thus he Banters *Non-Cons* with Prophane *Maſquerade*,
And quacks on the *Goſpel* to force a loſt Trade.
When Satan *was ſqueamiſh*, &c.

III.

The next *Cacafugo*, once a Captain of Peace,
At the ſight of cold Iron he melts in his Greaſe ;
Yet he looks Indignation, and huffs like an Hector ;
He VVhores like an Abbot, and drinks like a Rector.
The third *Nicodemus*, a Seeker by Night ; *St.*
The 4th Father *Whitebread*, who halts for New Light.
When Satan *was ſqueamiſh*, &c.

IV.

The fifth and the ſixth, two preciſe *Rene-* *B. and A.*
gades ;
The one *Jack* of *Diamonds*, the other of *Spades* :
For Orphans and VVidows they beautifie *Cloyſters*,
And ſwallow their Houſes, as Barnacle Oyſters ;
But no Diſh ſo fit when his *Holineſs* treats,
As an * *Oleopodrido* of Zealots and Cheats. * A great *Italian* Diſh.
When Satan *was ſqueamiſh*, &c.

V.

Next formal Sir *Foplin*, who often has ſlunk, *M.*
VVith a Teſter at *Roſe's* to purchaſe a Punk ;
But if Porter or Carman be poſſeſt of his Doxy,
He adopts his kind Hoſteſs her ſpiritual Proxy.
Thus a *Puritan* Lecher (though with a lewd Slut)
May ſolace the Spirit, while the Fleſh goes to Rut.
When Satan *was ſqueamiſh*, &c.

VI.

Lo here * *Gog* and *Magog* at once repre- * Fat *St.*
ſent Lean *Feff.*
The prophane *Carnaval*, and Idolatrous *Lent* ;

Both *Teckelites* true, as were * *Titus* and *Eustace*;
The Guts of good Manners, and Garbage of Justice,
But nothing more proper to vacuate *Laws*,
Than the *Mouth* of *Rebellion*, and *Rump* of the *Cause*.
When Satan *was squeamish*, &c.

* *Oa ts* a rd *mins* in the Plot.

VII.

Advance Ruffling *Dick* to supply the next place, C
VVho on a bad Matter oft shams a worse Face:
VVhen the *Algerine* Caper has boarded his Frigat,
He can fawn like a *Floater*, and cringe like a *Bigot*.
VVell the good natur'd *Wittal* may wink at his Fate,
Since he that Cornutes him has bugger'd the State,
When Satan *was squeamish*, &c.

VIII.

VVe'll refer Youug *Tertullus* t' a Bill of Review,
Lest he shou'd Repeal what he never yet knew:
His VVorship we'll leave to his new *Breviaries*,
'Till One *Miserere*'s worth Ten *Avemaries*;
For a *Janus*-like Convert, who in Faith interlopes,
Like a *Cordeliar*-Friar, must be sav'd by his Ropes.
When Satan *was squeamish, and long'd for a Dainty*,
The Pope *Fricass'ed him this new* Four-and twenty.

A New Song of the Mayor being toſſed in a Blanket, in the North.

To the Tune of *Packington's Pound.*

FRom the farthermoſt part of the *North* we have (News
Of a Man of ſome Note that receiv'd an Abuſe:
For a Dog to be toſs'd in a Blanket, 'tis known,
But alas, what is that to the Mayor of a Town?
For a great Magiſtrate
To be us'd at that rate,
All the World muſt allow
It is very hard Fate.
Ah! is it not ſtrange? Amongſt Wonders we rank it,
That a Mayor of a Town ſhou'd be toſs'd in a Blan- (ket.
Had a drunken *Tom Tinker* the Penance receiv'd,
Or a Vintner for ſtumming his Wine, who'd have (griev'd?
Had they bolted a Baker for making light Bread,
Or a Taylor for ſnipping a Yard for a Shred;
Had it been but a Tapſter
For Nicking and Frothing,
Wee'd been contented
To take it for nothing.
But as the Caſe ſtands, who, alaſs! don't reſent it,
And wiſh now 'tis done, that it might be prevented?

Diogenes

Diogenes was ſaid once to live in a Tub,
But a Tenement of Blanket is ſuch an odd Job
For a Man of his Rank, we muſt ſtudy the Fact,
Unleſs 'twas to mind him of the late Woollen Act.
However 'twas unkind
In the midſt of his State,
So to trouble his Thoughts
With th' Approaches of Fate.
For Men when advanc'd to the height of their Glory
Have ſomething to dream on beſides Purgatory.
For a new Convert in Relick to be wrapt,
To ſecure him from Danger, it often has happ'd;
But had this been ſuch, in no ſtory we find
A Mayor to cut Capers like a Witch in the Wind;
Sure there's ſomething exceeding
Muſt cauſe this Extream;
Yet if we dare take it,
As Old Wives do Dream,
Unadvis'd miſtaking between waking and ſleep,
He pounded the Parſon inſtead of his Sheep:
So in that croſs Humour they were forc'd for to ſhake
(him,
To ſhew him his Error as ſoon as they wak'd him.
But now, to conclude, ah! Heaven be thanked,
The Mayor had no harm that was toſs'd in a
(Blanket.

A New Song.

HO Brother *Teague* doſt hear de Decree,
Lilli Burlero Bullen a la,
Dat we ſhall have a new Debittie,
Lilli Burlero, Bullen a la, Lero,

Lero, lero, lero, lero, lilli Burlero Bullen a la,
Lero, lero, lero, lero, lilli burlero bullen a la.
Ho by my ſhoul it is a *Talbot*,
Lilli, &c.
And he will cut all de *Engliſh* Throat,
Lilli, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.
Though by my ſhoul de *Engliſh* do prat,
Lilli, &c.
De Law's on dare ſide, and *Chreſt* knows what,
Lilli, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.
But if Diſpence do come from de Pope,
Lilli, &c.
We'll hang *Magno Carto* and demſelves in a Rope,
Lilli, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.
And the good *Talbot* is made a Lord,
Lilli, &c.
And he with brave Lads is coming aboard,
Lilli, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.
Who'! all in *France* have taken a ſwear,
Lilli, &c.
Dat day will have no Proteſtant h[illegible]r,
Lilli, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.

O but

O but why do's he ſtay behind?
Lilli, &c.
Ho by my Shoul 'tis a Proteſtant VVind,
Lilli, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.
Now *Tyrconnel* is come a-ſhore,
Lilli, &c.
And we ſhall have Commiſſions gillore,
Lilli, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.
And he dat will not go to Maſs,
Lilli, &c.
Shall turn out and look like an Aſs,
Lilli, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.
Now now de Hereticks all go down,
Lilli, &c.
By *Chreiſt* and St. *Patrick* de Nation's our own,
Lilli, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.
There is an old Propheſie found in a *Bog*,
Lilli, &c.
That *Ireland* ſhould be rul'd by an *Aſs* and a *Dog*,
Lilli, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.
And now this Prophecy is come to paſs,
Lilli, &c.
For *Talbot*'s the Dog, and *Tyrconnel*'s the Aſs,
Lilli, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.

Tom

Tom Tyler; *or the Nurſe.*

OLd Stories of a *Tyler* ſing,
That did attempt to be a King:
Our Age is with a *Tyler* grac'd,
By more prepoſterous Planets rais'd.
His Cap with *Jocky*'s match'd together,
Turn'd to a Beaver and a Feather;
His Clay transform'd to Yellow Guilt,
And Trowel to a Silver Hilt.
His Lady from the Tiles and Bricks,
Kidnap'd to Court in Coach and Six;
Her Arms a ſucking Prince embrace,
(Whate'er you think) of Royal Race:
A Prince, come in the Nick of Time
(Bleſs'd *Dada*! 'tis a Venial Crime
That ſhall repeal our Breach of State,
While all the World congratulate,
Shall, like his Sire, ſuppreſs the Juſt,
Raiſe Knaves and Fools to place of Truſt;
T— s and *V— e*, who ſought his Fate,
Tylers and *Macs*, two Chits of State.
But here, unhappy Babe, Alaſs,
I cannot but lament thy Caſe!
That Thou, fed up with *Rome*'s ſtrong Meat,
Shou'd long for Milk of Heretick Teats!
Among the Daughters was there none
Worthy to Nurſe a Monarch's Son,
That Thou, in ſpight of all the Prieſts,
Shoud'ſt long for Milk of Heretick Breaſts?

But

But if thy Uncle, who before
Was always right, chang'd the laſt hour,
If thy undoubted Sire, ſo ſage,
Declar'd i'th' Evening of his Age;
Why ſhou'dſt not thou, *Papiſt* ſo ſoon,
Be a ſtanch *Proteſtant* e're Noon?
This ſaid, the *Tyler* laugh'd in's Sleeve,
And took his Audience of Leave,
The Prince who anſwer'd ne're a Word,
That he ſhou'd Travel did accord;
To *Paris*, ſent to learn *Grimace*,
To Swear and Damn with a *Boon Grace*.

To the Haters of *Popery*,

By what Names or Titles ſoever dignified or diſtinguiſhed.

THus 'twas of Old: then *Iſrael* felt the Rod,
When they obey'd *their Kings* and not *their God*
When they went *Whoring* after other *Loves*,
To worſhip *Idols* in new planted *Groves*.
They made their *Gods* of *Silver*, *Wood* and *Stone*,
And *bow'd* and *worſhipp'd* them when they had done
And to compleat their *Sins* in every way, (ſay,
They made 'em things call'd *Prieſts*; *Prieſts* did I
A *Crew* of *Villains* more *Prophane* than they.
Hence ſprung that *Romiſh Crew*, firſt ſpawn'd in *Hell*
Who now in vice their *Pedagogues* excell;

Their

Their Church conſiſts of vicious *Popes*, the reſt
Are *whoreing Nuns*, and bawdy *Bugg'ring Prieſts*.
A *Noble Church*; dawb'd with Religious Paint,
Each *Prieſt's* a *Stallion*, every *Rogue's* a *Saint*.
Come you that loath *this Brood*: this murthering Crew,
Your Predeceſſors well their Mercies knew.
Take courage now, and be both bold and wiſe;
Stand for your *Laws*, *Religion*, *Liberties*,
You have the odds, the Law is ſtill your own,
They're but your *Traytors*, therefore pull them down;
They ſtruck with fear for to deſtroy your *Laws*
There, raving mad, you ſee they fix their paws,
Becauſe from them they fear their fatal fall,
And by them *Laws* they know you'l hang them all:
Then keep our *Laws*, the *Penal* and the *reſt*,
And give your *Lives* up e'er you give the *Teſt*.
And thou great *Church* of *England* hold thy own,
Force you they may, otherwiſe give up none,
Robbers & *thieves* muſt pay for what they've done.
Let all thy mighty *Pillars* now appear
Zealous and *brave*, void both of *hate* and *fear*:
That *Popiſh Fops* may grin, lie cheat and whine;
And curſe their *Faith*, while all admire thine.
And thou brave *Oxford*, *Cambridge*, and the reſt,
Great *Hough* and *Fairfax*, that durſt beard the Beaſt.
Let all the Juſt with thanks record their name
In ſtanding *Pillars* of immortal fame.

Let God ariſe, and his Enemies periſh

Pro-

Proteſtantiſm Reviv'd : *or the Perſecuting Church Triumphing.*

IN Sable Weeds I ſaw a Matron clad, (was ſad,
Whoſe Looks were grave, whoſe Countenance
Penſive with care, ſhe muſing ſate alone,
Her State too too unhappy to bemoan ;
Deep bitter pangs I ſaw her undergo,
And pay the tributary drops of woe,
So wept *Ducalion* when he ſaw the State
And face of Nature chang'd and deſolate.
By this dumb Elegy a while ſh' expreſt
The gloomy ſorrows of her troubled breaſt.
Then heaving up her head, ſhe ſilence broke,
And with a heavy ſigh dejected ſpoke.
Good God ! what grief ſurrounds my aged head ?
What new diſtracting woes I daily wed ?
Who am by ſpightful Foes in triumph led :
They pierce my ſide with wound, they break my reſt
And ſnatch my ſucking Children from my breaſt :
My elder Sons inhumanely they treat,
My weaker ones they bubble with Deceit.
Thus they inſult, thus put me to diſgrace,
And ſpit their frothy Venom in my face :
My growing ſorrows to compleat the more,
I'm flouted by a Babyloniſh Whore.
Put me to death they can't, ſince Heav'n decreed
I muſt not die, though with my Saviour bleed,
But humbly ſhould in after-times ſucceed :

Wh

What most my anxious Soul tormented hath,
s, he that should defend, betrays my Faith.
Thus, thus abus'd, I'm to all Griefs betray'd,
Thus my Delights are double Sorrows made.
Who e'er was curb'd by such a Concubine?
Who so perplex'd? was ever grief like mine?
Then she bow'd down her head, and with her tears
Bedew'd the parched Earth: when streight appears
A Comforter by pittying Heaven sent
To raise her drooping Spirits almost spent:
Who when he had respectful Homage paid,
In terms obliging reverently said,
Mother, I know the cause of all thy Grief,
I'm sent thy Succour, and thy true Relief:
Thy God has heard thy Sighs, thy faithful Prayers,
And graciously receiv'd thy flowing *Tears*:
I'll wipe them off, I'll rugged Grief expel,
And usual Joy shall in thy Count'nance dwell:
I've made thy haughty Domineerers bow,
And own their Lives they to my bounty owe:
I've foil'd them all, I have disarm'd them quite,
They have the power to bark, but not to bite.
To ease your pain, by th' God of Heav'n I'm sent,
He acts, and I'm the Honour'd Instrument.
Then she arose, Joy smiling in her Eye,
And with a cheerful Voice did thus reply:
Thanks gracious God; thanks thou Victorious Son,
By whom I have my wonted Glory won:
Rejoyce my *Sons*, and *Hallelujahs* sing
Unto our Saviour, our *Triumphant King*.
For I an *Anthem* will compose, and then,
We'll sweetly sound it to our God. *Amen*.

A View of the Religion of the Town, or a Sunday Mornings Ramble.

ON *Saturday* night we ſate late at the Roſe,
Carouſing a glaſs to our Wives Repoſe,
After our uſual Mode;
Till we dank ſo long,
That Religion came on,
For we were full of the God.
At *Pro* and *Con*
We held till One,
And then we agreed in the Cloſe
To let Wording alone,
And Ramble the Town,
To ſee how Religion grows.

II.

We began at the Church of Saint *Peter*,
Whoſe Prebends make many Mouths water,
Religion did here,
Like Grave Matron appear,
Neat, but not Gawdy, like Courtezan *Rome*,
Plain, but no Slut like your *Geneva* Dame.
She hath on an old Stuff,
With a Primitive Ruff,
And round the Seam of her Veſt,
In Muſick-Notes ſcrawl'd all o'er,
Loyalty expreſs'd ſhe bore,
By which at her Church we gueſs'd.

III.

At the *Tombs* we did peep,
Where the Kings were asleep,
And the Choire melodiously chanted,
Without any concern,
As we could discern
Of being *Be-Quo-warranted.*
And we fancy, at the last cast (Sir)
When among the rest
They come to the *Test*,
Saint *Peter* will deny his Master.

IV.

Then shifting our *Protestant Dress*,
To the Royal Chappel we press,
Where Religion was fine indeed,
But with Facings and Fringings,
With Crossings and Cringings,
Entirely run up to Seed.
Good God, what distraction there reign'd,
Where Union in Worship was feign'd!
For I spy'd a poor Maid
Just come to the Trade,
(For I fancy she was but a Learner)
Who was but at most (Sir)
Half through *Pater-Noster*,
When the Priest was at *Amen-Corner.*

V.

Not an *Irish-mans Breeches* has half the Petitions
We saw put up there for various Conditions,
Sent to the bless'd Maid
With Care and with Speed,
And she soon had a Fellow-feeling,
For she was not far off,
But got up aloft,
Most curiously drawn on the Ceiling

By the Royal command;
Where *Verrio*'s great Hand
(Such to the Saints is his Love)
To the *Virgin* has given
As glorious a Heaven,
As that ſhe enjoys and reigns in above.
Whether like the Rogue drew her,
They can tell beſt that knew her,
Tho moſt men are apt to conjecture,
When he drew the bleſs'd Maid
(Moral Fancy to aid)
His Miſtreſs ſat for the Picture.

VI.

Then, bidding Farewel to their Goddeſs and them,
We put in at the *Savoy*, or *New Amſterdam*,
Not to find our Religion, but to ſee ſome odd Sights
To which Father *Corker*'s Chappel invites:
As in ours ſometimes we plac'd Saints and Martyrs,
So this Holy Room was ſurrounded with Traytors
In Halters there hung,
Juſt ſo as they ſwung,
Saint *Coleman*, and moſt of the Gang (Boy)
And wa'n't it for ſomething
That's juſt next to nothing,
Perhaps there had hung our new Envoy.

The Papiſts Exaltation, on His Highneſs the Prince of Orange, *His Arrival in* London.

NOw, now, the Prince is come to Town,
The Nations Dread and Hope;
Who will ſupport the Church and Throne,
Againſt the *Turk* and *Pope*.
The Folks are fled that were the Head,
The prop of Popery,
If all be true as it's ſaid:
Then hey Boys up go we.
The Queen with her Adopted Heir,
Is on her way to *Rome*;
And all Undone, has left us here,
To end the Dance at home:
The Holy Fathers too are flown,
Saint *Petre Gregory*,
And if our Cauſe ſhould once go down,
Then hey Boys up go we.
Sk——, *Sb*——, fled for fear,
Have render'd up the Keys;
And now our Magazine of War
Is made the ſeat of Peace.
The Chancellor is in the *Tower*,
A woful ſight to ſee;
And when he by the Head is lower,
Then hey Boys up go we.

Lord *Arundel* and *Bellaſis*,
With *Powis* are withdrawn;
The VVorld had not ſuch Braves as theſe
To guard the Popiſh throne.
VVhen *Peterborough* turn'd of late,
VVith brawny *Salisbury*
Their haughty Necks ſubmit to Fate,
Then hey Boys up go we.

Poulton is in *Newgate* faſt,
And ſome ſay Father *Petre*;
If they at *Tyburn* Swing at laſt,
VVho can die Martyrs greater;
VVhen Father *Ellis* is withdrawn,
VVho was ſo bold and free,
And Conqueſt for his Tongue is flown,
Then hey Boys up go we.

The *Orange* grafted in *White hall*,
And *Lucas* in the *Tower*;
The Fathers fled both great and ſmall,
'Tis time that we ſhould ſcowre.
The Rabble they have eas'd the Town
Of Prieſts and Popery;
VVhen once they pull the Chappels down,
Then hey Boys up go we.

The Explanation.

To the Tune of, *Hey Boys up go we.*

I.

Our Prieſts in Holy Pilgrimage,
Quite through the Land have gone,
Surveying each Religious Houſe
Of Abbot, Fry'r, and Nun
The yearly Rent,
And full Extent
Of every one they know;
And in whoſe hands
Are all our Lands,
As ancient Writers ſhow.

II.

Thoſe Places all ſhall be reſtor'd,
As in ſhort time you'll hear;
I know the Man has paſs'd his word,
Of which you need not fear:
He did ne'er evade
One Promiſe made,
Nor fail'd a Friend in Woe;
But when 'twill be,
Nor I, nor he,
Nor the Devil himſelf does know.

III.

Religious Men shall hither haste,
Their Zeal shall make them run;
The Jesuits shall your Wives keep Chaste,
Each Fry'r Confess his Nun:
The Men shall Shrive,
The Women ——
So all shall be forgiven;
Your Daughters Whore,
Then quit their Score,
And make them fit for Heaven.

IV.

For Lady Abbess shall appear
An old Flux'd Bawd or Punk,
Has done both ways these threescore years,
Talk'd Bawdy, and been Drunk;
Religious Puns
To teach the Nuns
Committed to her Charge;
And mortifie
Their L——
As Nature does enlarge.

V.

The Vestals all shall Virgins be
That never went astray,
Have been train'd up Religiously
The clean contrary way:
In *Julian*'s Song
For Whoring long,
Tho oft they've noted been;
Nature of Force
Will have its Course,
'Twas all but Venial Sin.

VI.

Your Colledges ſhall be our own,
As vacancy does fall;
We'll ſtrip each Doctor of his Gown,
The Parſons turn out all:
Their Revenues great,
With pleaſant Seat,
The Church to us has given,
To ſing you Maſs,
Confeſs each *Aſs*,
And make you fit for Heaven.

VII.

Nor will we any longer wait,
After ſuch notice given;
Nor ſhall they in the Pulpits prate,
Or teach the way to Heaven:
'Tis our Province,
You to convince;
Our *Arguments* ſhall be,
Without Diſpute
To make you mute,
Then, Hey Boys, up go we.

VIII.

Now, Hereticks, conſider well
The Game you have to play;
You yet may keep on this ſide Hell,
If warn'd by what we ſay:
But e'er your Lands
Shall 'ſcape our hands,
Which have been long our due;
We'll Stab, we'll Shoot,
And Damn to boot,
Then, Hey Boys, up go you.

A New Song on the Prince and Princeſs of Orange.

I.

SInce *Orange* is on Brittiſh Land,
That Proteſtant who will not ſtand
To him, and under his Command,
Befriends the Romiſh Cauſe,
Gives all our Liberties away,
Our Lives to Popiſh Prieſts a prey,
And *Magna Charta* does betray
The Teſt and Penal Laws.

II.

Bid too Illuſtrious *Moll* appear,
We ſha'n't have then more cauſe to fear,
From any Jeſuit practice here,
The Lawful Heir to cheat.
Then to her Highneſs a full Glaſs,
The Second Faith-defending Laſs,
And to her Good Man: but the Maſs
Let Providence defeat.

Tyr-

Tyrconnel's *distracted Readings upon his* Irish *Forces in* England. *In Allusion to Mr.* Cowley's *Pindarick Ode upon destiny.* Hoc quoque fatale est sic ipsum expendere fatum. *Manil.*

I.

1. STrange and *unnatural*, let's stay and see
This *Pageant* of a *Prodigy*.
2. Lo, of themselves, *Dear Joyes*, like *Chess-men* move;
Lo, the unbred, ill-contriv'd *Machins* prove
As full of *Craft* and *Cruelty*,
Of *Baseness* and of *Butchery*,
As *we our self*, who fear'd they wa'n't so *fierce* as we.
Here a proud *Pawn* in *Irish* shape I'admire,
That still designing higher,
3. (Till the Fool lost his *Lot*
By blabbing out their *Plot*,
Foretelling the design'd St. *Clements* flood
He hoped to see run with *Heretick Blood*.
4. For which *twice Whipt*, that done,
And's Gauntlet Race begun)
At the Goal end became
5. Another *Thing* and *Name*:
6. Here I'm amaz'd at the actions of a *Knight*,
That does bold *Plunders* in no *Fight*;
Whose Landlords swear he has lost his Senses quite,
For he can't hear their Wrongs, nor see to do them
7. Here I, (woe's me) Usurping *Rooks* do blame, (Right.
For those false *Moves*, that thus has brokeour *Game*;

That

That to their *Grave* the *Bag*, those Conquer'd *Ma-*
chines bring,
But above all, th' *ill Conduct* of the *Mated King*.

II.

What e'er these seem, what e'er *Philosophy*
And *Sense* and *Reason* tell, said I,
These *Tools* have *Life*, *Election*, *Liberty*,
'Tis their own *Native Wisdom* Molds their *State*;
Their *Wit* and *Folly* make their Fate,
They do, they do, said I, but strait,
Lo, from my enlightned Eyes, the Mists and Shadows
fell,
Which hinder *Spirits* from being *Visible*;
And then appear'd the *Locusts* come from *Hell*;
When Lo, I see the *Jesuits* play'd the *Mate*.
With them, alas! no otherwise it proves;
An *unseen Hand* makes all their *Moves*;
And some are *Great*, and some are *Small*,
Some climb from *good*, some from *good Fortune* fall;
Those senceless *Teagues*, and these *Dear Joys* we call
Figures, alas, of *Speech*, for *Pop'ry plays us all*.

III.

Me from the *Womb*, *Midwife Pope Joan* did take;
She cut my *Navel*, *Wash'd me*, and *my Head*
With her own *Hands* she *Fashoned*;
She did a *Covenant* with me make,
And *Circumciz'd* my tender *Soul*, and thus she spake:
Thou Bigot of my *Roman Church* shall be;
Hate and *Renounce* (said she)
Sense, *Reason*, *Laws* and *Test*, *Justice* and *Truth* for me.
So shalt thou great at *Court* be, but in *War*
Thy flight from *Dublin* Gallows will thee bar.

Boast

Boast thou of thy great *fertile Praise*,
Thy design'd *Massacre* will raise,
Although thou liv'st not to enjoy the *Bays*.
She spoke, and all my years to come
Bewitch'd took their unlucky *Doom*.
Their several ways of *Life* let others chuse;
Their several Pleasures let them use:
But I was Born for *Hate* and to *Abuse*.

IV.

With *Fate* what boots it to contend?
Such I *began*, such *am*, and so must *end*.
The *Star* that did my *Being* frame,
Was but a *Lambent Flame*,
And some small Light it did dispence,
But neither Wit nor Sense,
Nor Heat, nor Influence.
No matter *Talbot*, let the *Blind Goddess* see
How *Grateful* thou can'st be,
For all her Elegible Gifts conferr'd on thee,
(Specifick Essences of *Popery*)
As Folly, Lust and Flattery,
Fraud, Extortion, Calumny,
Murther, Self-will and Infidelity,
Cowardise and Hypocricy.
Do thou Rejoyce, not Blush to be,
As all th' Inspir'd *Disingenuous* Men,
I. And all thy Damn'd *Fore-Fathers* were, from
(*Martell* down to *Pen*.

Notes

Notes on the First Stanza.

1. *Strange and Unnatural.* It's as Strange that *England* should want *Ireland*, as it is Unnatural for her War-like Spirits to brook their Infantry's Assistance.

2. *Themselves.* By their Barbarous, Thievish, and Rapatious Behaviors, where ever they Marched, one would think, they had no Officer to Command them.

3. A *Dear Joy* twice Whipt in *Covent-Garden*, for saying he hoped to see the Streets run with *Heretical Blood* on St. *Clement's* Day at Night, when, it seems, the Massacre was designed to be.

4. *Viz.* For discovering the *Plot*; not for the Words speaking, as the gulled Protestants were made to believe.

5. *Another Thing and Name, Viz.* The *Irish* Gentleman Souldier by Father *Whip* and *Gauntlet*, was immediately Transubstantiated into a Cashiered Scoundrel Rogue.

6. An *Irish* Spark, whose behaviour in his sundry Quarters from *Chester* to *London* and *Portsmouth* proclaim him.

7. *Usurping Rooks, i. e.* The *Irish Priests*, not content with their own natural Motions, but endeavoured to leap over the *Bishops* Heads to make Vacancies for their own Perswasion.

Notw

Notes on the Second Stanza.

1. *Locusts.* It was the Opinion of that Reverend Divine Mr. *Joseph Mead*, and that Immortal Philosopher Dr. *Henry Moor*, that the *Jesuits* are meant by the *Locusts* from the Bottomless Pit, in the 9th Chapter of the *Revelations*.

Notes on the Third Stanza.

1. WHen *Jepson*, *Wareing*, and *Tomson*, were Executed at the Gallows at *Dublin* for *Blood's* Plot against the late Duke of *Ormond*, in the year 1663. some people cryed out *a Rescue, a Rescue*, which was suspected; at which 10000 of the gentle Spectators at least, run away from the Gallows, amongst which this Famous Warrior by the name of Colonel *T — bot*, spurred on to the Gates of the City, which finding shut against him, Couragiously ventured his Life to save it, by Swiming over the *Liffie*.

Notes of the Fourth Stanza.

1. *Charles Martell*, Son of the Whore *Alpayde*, (by *Pipin* the *French King*) the Great Church Robber, and first violater of *Tythes* in the Christian World, and *Will. Pen* the Second: For which *Martell* was Damn'd, or the *Legend* Lies: For *Eucherie*

rie Biſhop of *Orleance*, in a Viſion, ſaw him in *Hell* Torments: And that *Eucherie* might believe what he ſaw, an Angel inſtructed him to ſeek for *Martell* in his Sepulchre, which he did, but found him not, but the Place all black, and inſtead of *Martell* a direful Serpent, as you have it in the Annals of *Orleance*.

A New Proteſtant Litany.

FRom the Race of *Ignatius*, and all their Col-
(leagues,
From all the long Counſels of *Bougres* and *Teagues*,
And from Papacy Rampant, and all her Intreagues,
Libra Nos, &c.
From Cobweb Laun-Charters, from ſham-freedom
(Banters,
Our Liberty keepers, and New-Goſpel-Planters,
In the truſty kind hands of our great *Quo Warranters*,
Libera Nos, &c.
From High Court Commiſſions, to *Rome* to Rejoyn us,
From a *Radamanth* Chanc'lor, the Weſtern Judge
(*Minos*
Made Head of the Church by new *Jure Divino*'s,
Libera Nos, &c.
From our great *Teſt* Records, cut out into Thrums,
From Waſte Paper *Law*, us'd with Paſties and Plums,
Magna Charta, *Magna Farta*, made Fodder for Bums,
Libera Nos, &c.

From

From a new-found *Stone-Doublet* to th' old Sleeves
(of *Laun*,
And all to make room for the Pope-Lander Spawn;
To ſee a Babe Born, through Bed-Curtains *Cloſe*
(*Drawn*,
Libera Nos, &c.
From reſolving o'er Night, where to Lye in to
(Morrow,
And from cunning *Back-door* to let Midwife
(thorough,
Eight Months *Full-grown* Man-Child, Born without
(Pang or Sorrow,
Libera Nos, &c.
From a Godfather Pope to the Heir of a Throne;
From three Chriſtian Names to one Sur-name un-
(known,
With a *Tyler* Milch-Nurſe, now the Mothers Milk's
(gone,
Libera Nos, &c.
From *Gun-Powder Bonfires*, all turn'd out of play,
Not a poor Window Candle dare to give a ſtoln Ray,
But all kept reſerv'd for Great *Simnel*'s Birth Day,
Libera Nos, &c.
From Dad *Petre*'s Pilots at th' Helm to befriend us,
With all hands that Pope, Turk, or Devil can lend us,
And all for a Second Queen *Beſs* to defend us,
Libera Nos, &c.
From *Nuntio*'s from *Rome* to conſult how to drub
The Proteſtant *Hydra* by our *Hercules Club*;
And a *Warming-pan Plot*, worſe than *Celliers Meal-Tub*,
Libera Nos, &c.

From old hundred of thouſand Pound Fines under
(rated
Ruſſel's Head for his Common Houſe Votes elevated
And *Eſſex*'s Razor at *Rome* Conſecrated,
Libera Nos, &c
From *Sampſon-Cord* Oaths, ſnapt aſunder with eaſe
From *No Faith in Man*, *Coleman*'s Mouth with
(ſqueez
Stop'd to tell no more Tales of Father *Le Cheſe*,
Libera Nos, &c
From old *Dunkirk* ſold for a Song and a Dance,
The Proteſtant long deſign'd Cauſe to Advance,
By Moſt Chriſtian Reformers, the Dragoons of *Fran*
Libera Nos, &c
From ſupporting our Church *Alamode Magdalan*,
From *Mahomet Monſieur* our new Lord *Soldano*,
And the Engliſh Pipes tun'd to French *Fiſtula in a*
Libera Nos, &c
From *Tyrconnel*'s Bog-trotters at th' old Trade
(Throat-cutti
From new Conqu'ring *Ireland* for the th' Engliſh
(foot
And from Sacrament Oaths of *North Hereſie* root
Libera Nos,
From Judges with *Empſom* and *Dudley*'s Infection
From Knaves in Fools Coats, by *Infallible* Direct
Raiſing Heretick Armies for the Roman Protect
Libera Nos,
From threeſcore thouſand Crowns, under Pl
(malign
Given *Loretto*'s great Lady, that famous Heav'n
(n
To purchaſe no more than a poor *Cuſhion Preg*
Libera Nos,

From a Courage of Steel with Intellects Leaden,
From Renouncing Three Crowns, and all for God-
(Breden,
To follow the Dance of *Christiana* of *Sweden*,
Libera Nos, &c.
From giving our Parliament Writs a withdraw,
Our last Game for preventing of *Justice* and Law,
In hopes of Concealing our dear *Cloven* Paw,
Libera Nos, &c.

A New Litany for the Holy Time of LENT.

I.

FRom all the Women We have whor'd
From being bound to keep Our Word,
From Civil Broils and Foreign Sword,
Libera nos Domine.

II.

From store of Ships and want of Men,
From leaping into the Lyons Den,
From a *Dutch*-War, and *Burnet*'s Pen,
Libera nos, &c.

III.

From Bombs of *France*, and Bulls of *Rome*,
From being Hen-peck'd worse at Home,
From *D.*——— insatiate Womb,
Libera nos, &c.

IV.

From Toleration and ſuch Nonſenſe,
From granting Liberty of Conſcience
To Hereticks, againſt their own Senſe,
Libera nos, &c.

V.

From hopes we ſhall Diſſenters bring
To Union with a Popiſh King,
And *P——n*, that manag'd the whole thing,
Libera nos, &c.

VI.

From ſtanding of our Slaves in dread,
From being by the Prieſthood led
From *Engliſh*-Limbs, to a *Roman*-Head,
Libera nos, &c.

VII.

From *Oxford*, faithful to his Truſt,
From being to Our Promiſe Juſt,
From *M——* Pride to his VVive's Luſt,
Libera nos, &c.

VIII.

From *Somerſet* and haughty *Lory*,
That would Eclipſe our *Roman* Glory,
And make a Jeſt of *Purgatory*,
Libera nos, &c.

IX.

From Parliaments that dare oppoſe,
And lead their Soveraign by the Noſe,
And from the Sanguinary Laws,
Libera nos, &c.

X.

From ſuch as will not do their beſt
To take off Penal-Laws and Teſt:
From *Stamford*, *Grey*, and all the reſt,
Libera nos, &c.

XI.

VVe humble do beſeech thee Lord,
That we may Govern by the Sword,
And *Berwick* know no other VVord,
Quæſimus te audire nos Domine.

XII.

That it may pleaſe while we do Reign,
VVhatever Neighbour Rules the Main,
To make us great in our Campaign,
Quæſimus te, &c.

XIII.

That it may be enough for theſe,
VVhile others Towns and Caſtles ſeize,
To ſtorm 'em here in Effigies,
Quæſimus te, &c.

XIV.

That they may feaſt and make a Noiſe,
nd with their Volleys rend the Skies,
gainſt a flock of Butter-flys,
Quæſimus te, &c.

XV.

hat it may pleaſe thee to repair
ord P*ow*is, who is in deſpair,
nd furniſh *England* with an Heir,
Quæſimus te, &c.

XVI.

That it may be a Prince of *Wales*,
And if the Smock and *Dada* fails,
Adopt a Brat of *Neddy H[illegible]*,
Quæſimus te, &c.

XVII.

That it may prove its Fathers Hope,
Reſtore the Nuncio and the Pope,
And ſave Old *Petre* from the Rope,
Quæſimus te, &c.

XVIII.

That we with Members may be bleſs'd,
In ſuch a Parliament poſſeſs'd,
As ſhall Annul the Bloody Teſt,
Queſimus te, &c.

XIX.

That we have time before we dye
To ſettle Church and Popery,
That Father *Condon* may not fly,
Quæſimus te, &c.

Grant we never croſs the Main,
To be a Geneal for *Spain*,
And never ſee *Breda* again,
Quæſimus te, &c.

The Council.

To the Tune of, *Jamaica.*

I.

TWO *Toms* and *Nat*,
In Council sat,
To rigg out a Thansgiving,
And make a Prayer,
For a thing in the Air,
That's neither Dead nor Living.

II.

The Dame of *East*
As 'tis Expres's'd,
In her late quaint Epistle,
Did to our Lady,
Bequeath the Baby,
With Coral, Bells and Whistle.

III.

With this intent, she to her sent
Her Gold and Diamond Bodkin,
That to conceive,
She might have leave;
And is not this an odd thing?

IV.

Then a Pot of Ale,
To the Prince of *Wales*,
Tho some are of Opinion,
That when 'tis come out,
A Double Clout
Will cover his Dominion.

The Audience.

THE Criticks that pretend to Sense,
Do cavil at the Audience,
As if his Grace were not as good,
To bow to, as a piece of Wood.
Did not our Fathers heretofore
Their senseless Deities adore?
Did not Old *Delphos* all along
Vent Oracles without a Tongue?
And wisest Monarchs did imporune
From the dumb God to know their Fortune.
Did not the Speaking-Head of late,
Of matters Learnedly Debate?
And rendred without Tongue or Ears
Wise answers to his whisp'ring Peers?
And shall we to a living Prince
Deny the State of Audience?
What tho the Bantling cannot speak?
Yet like the Blockhead he may squeak;
Give Audience by Interpreter,
The wisest Prince can do no more.
Then enter with a Princes Banner
Sir *Charles*, after the usual manner.
Great Sir, *His Holiness from* Rome
Greets your high Birth. The Prince cry'd Mum.
The Consecrated Pilch and Clout,
If you'll vouchsafe to hear me out,
And many other Toys I'm come
To lay them to your sacred Bum.

Gre

o young, yet such a Godlike Ray!
hæbus, your *Dad*, was Priest *D——a*,
reat Prince, I have no more to say.
onducted next their comes, *Great Sir*,
n *Envoy* from the *Emperor*,
o Gratulate your lucky *Fate*,
hat gives to *Englands* Throne new date;
e joy that any thing should Reign,
o baffle *Orange* and the *Dane*.
he Youth, to see them thus beguil'd,
token of his favour, smil'd.
ut at the *Spaniard* laugh'd outright.
s shamm'd again in *Eighty Eight*.
ext, having pass'd the inward Centry,
he doubtful *Monsieur* made his entry.
he King, my Master, Sir, has sent
our *Royal Birth* to complement;
you will make it but appear,
hat you are *Englands* Lawful Heir.
ere Lady *P——s* took him short,
ave you a King? Thank Maz'rine *for't*!
r. man] *Whoe're the Father was, the Mother*
as *France's* Q. (*P——s*) *Who questions t'other?*
t this Reproof he pawn'd a Purse,
nd parting made his peace with Nurse.
he *Dane*, the *Suede*, with other Nations,
ome in with loud Congratulations.
pon the *Suede* so fam'd for Battel,
e cast a frown, and shook his Rattle.
d for the *Dane*, who took the part
good Prince *George*, he let a fart.
his put him in a sullen fit,
nse scarce could dance him out of it.
hen an Embassador from *Poland*,
ock'd at the Door, and *Velt* from *Holland*,

He

He crying ſuck'd, and ſucking cry'd,
When Lady Governeſs reply'd,
Peace, *Prince*, peace, *Prince*, peace, *pretty Prince*
And let the *States* have Audience.
Dutch-man.] *From* Holland *I am hither ſent,*
To Challenge, not to Complement.
Prepare with ſpeed your Twenty Sail,
Your twice four thouſand on the Nail;
Which by your Senate was enacted,
With Orange, *when your Sire contracted.*
The Name of *Holland* did affright,
And make th'young Hero ſcream outright.
But, *Orange* nam'd, the Royal Elf,
The ſweet, ſweet Babe, beſhit himſelf.
Tyrconnel, who came o're no leſs
Than to be made his Governeſs,
To take her leave, by luck came in,
She ſuck'd his Noſe, and lick'd him clean.
Laſt came the Lady *H*—— from Play,
Mov'd by Inſtinct he cry'd, *Mamma*,
And poſted to the Queen away.

The States-Man's Almanack: *Being an Excellent New* Ballad, *in which the Qualities of each Month are conſider'd; whereby it appears, that a* Parliament *cannot meet in any of the Old Months: With a Propoſal for mending the* Kalender, *humbly offered to the Packers of the next* Parliament.

To the Tune of, *Cold and Raw*, &c.

PROLOGUE.

THE talk up and down,
In Country and Town,
Has been long of Parliaments ſitting,
But we'll make it clear,
Ne'r a month in the Year,
Is proper for ſuch a Meeting.

II.

The Judges declare it,
The Miniſters ſwear it,
And the Town as a Tale receives it:
Let them ſay what they can,
There's never a Man,
Except God's Vicegerent, believes it.

III.

III.

If the Criticks in ſpight,
Our Arguments ſlight,
And think 'em too light for the Maſter:
It has often been known,
That Men on a Throne,
Have Hrarang'd the whole Realm with no better.

IV.

For in times of Old,
When Kings were leſs bold
And made for their faults Excuſes;
Such Topicks as theſe,
The Commons to pleaſe,
Did ſerve for moſt Excellent Uſes.

V.

Either *Chriſtmas* came on,
Or Harveſt begun,
And all muſt repair to their Station:
'Twas too Dry, or too Wet,
For the Houſes to Sit,
And Hey for a Prorogation.

VI.

Then, Sir, if you pleaſe,
With ſuch Reaſons as theſe,
Let's ſee how each Moon is appointed:
For tho it be ſtrange,
In all her Change,
She Favours not God's Anointed.

The *ALMANACK.*

January. I.

THE firſt is too cold,
For Popery to hold,
Since Southern Climats Improve it:
And therefore in Froſt,
'Tis Odds but it's loſt,
If they offer to remove it.

February. II.

The next do's betide,
(Tho then the King dy'd)
Ill luck, and they muſt not be tampring:
For had not Providence quick,
Cool'd his Head i'th' Nick,
'Fore God they were all a ſcampring.

March. III.

The Month of Old *Rome*,
Has an Omen with ſome,
But the ſleeping Wind then Rouzes,
And truſt not the crowd,
When Storms are ſo loud,
Leſt their Breath infect the Houſes.

April. IV.

In this by Miſhap,
Southask had a Clap,
Which pepper'd our Gracious Maſter:
And therefore i'th' Spring,
He muſt Phyſick his Thing,
And venture no new Diſaſter.

May. V.

This Month is too good,
And too luſty his Blood,

To

To be for Buſineſs at leiſure,
With his Confeſſors leave,
Honeſt *Bridget* may give,
The Fumbler Royal his Pleaſure.

June. VI.

The Brains of the State,
Have been too hot of late,
They have manag'd all Buſineſs in rapture:
And to call us in *June*,
Is much to the ſame Tune,
Being mad to the end of the Chapter.

July. VII.

This Seaſon was made
For Camp and Parade,
Where with the Expence of his Treaſures;
Of much Sweat and Pains,
Diſcreetly he Trains,
Such Men, as will break all his Meaſures.

Auguſt. VIII.

This Month did advance
Our Projects in *France*,
As *Bartholomew* Remembers;
But alas they want force,
To take the ſame Courſe,
With our Heretical Members.

September. IX.

They cannot now meet,
For the Progreſs was ſet,
But they find it a ſcurvy Faſhion:
To ride, and to ride,
To be ſnubb'd and deny'd,
By every good man in the Nation.

October. X.

Now Hunting comes in,
That Licenſe for Sin,

That do's with a Cloak befriend him,
For if the Queen knows,
What at G——'s he do's,
His Divine Right can hardly defend him.

November. XI.

November might do,
For ought that we know:
But that the King promis'd by chance Sirs,
And his Word before,
Was pawn'd for much more,
Than e're 'twill be able to Answer.

December. XII.

The last of the year,
Resemblance does bear,
To their hopes and fortune declining:
Ne'r hope for success,
Day grows less and less,
And the Sun once so high has done shining.

EPILOGUE.

YOu Gypsies of *Rome*,
That run up and down,
And with Miracles People Cozen:
By the help of some Saint,
Get the Month that you want,
And make Thirteen of the Dozen.

II.

You see the Old year,
Wont help ye, 'tis clear,
And therefore to save your Honour:

Get

Get a new Sun and Moon,
And the Work is half done,
And Faith I think not sooner

The State-Holder : *Or, the Prince's* Almanack, *Calculated for the Meridian of* London, *and Calling of a* Protestant Parliament ; *being a Counterpart of the* States-Man's Almanack.

PROLOGUE.

I.

THE Talk about went,
That a Free Parliament,
Should never more Sit in this Nation :
But I'll make it clear,
There's no Month in the year,
But is proper on this occasion.

II.

Tho some did deceive us,
You may now believe us,
Since the Royal Assent made his *Exit* :
Say what e'er you can,
There's never a man,
Except ing Lord *Wem* that suspects it.

III

III.

If the Graves of the Laws,
Our Topicks oppoſe,
We'll prove 'tis the Senſe of the Nation;
The readieſt way,
To make the Slaves pay,
For their Nibbling with Diſpenſation.

IV.

In times on Record,
When Kings kept their Word,
And people were in their Senſes:
So poor an Excuſe,
Was ſuch an Abuſe,
No Monarch e'er made ſuch Pretences,

V.

The King is withdrawn,
The *Prince* come to Town,
The timely Redeemer o'th' Nation:
The Lords are all Set,
And the old Members met,
Then hey! for a Convocation.

VI.

For tho to our loſs,
Things ever went croſs,
Whilſt *Petre* was chief Director:
There is not a Sun,
Or a Change in the Moon,
But favours our Great *Protector*.

The ALMANACK.

January. I.

THO the Firſt be too cold,
For Popery to hold,
Yet fear not a Diſſolution:
For tho it be Froſt,
And the Jeſuiſts Croſt,
It agrees with a *Dutch* Conſtitution.

February. II.

Though next came a thing,
Brought Popery in,
With all the fine Relicks and Croſſes:
Tho then the King dy'd,
We have One on our ſide,
This Month will repair all our Loſſes.

March. III.

The Month of Old *Rome*,
Will bring 'em all home,
The Authors of all our Evil;
This Month the Wind blows,
And the Breath of the Houſe
Will ſend 'em all going to the Devil.

April. IV.

In this the Old Whore
Of *Babel* came o're,
Which was a ſore Clap to the Nation;
And therefore i'th' Spring,
We muſt manage the thing,
To make a full Reformation.

May. V.
The Prince is too good,
And too near to the Blood,
To allow to the Houſe any leiſure;
The Lords and High Powers,
Muſt gather new Flowers,
To ſtock the Exhauſted Treaſure.

June. VI.
This Month brought in Griſt,
To the Hot-headed Prieſt,
Who over-rul'd the Ruler,
And therefore the Houſe,
By way of a Doze,
Muſt Sit to prepare 'em a Cooler.

July. VII.
This Month of late made,
For Camp and Parade,
In which were exhauſted our Treaſures,
Will better be ſpent
By a wiſe Parliament,
Enacting and making new Meaſures.

Auguſt. VIII.
This finiſhed a League,
With Monſieur and Teague,
For a total Extirpation
Of the Hereticks Cauſe:
And therefore the Houſe
Muſt ſit to Eſtabliſh the Nation.

September. IX.
The Colleges fool'd,
This month over-rul'd,
And therefore each Proteſtant Member,
Muſt ſit and Debate,
Of matters of State,
To ſet all things right in *September.*

October. X.

This Seaſon was ſpent,
By *Burton* and *Brent*,
To manage each Corporation;
And therefore 'tis fit,
The Houſes ſhould ſit,
To Vote it a Combination.

November. XI.

Above all the reſt,
Will be in requeſt,
The Auſpicious Month of *November*;
When *Orange* our Cauſe,
Reſtored with the Laws,
Recorded by every Member.

December. XII.

Tho this be the laſt,
And all danger paſt,
Yet are we reſolv'd every Member,
Both Common and Peer,
To ſit all the Year,
From *January to December.*

EPILOGUE.

YOu Gypſies of *Rome*,
That hence are withdrawn,
In the Name of the State, we beſeech you,
To the dozen before,
Find out a Month more,
And we'll ſit out that month to oblige you.

II.

You see ne're a close
Does favour your Cause,
Since *England*'s so well protected:
When there's no more Moon,
You may sit on this Throne;
For sooner you cannot expect it.

The ORANGE.

I.

GOOD People I pray,
Throw the *Orange* away,
'Tis a very sowre Fruit, and was first brought in play,
When good *Judith Wilk*,
In her Pocket brought Milk,
And with Cushins and Warming-pans labour'd to bilk
This same Orange.

II.

When the Army retreats,
And the Parliament sits,
To Vote our King the true use of his Wits:
Twill be a sad means,
When all he obtains,
Is to have his Calves-head dress'd with other mens
Brains
And an Orange.

III.

The sins of his Youth,
Made him think of one Truth,
When he spawl'd from his Lungs, and bled twice at (the mouth,
That your fresh sort of food,
Does his Carkass more good,
And the damn'd thing that Cur'd his putrify'd blood
Was an Orange.

IV.

This hopeful young Son,
Is surely his own,
Because from an O[illegible] it cry'd to be gone;
But the Hereticks say,
He was got by *Dutch*
For neither K[illegible] nor the Nuncio dare stay
Near an Orange.

V.

Since *Lewis* was Cut,
From his Breech to the Gut,
France fancies an Open-arse delicate Fruit;
We wiser than so,
Have two strings to our Bow,
For we've a good —— that's an Open-arse too,
And an Orange.

VI.

Till *Nanny* writ much,
To the Rebels the *Dutch*
Her Mother, good Woman, ne'r ow'd her a grutch,
And the box of the Ear,
Made the matter appear,
That the only foul favour the Q[illegible] could not bear
Was an Orange.

VII.

VII.

An honest Old Peer,
That forsook God last year,
Pull'd off all his Plaisters, and Arm'd for the War;
But his Arms would not do,
And his Aches throbb'd so,
That he wish'd his own Pox and his M——s too

On an Orange.

VIII.

Old *Tyburn* must groan,
For *Jeffreys* is known
To have Perjur'd his Conscience to marry his Son;
And *D——s* Cause
Will be try'd by Just Laws,
And *H——t* must taste a most damnable Sauce,

With an Orange.

IX.

Lob, *Pen*, and a score
Of those honest men more,
VVill find this same Orange exceedingly sowre;
The Queen to be seiz'd,
VVill be very ill pleas'd,
And so will K. *P——r*, too dry to be squeez'd

By an Orange

An Epistle to Mr. Dryden.

Dryden, thy VVit has catterwaul'd too long,
Now *Lero*, *Lero*, is the only Song.
VVhat Singing, Dancing, Interludes of late,
Stuff, and set off our goodly Farce of *State*?
Not *Albevil* can turn a deep Intrigue,
Till first well warm'd with Bishop *Talgol's* Jigg.

W——m cannot sleep, or if a Nap he takes,
His Dream some Old *Tressilian* Ballad breaks.
But was e'er seen the like, in Prose or Metre,
To this mad Play, or work of Fat her *Petre*?
At Court no longer Punchionello takes,
Each Scene, Part, Cue, mishapen to the *Mac's*.
Such Plot, and the Catastrophe is such,
We must be either *Irish* all, or *Dutch*.
Our very Judges in *Westminster-Hall*,
Like their Old Roof, were *Irish* Timber all.
And (bless us!) *Irish* Wolves are brought to keep
The Nation, grown now all such silly Sheep;
Such errant Asses, errant Cattle made,
Or to be yok'd, or saddl'd, fleec'd, or flead.
O Martyrs Son! thy destiny is shown,
Such props are for a Scaffold, not a Throne:
So *Juno*, in her impotence of rage,
By Heaven deny'd, did Hell's black Powers engage;
Yet sped the Heroe: *Jove* and Fate were strong;
Religious care: He took his Gods along:
But hark, O hark, the *Belgick* Lion roars,
And shakes afar the *French* and *British* Shoars:
One Brandy drinks, one mad with Prophecies:
Lord! what they tell us of some Prince from *Frize*;
Arms, and the Man they sing, no *French* finess,
But hearty blows, and *Brandenburg* Address.
Hence Vigour, and our Figure comes agen,
We rise, and walk, all true erected men.
The force of those *Circæan* Cups subdu'd,
And the wild Charms our new *Armida* brew'd,
The Witchcraft he (our true *Rinaldo*) broke,
And grubs the base pretenders to his stock.
But oh, what Spirit of deceit afar,
Possess'd our Pulpits, and bewitch'd the Bar?

What

What Bane, what Miſchief on poor Mortals ſhed
By Vermin, from the Laws corruption bred?
Tho to their *Iriſh* Roof no Cobwebs cleave,
Below what ſtrife and endleſs toyls they weave:
Wanting brave ſtrength to ſtrangle men to death,
What Frauds they hide! What Venom underneath!
And when ſome ſhorter courſe to Murder's ſhown,
Cry, O that (luſcious) Point! they gain'd the Crown.
Sons of the Pulpit the ſame meaſures keep,
And of that ſame ſtumm'd Cup have drunk as deep.
Agog for ſome odd tranſubſtantiate thing,
Chimera Reign, or Metaphyſick King,
Sublim'd to School Divinity extreams,
Their Brains would crow with Patriarchal Dreams.
So high from ſolid honeſt wiſdom blown,
They'd have ſome *Hippo-Centaur* on the Throne.
Not Law-ordain'd, but by ſome God appointed,
Not Lay-elected, but be Prieſt-anointed.
Away this Goblin Witchcraft, Prieſtcraft-Prince;
Give us a King, Divine, by Law and Senſe.
Now Bar and Pulpit to Dragoons a ſport,
Their Cauſe is carried to the laſt Effort.
Princes in more compendious method teach,
Force is their way; let Old Apoſtles Preach:
What's ſtabliſh'd Law, where ſtanding Armies come,
Or who'll talk Goſpel to a Kettle-Drum?
When God would hear, where Giants did oppreſs,
The ſeveral Nations had their *Hercules*.
So were the Horns of grizly violence broke,
So people freed from triple *Geryon*'s yoke.
The various Snake in *Lerna*-Lough that bred,
That loll'd and hiſs'd to Death at every head,
Nemæan Lion, *Erymanthian* Boar,
Bogs that wallow, and on Hills that roar:

All

All by his Godlike Prowess done away,
Their Lawless Rule, and that Gigantick sway.
In vain whilst this high Virtue Nations sought,
The *Nassau*-House were never yet without.
Nor is confin'd to *Proviuces* their care,
Their generous *labour* neighbouring *Kingdoms* share
Here the foul Herd flee from his lifted hand,
That long had made a *Stable* of the Land.
The Monster of the Lough, new *Lerna*-Plague
(But scarce in head) the Bog-begotten *Teagne*,
The ravenous kind, the Harpies sharp for prey,
With Birds obscene, and uncouth to the day.
No Den, no Ditch, no rousting for them more,
Now, now is come our *Hercules* ashore.
Vile *Fraud* dispell'd, and superstitious Mists:
He from our *Temple* drives all Knaves and Priests.
Then warmer *W— op*, in due Scarlet shown,
To Coffee-*Dick* bequeaths his rusty Gown.
Oh *Dryden*, if this *Hercules* were thine,
How wou'd his Club, and *Atlas*-shoulders shine:
How wou'dst thou all our Maids of Honour fright
With naughty Tale, of *Fifty* in a Night?
Howe'er, no more let *Xavier* mar thy Pen,
No Miracle to forty thousand men.
When Law, and bald Divinity begins,
Why then, the marvel that a Poet fins?

To mr Dupey on his Lyrick Odes by Tom Brown

Thou Cur Half French, Half English Breed
Thou Mungril of Parnassus
To think Fall lines run up to Seed
Shou'd ever tamely Pass us.
Thou Write Pindaricks and be Damn'd
Write Epigrams for Cutlers
None with thy Lyricks can be Shum'd
[illegible] and Butlers.

In Vather word expressly
Noteart can wise [illegible] Shaingus
Horace will pluck thee by the Nose
And Pindar beat [illegible] brains

A Sale of Old State Houſhold-Stuff.

To the Tune of, *Old* Simon *the King.*

I.

THE Government being reſolv'd
To new furniſh the Houſe of State,
Hath thought fitting to put off the old,
That was ruſty and worn out of date.
Then come all you State-Brokers away,
And take off our old faſhion'd trinkoms,
You for a ſmall matter may buy
What coſt the price of three Kingdoms.
Quoth James *the Bigotted King,*
Quoth James *the Politick thing,*
With a thred-bare Oath,
And a Catholick Troth,
That never was worth a farthing.

II.

Here's (what was to cleanſe Church and State)
The Beeſom of Reformation,
Brought in by *Henry* the Eighth,
And *Beſſes* grave Convocation.
Here are diverſe Conformity Acts,
The Penal Laws and all,
With a parcel of over-rul'd Statutes,
Kick'd out of *Weſtminſter-Hall.*
Quoth James, &c.

III.

III.

Come buy the old Tapiſtry Hangings,
Which hung in the Houſe of Lords,
That kept the *Spaniſh* Invaſion,
And Powder-plot, on Record.
A muſty old *Magna Charta*,
That wants new ſcowring and cleanſing,
Writ ſo long ſince, and ſo dark too,
That 'tis hard to pick out the meaning.
Quoth J——, *&c.*

IV.

Here's a Pack of naſty Court Cards,
Much foul'd with over playing,
Condemn'd to the Fields of *Tom* T——d,
For they never were worth the buying.
A pitiful tatter'd *Scotch* League,
Swallow'd meerly to trepan men,
Took by the late King in Intrigue,
And aftewards burnt by the Hangman.
Quoth J——, *&c.*

V.

Three Proteſtant Vizors much worn,
And in uſe ſince the days of Queen *Beſs*,
Which now we have laid by with ſcorn,
Being reſolv'd to appear with bare face.
Come buy a thing brought from *Breda*,
Call'd a Royal Declaration,
Which of late we have copied at large,
Having promis'd to keep up the faſhion
Of old Simon *the King*,
Quoth J——, *&c.*

VI.

A parcel of *Conge d' eſliers*,
By Heretick Biſhops own'd,
The reward of the old Cavaliers;
For their Loyalty to the Crown.
Here's your Corporation Charters,
And Univerſity Regulations,
For all which as cheap you may barter,
As Cucumbers in the Vacation.
Quoth J——, *&c.*

VII.

Here's a Crew of Excluſion Abhorrers,
And a litter of Loyal Addreſſors,
Who'd have run to the Devil for us,
When they Bully'd for *Popiſh* Succeſſors.
But now they are down in the mouth,
Their Damning and Healthing forſakes 'em,
If you think them not a penny-worth
For fetching, the Devil may take them.
Quoth J——, *&c.*

VIII.

Here's a Tribe of mad Pulpiteers,
That ſtill for Right Line were trimming,
We'll exchange them for Bandileers,
And leave them to *Urim* and *Thummim*.
Here's a Cart Load of Obſervators,
That were writ in Defence of the Church,
By *Hodge* that Eternal Prater,
Whoſe Quill is now left in the lurch.
Quoth J——, *&c.*

IX.

Will you buy any *Proteſtant* Places,
In Army, or where you think beſt Sir?
Thoſe that think to keep them are Aſſes,
When once we are rid of the Teſt Sir.

And

And thus I will end my Sale,
With a Bar to either Houſe,
If we get but over it well,
For the reſt I care not a Lowſe.
Quoth J——, *&c.*

The DREAM.

WEary'd with Buſineſs, and with Cares oppre
My faculties were Doz'd and fond of reſt
An unuſual heavineſs did on me creep,
My Soul Indulg'd it; yet I could not ſleep.
Dreams ſhort and frightful vext me all the Night
I found I was betray'd, and long'd for Light;
The firſt ſuch Wonders brought within my view,
And when I wak'd I almoſt thought them true.
Methought I ſaw great *Julius* ſadly lye
Bleeding from all his Wounds, and *Brutus* by.
The ungrateful *Brutus* which he doted on,
With *Meager Caſſius* pleas'd with what he had done
Crying, the World and *Brutus* are my own.
I nearer drew to view the Ghaſtly Trunk,
But oh! the Scene was chang'd, *Cæſar* was ſunk
'Twas *Charles* the Second, which lay mangl'd there
The Sacrificing Tribe too did appear,
Brutus and *Caſſius*, Y——k and *Petre* were.
Charles weeping, graſp'd his Brother by the hand
I heard him ſighing ſay, within my Land
A faithful Pious Mother thou wilt command,
Who in the utmoſt of Extremity,
When all but her and much upbraided, I

Wou'd from the Crown have quite excluded thee,
Preach'd up thy forfeit Title by our Laws,
And in thy baniſhment maintain thy Cauſe;
Paſſive Obedience thou haſt much in ſtore,
But do not urge it to thy utmoſt power:
James to preſerve her moſt devoutly ſwore,
Charles dy'd, and *James* diſcharg'd his Oath next hour.
I ſaw the Prieſts flock in: the *Biſhops* out,
I ſaw *Petres* cram the VVafer down his Throat,
Tho' dead, it ſav'd the Heretick no doubt.
I ſaw him poorly bury'd in the Night,
A wretched Train, and a more wretched ſight;
To me it ſeem'd a Funeral in Diſguiſe,
For fear his Creditors ſhou'd his body ſeize.
I ſaw him ſhewn for two *pence* in a Cheſt,
Like *Monk*, Old *Harry*, *Mary*, and the reſt,
And if the figure anſwer'd its intent,
In ten years time 'twould buy a Monument.
My fancy brought me back again to Court,
Where only *Fools* Adviſe, and *Knaves* Reſort,
Our Kingdoms Curſe, and other Nations Sport.
I heard the *Jeſuits* in a grand Cabal,
Reſolve to Root out *Hereſie* or fall,
Each his particular Opinion gave,
They cry'd an opportunity we have
To fetter her, who kept us long her Slave.
Immediately they pitch'd upon a Rule,
How to ſuppreſs it by a forward *Fool*,
A bawling blund'ring ſenſeleſs Tool;
Whoſe Mouthing at *White-Chappel* firſt began,
Who regularly to his Greatneſs ran
Thro' all the vile degrees of Treachery,
And now uſurps the Court of Equity?

He

He ſaid, if you wou'd bring the Clergy down,
Erect a Court-Commiſſion from the Crown,
And for Diſpencing Law let me alone,
They hugg'd their Bubble, and the deed was done.
Petre grew Fat, and with *Mandamus's*,
Canker'd the VVorthy *Univerſities*:
The ſeats of Learning *Black-Heads* might command,
Yet the Kings promiſe to the Church doth ſtand.
Next, *Liberty of Conſcience* was Ordain'd;
The *Biſhops* for *Contempt* were then Arraign'd;
The Nobles and the Commons Cloſetted,
The *Penal Laws* muſt be Aboliſhed:
If you refuſe, your *Principles* are baſe,
Diſloyal, and you loſe our Royal Grace,
And each that has Dependencies his place.
Rocheſter fell, the Loyal *Herbert* ſtarv'd,
Each that forſook his God, his Monarch ſerv'd:
Somerſet loſt his Troops, and *Shrowsbury*,
Oxford was ſtripp'd to *Scarſdal Lumbley*;
And many more too tedious to relate,
By whom in ſafety, *James*, thou now doſt ſit.
VVhen thou perceiv'dſt no comfort from this Wife
Thy Dame, immediately was quick with Child,
The *Princeſs* at the *Bath* when it was *Born*,
The *Biſhops* in the *Tower*, yet had he ſworn
The *Church of England* never ſhould be wrong'd,
Upon this News the Hot-brain'd *Papiſts* Throng'd
I wak'd, and as I on my Dream Reflected,
My reaſonable Notions thus projected:
O King, I cry'd, thy Meaſures run too faſt,
And thou wilt find the curſe of it at laſt;
Why doſt thou wrong thy Country, ſhame thy
To pleaſe falſe *Prieſts*, and an ungrateful *Wife*.

A VVife, whoſe Character has always been
A Fawning Dutcheſs, and a Sawcy Queen.
How canſt thou ſuffer *Petre*'s Inſolence,
VVho only makes a harveſt of his Prince.
A Slave, to Rule Three Kingdoms, Govern thee,
Yet ne'er was Maſter of a Family:
This Serpent envying thy Happineſs,
Has crept into thy *Eve*, whoſe wilfulneſs
Has certainly betray'd thy Paradiſe;
Diſcerning *Halifax* thy fall foreſaw,
And early did his ſlighted Faith withdraw;
He needs no pardon for the advice he gave,
VVhich ſhews him honeſter than ſome that have.
Under the Roſe Men uſe their mind to tell,
But now *Myne-Heir* 'tis under the Broad Seal;
O *Naſſaw*, with thy promis'd Succours come,
And be to us like *Anthony* to *Rome*:
Thy Wife ſhall young *Octavia*'s place ſupply,
And thoſe that have betray'd our Country fly,
Unleſs the King to prove the Prince his own,
Shall to the Lyons-Den preſent his Son,
And if the Royal Brute do not deſtroy,
The Infant, by Chriſt 'tis his none Joy.

The Paradox on the Confinement of the Lords.

LET Cynicks bark, and the ſtern Stagyrite
At *Epicures* Precepts vent his ſpite;
Church-men Preach their Thred-bare Paradox,
Give Obedience to their bleeding Flocks.

Let Stoicks boast of a contented mind,
The unknown pleasures of a Life confin'd;
That in Imprisonment the Soul is free,
Grant me (ye Gods) but Ease and Liberty.
That there is Pleasure in a dirty Road,
A tir'd Horse that sinks beneath his Load,
No money, and an old inveterate Pox;
This I'll believe without a Paradox.
But to affirm 'twas the Dispencing Power,
That did Decree the Prelates to the Tower;
And such Confinements for the Propagation
Of the true Doctrine of the Reformation.
That to remove the Candlesticks from sight
Is to enlarge the Gospel and the Light;
And the Seven Angels are in Tribulation,
To Guard the Church from Pagan Invocation.
To say this is the keeping of our VVord,
The only way we have to be secur'd;
Supporting of the *English* Church and Cause,
In all its Priviledges, Rights and Laws.
Pardon my Faith, for sooner I'll believe
The Subtile Serpent was deceiv'd by *Eve*;
Rome shall with Hereticks her promise keep,
And Ravenous VVolves Protect the straggling Sheep.
That *P———y* shall be mild and moderate,
Not out of meer regard to his Estate;
And for a Hopeful Heir Invoke the Saints,
Out of his tender love to Protestants.
That Father *Petres* Counsel shall prevail,
To quit their guiltless Lordships without Fail;
And *Gildford* beg i'th' name of the Young Prince,
Dispencing *James* may with their minds dispence.
I will believe *D*——— shall Fail His Grace,
And *C*—— shall with *C*——— change place;

And

And *H*——— when made a Cardinal,
Shall Write a Learn'd Apology for all.
That for Old *Ely*, *Bristol*, *Bath* and *Wells*,
The Jesuits would pawn their Beads and Bells;
For *Lloyd* and *Peterborough* to be Bail,
Good *Rochester* would lye himself in Goal.
That the Lord Chancellor shall quit the Purse,
For their respective Fines to Reimburse;
Or that the Judges should not all Conspire
To find them guilty of a Preminire.
That *Pemberton* shall at the Bench prevail,
And *Allibone* shall Plead to be their Bail;
Or *H*———, that lyes upon the Lurch;
Who left the Charter shall restore the Church.
That she, who lately lookt into her Choice,
The Witty Author of the Brace of Mice,
Shall baffle the Old Panther in her Race,
And Crown her Husband with the Lawrels Bays.
All this I freely could believe and more,
But that the Lords are Sail'd out of the Tower,
Out of Respect to be sent back again,
For breach of Laws they sworn are to maintain.
That they have guilt of Disobedienee,
In this you must excuse my Diffidence,
Who plac'd upon the Monarchs Head the Crown,
Props of the Church, and Pillars of the Throne.

Over the Lord Dwers *Door.*

UNhappier Age who e'er law,
When Truth doth go for Treaſon;
Every Blockead's Will for Law,
And Coxcombs Senſe for Reaſon.
Religion's made a Bawd of State,
To ſerve the Pimps and Panders,
Our Liberty a Priſon Gate,
And *Iriſhmen* Commanders.
O Wretched is our Fate!
What Dangers do we run,
We muſt be Wicked to be Great,
And to be Juſt, undone.
'Tis thus our Sov'raign keeps his Word,
And makes the Nation Great;
To *Iriſhmen* he truſts the Sword,
To *Jeſuits* the State.

Over the Lord Salisbury's *Door.*

IF *Cecil* the Wiſe,
From his Grave ſhould ariſe,
And look the fat Beaſt in the Face.
He'd take him from Maſs,
And turn him to Graſs,
And ſwear he was none of Race.

To the Speaking-Head.

I'm come my future Fate to ſeek,
Speak then, Cœleſtial Block-head ſpeak.

Anſwer.

Had'ſt thou not conſulted with the Witch at *Rome*,
Thou need'ſt not thus, like *Saul*, to *Endor* come
To ſeek out (Brother Solid-head) thy Doom
The Hearts of all thy Friends are loſt and gone;
Gazing they ſtand, and grieving round thy Throne,
And ſcarce believe thou art the Martyrs Son.
Thoſe, whom thou favoureſt, merit not thy Grace,
They, to their Intereſt, Sacrifice thy Peace,
And will in ſorrow make thee end thy days.
Tempt not thy Fate too far, do not rely
On force or fraud; Why ſhould'ſt thou Monarch, why,
Live unbelov'd, and unlamented dye?

The Ghoſt.

A Papiſt dy'd, as 'twas *Jehovah's* Will,
And his poor Soul went trudging down to Hell:
Where, when he did arrive, juſt at the Entry,
He found a Maſtive Devil ſtanding Centry,
With flaming Eyes, and Face as black as Soot,
A Muſqueteer with a great Cloven Foot:
And who goes there? I, a poor Papiſt Ghoſt,
That's come to dwell upon the *Stygian* Coaſt.

Stay where you are, and do not press so hard,
For I must call the Captain of the Guard;
He gave me Orders to let none come in,
But only such as should have leave from him.
The Captain call'd, accordingly came forth,
A Devil, of Integrity and Worth;
VVho all in Noblest Scarlet being dress'd,
VVith a most delicate fine Embroider'd Vest.
He asks the Ghost with a great Voice, as loud
As mighty Thunder, breaking from a Cloud,
VVhat was the business? Sir, I am come to dwell
If you will please to give me leave, in Hell.
Damn you, you whorson Dog, said he to him,
I love my Master and you shan't come in;
For if above you eat your God, I fear,
Should you come in, youl'd eat the Devil here.

A Dialogue between a Loyal Addre
for, *and a Blunt* Whiggish Clow

UNgrateful VVretch! Can'st thou pretend a Cau
To fear the loss of Liberty and Laws?
Has not the King been at a vast Expence,
To raise the Gallant Troops in thy Defence?
Did he not promise in a Proclamation,
To rule by Law at's Coronation?

Clown. But has he not already damn'd the Test
And sure that Princes VVord is but a jest,
VVho Rules an Army, and Obeys a Priest:
Nor can his Solemn Oath make us much safer;
His Sword is Steel, his God is but a VVafer.

A new Song of the misfortunes of an Old Whore and her Brats.

I.

THO' the Old Hag of *Rome*,
Has bewitch'd us all Dumb,
She can Tongue-tye our Muses no longer;
We now spue out her Charms,
And sing the brave Arms
Of Great *Orange* and *Scomberg*, ding-dong Sir.

II.

If we open'd our Lips,
Wooden Peep-holes and Whips
Was of late the mild Penance enjoyn'd us;
Now Truth's no more Treason,
We esteem it a season
To be merry, and so you shall find us.

III.

Life-and-Fortune Addresses,
Shall not wear out our Presses,
To flatter and sooth a *Just Nero*;
But loud Declarations,
To secure the three Nations
Nrom the *French*, and from *Lilli-burlero*.

IV.

See how each Popish Gull,
Does look silly and dull,
O hone! O hone! all are Lamenting,

They've no Catholick Banter,
No wiſe *Hind* and *Panther*.
Nor any thing elſe worth the Printing.

V.

While we Hereticks do write,
Ay, and Print too in ſpite
Of the Devil, to revenge our late wrongs Sir;
And the Hawkers hoarſe Lungs,
With our Lampoons and Songs,
Make the Streets eccho all the day long Sir.

VI.

Now brave *Orange* advances,
What the fam'd League with *France* is,
We ſhall know to poor Catholicks ſorrow,
Stricken with Pannick Fears,
How the Whelps hang their Ears,
Pack up Relicks, and bid us good Morrow.

VII.

Father *Petre*, and others
Of his Politick Brothers,
Who one would think ſhould have diſdain'd it)
Are on fire to be gone,
Tho they might every one,
If they'd ſtay here a little, be Sainted.

VIII.

Juſt like old Rats and Mice,
Theſe bold Vermine are Wiſe,
When they find a Houſe ready to tumble,
Away ſtrait they advance,
Bound for *Flanders* or *France*,
Adieu, Votre Serviteur humble,

IX. But

IX.

But pray what ſhall become,
O'th' young Kitlings of *Rome*,
mean thoſe the Old Whore has Converted;
When they're grip'd by the Claws,
Of reviv'd Penal Laws,
And by all Ghoſtly Fathers deſerted.

X.

'Tis hard to leave the poor Elves,
Thus to ſhift for themſelves,
For unleſs you'd confirm'd the Babes better-a,
With your Cowardiſe tainted,
They'll e'ne grudge to be Sainted
With St. *Coleman*, St. *Whitebread*, &c.

XI.

So when Witches are taken
For enchanting Folks Bacon,
Cows, Horſes, or any ſuch thing Sir;
And the Hang-man once takes 'em,
Their Imps all forſake them,
And bequeath 'em to a right Hempen-ſtring Sir.

XII.

Our great States-men and Judges,
The Jeſuits true Drudges,
To advance the Plots of Holy Church Sir;
Do make wretched Grimaces,
Loſing Penſions and Places,
To a Parliament left in the lurch Sir.

XIII.

And the young VVelſhman's Sre,
Stuck like *Dun* in the Mire,
With revengeful Deſpair looks around him;
And then Curſes the Crowd,
That with Suffrages loud,
Shouted (*Vive le Roy*) when they Crown'd him.

XIV.

XIV.

He thinks 'tis an hard Fate,
Now to Capitulate,
And revoke his Indulg'd Dispensations;
To his Sons Terms to buckle,
To a Parliament truckle,
And Eat up his kind Declarations.

XV.

'Tis hard that dull Hereticks,
Still Suspicious of Tricks,
Cant believe the young Bantling's his Son Sir;
As if *Priests* cou'd n't create,
At least *Transubstantiate*
Him a *Boy*, for an Heir to his *Crown* Sir.

XVI.

Nay renown'd Lords and Ladies,
A long Bead-row have made us,
With the Midwife and Learned *Physicians*;
Cannot all this convince,
That it is a *Welch Prince*,
Though we publish the plain Depositions?

XVII.

Well it seems (to be short)
There's no Remedy for't,
Both his Gods and his Friends are retiring;
And his Army falls off,
While his Enemies scoff,
To see the Prince curb his aspiring.

XVIII.

Have we not a Wise King,
To resolve he would bring
All to *Rome*'s Lure, or else Sacrifice Sir,
Three Kingdoms to his Spleen,
And to th' Will of his Queen?
Did the world ever hear of a wiser?

XIX.

XIX.

Without one sturdy fight,
He's obliged to alight
From the Throne, which he envy'd his Brother,
And may like a poor Bigot,
Go embarque in a Frigat,
To see if he can find such another.

XX.

Since these *Switzers* and *Dutchmen*,
Come to stand by our Church-men,
With hard grim Fellows from *Finland*,
The Old Politick Whore,
Now must never hope more,
To sit brooding o're *Plots* here against *England*.

XXI.

Is't not Reason and Sense,
If a King will Dispence,
With our Statutes, and with his own word Sir,
To decide the Just Cause,
Of Religion and Laws,
With a swinging Great *Protestant-Sword* Sir?

XXII.

The *French* Tyrant dissembles,
And huffs, though he trembles,
We shall Visit that Son of a Whore Sir
If the weather hold fair,
We'd fain take a *Tour* there,
As our Fathers did in Days of Yore Sir.

XXIII.

While the *Germans* before,
Pay him off his old score,
For the mischief they've felt and do fear Sir,
With Pipe, Sword and Pistol,
We shall Probe his old Fistule,
And charge the Dog home in the rear Sir.

A

A New Song.

To the Tune of, *Couragio.*

I.

COme, come, great *Orange*, come away,
On thy *August* Voyagio,
The Church and State admit no stay,
And Proteſtants wou'd once more ſay
Couragio, Couragio, Couragio.

II.

Stand *Eaſt*, dear Wind, till they arrive,
On their deſign'd Voyagio,
And let each Noble Soul alive
Cry loud, *Qu'il Prince d' Aurange vive!*
Couragio, &c.

III.

Look ſharp, and ſee the Glorious Fleet,
Appear in their Voyagio!
With loud Huzza's we will them greet,
And with both Arms and Armies meet;
Couragio, &c.

IV.

Then, welcome to our *Engliſh* ſhore,
And now I will engage---o,
VVe'll thump the Babyloniſh *Whore*,
And kick her Trumpʼries out of Door;
Couragio, &c.

V. Poor

V.

Poor *B*——*k*! how will thy *Dear Joys*,
Oppose this brave Voyagio?
Thy tallest Sparks will be meer Toys,
To *Brandenburgh* and *Swedish* Boys;
Couragio, &c.

VI.

D——*n* sputters now like mad,
Against this great Voyagio;
Old *C*——*n* too in Sable's clad,
And *F*——*m* looks wondrous sad;
Couragio, &c.

VII.

But *Solmes* has took a Glorious Cause,
In this *Warlike* Voyagio,
To Guard us from their Ravenous Paws,
And to protect our Lives and Laws;
Couragio, &c.

VIII.

Nassaw will ridicule the Fop,
By this *Belgic* Voyagio,
And make their gawdy feathers drop,
Their slaughter's but a Harvest Crop:
Couragio, &c.

IX.

Stirum, advance the *Buda* Blades,
Thou'st brought in this Voyagio;
And since thy Lawrel never fades,
Send our Foes to the *Stygian* shades;
Couragio, &c.

X.

X.

Scembergh thunders Heroe-like,
In this Stormy Voyagio;
His very Name does Horrour strike,
And will slay more than Gun or Pike;
Couragio, &c.

XI.

Thus they the Victory will gain,
After their brave Voyagio;
And all our Liberties maintain,
And settle Church and State again:
Couragio, &c.

XII.

Then 'twill be Just, and no Extream,
To see by this Voyagio,
That *Wem* shou'd have th' effect of's Dream,
For Driving headlong with the Stream;
Couragio, &c.

XIII.

The Judges too, that Traitors be,
Must truss by this Voyagio,
'Twill be a Noble Sight to see,
Dispencing Scarlet on a Tree!
Couragio, &c.

XIV.

The Monks away full swift will hye,
On their dismal Voyagio;
Ten Pounds a Post-Horse then they cry,
And all away to *Calis* fly;
Couragio, &c.

XV.

S——d has Shot the Pit,
And is on his Voyagio;
Duda must no more hatching sit,
And *Petre* too the Board must quit:
Couragio, &c.

XVI.

Old *A——l* does hang his Ears,
Because of this Voyagio;
And Miser *P——s* stews in Tears;
B——sis roars, and damns, and swears:
Couragio, &c.

XVII.

When all is done, we then shall hope
To see, by this Voyagio,
No more Nuncio, no more Pope,
Except it be to have a Rope;
Couragio, Couragio, Couragio.

A new Song of an Orange.

To that Excellent Old Tune *Of a Pudding.*

GOOD People come buy,
The Fruit that I cry,
That now is in Season, tho' Winter is nigh,
'Twill do you all good,
And sweeten your Blood,
I'm sure it will please you when once understood
'Tis an Orange.

great

Its Cordial Juice,
Does much Vigour produce,
I may well recommend it to every mans use;
Tho' some it quite chills,
And with fear almost kills,
Yet certain each honest Man benefit feels
by an Orange.

To make Claret go down,
Sometimes there is found
A Jolly good Health to pass pleasantly round;
But yet I'll protest,
Without any Jest,
No flavour is better than that of the tast
Of an Orange.

Perhaps you may think,
At *White-Hall* they stink,
Because that our Neighbours come over the Sea,
Yet sure 'tis presum'd,
That they may be perfum'd,
By the scent of a Clove, when once it is stuck
In an Orange.

If they'd cure the ails
Of the P[illegible] of *Wales*
When the Milk of *Milch Tyler* does not well agree,
Tho he's subject to cast,
They may better the tast,
Yet let 'em take heed lest it Curdle at last
With an Orange.

Old Stories rehearse,
In Prose and in Verse,
How a *Welsh Child* was found by *loving of Cheese*,

So this will be known,
If it be the *Queen's* own,
For the taſte it utterly then will diſown
Of an Orange.

Tho the Mobile bawl,
Like the Devil and all,
For Religion, Property, Juſtice and Laws;
Yet in very good ſooth,
I'll tell you the truth,
There nothing is better to ſtop a mans mouth
Than an Orange.

We are certainly told,
That by *Adam* of old,
Himſelf and his Bearns for an Apple was ſold;
And who knows but his Son,
By Serpents undone,
And his Juggling *Eve* may chance loſe her own
For an Orange.

A *New Song on the Calling of a Free Parliament*, January 5*th*, 1688.

I.

A Parliament, with one conſent
Is all the cry oth' Nation,
Which now may be, ſince Popery
Is growing out of faſhion:
The *Belgick* Troops approach to Town,
The Oranges come Powring,
And all the Lords agree as one
To ſend the Papiſts ſcowring.

II.

The Holy Man ſhall lead the Van,
Our Father and Confeſſor;
In Robes of Red the Jeſuits fled,
Who was the chief Tranſgreſſor.
In this diſguiſe he thought to eſcape,
And hop'd to ſave his Bacon,
But *H* —— he has laid a Trap,
The Rat may be Retaken.

III.

The Nuncio too, the day may rue
That he came o'er the Ocean,
I'th' *Engliſh* Court, to keep's Reſort,
And teach his blind Devotion:
The Prelates, *Ellis*, *Smith*, and *Hall*,
Have ſold their Coach and Horſes,
And will no longer in *White-Hall*
Foment their Learn'd Diſcouſes.

IV.

The Groom o'th' Stool, that play'd the Fool,
Full ſorely will repent it,
And *S*———, did barefoot ſtand
For Pennance, ſhall lament it.
M——— and the *Scotch* are fled,
Whom hopes of Intereſt tempted;
Thoſe Lords did turn for want of Bread,
And ought to be Exempted.

V.

But *S*———, what cauſe had he
To fear his Highneſs Landing,
Who by his A——s and Legs might paſs
For one of underſtanding.
To take up Arms at ſuch a time,
Againſt the Rules were gave him;

His

His Head muſt anſwer for the Crime,
His Pardon will not ſave him.

VI.

The Fryers and Monks with all their Punks,
Are now upon the Scamper,
—*l* Swears, and Rants and Tears,
And *Teague* does make a clamper.
The Foreign Prieſts that Poſted o're,
Into the *Engliſh* Nation,
Do now repent that on that Shore
They laid their weak Foundation.

VII.

'Twou'd be a ſight 'twou'd move delight,
In each obdurate Varlet,
To ſee the Graves that made us Slaves,
Hang in diſpenſing Scarlet.
And every Popiſh Counſellour,
That for the ſame Cauſe Pleaded,
Shall all turn off at the ſame ſcore,
Be Hang'd or elſe Beheaded

The *Second part of* Lilli---li burlero Bullen a-la.

I.

O Y Creiſt my dear *Moriſh* vat makes de ſho'ſhad
Lill—li burlero bullen a-la.
The Hereticks Jear us and mauke me Mad,
Lill— li burlero bullen a-la,
Lero, lero, lero, lero, lilli burlero bullen a-la,
Lero, lero, lero, lero, lilli burlero bullen a-la.

His

II.

Pox take me dear *Teague* but I am in a rage,
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la,
Poo' what Impidence is in diſh Age?
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la,
Lero, Lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.

III.

Vat if *Duſh* ſhou'd come as dey hope,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
To up hang us for all de Diſpence of de Pope,
Lilli burlero bullen a la,
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.

IV.

Dey ſhay dat *T*—— *l*'s a Friend to de Maſh,
Lilli burlero bullen a la,
For which he's a Traitor, a Pimp, and an Aſs,
Lilli burlero bullen a la,
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.

V.

Ara' Plague tauke me now I make a Swar,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
I'd to Shent *Tyburn* will mauke a great Prayer,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la ;
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.

VI.

O'I will pray to Shaint *Patricks* Frock,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
Or to *Loretto*'s Sacred Smock;
Lilli burlero bullen a-la ;
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.

V

VII.

Now a Pox tauke me, what doſt dow tink,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
Engliſh Confuſion to Popery drink,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la;
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.

VIII.

And by my Shoul de Maſh Houſe pull down,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
While dey were Swearing de Mayor of do Town,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la;
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.

IX.

By Fait and be, I'll mauke de Decree,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
And Swar by de Chancellor's modeſty;
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.

X.

Dat I no longer in *Engliſh* will ſtay,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la;
For be goad day will hang us out of de way,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la;
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.

Sr George Jeffereys.

The Chancellour turn'd Tarpaulin.

TO be a Pris'ner, hated, loath'd, and ſcorn'd,
With unlamented Plagues, thy fall unmourn'd
Under approaching Torments keeneſt Dread,
And 'midſt a ſhouting Crowd unpitied led,
To meet a ſhameful Death, would ſeem t'attone
All horrid Villanies except thy own:
But they ſo numerous, great and loud appear,
They dull Repentance, as they heighten fear.
Curs'd by your King, your Country, and it ſeems
You're Curs'd too by your own Prophetick Dreams
Curs'd in your Novice Years and Indigence,
When Railing was your Law and Eloquence.
And Curs'd e'er ſince for Fraud and Bribery,
Lying, Partiality, and Perjury.
Curs'd by all People, Proſp'rous and Forlorn,
And will be Curs'd by thouſands yet unborn.
Curs'd by the Juſt and Virtuous, and what's worſe
You have your Fathers and your Childrens Curſe.
Legions of Ghoſts you've murder'd will appear,
And whiſper, on the Gallows, in your Ear;
Your Byaſs'd Judgment's giv'n againſt the Good,
That you might reek in Mony and in Blood.
The Tyrant, when *Perillus* brought his Bull,
Made the Inventor prove the firſt ſad Howl.
Your Whipping ſo (tho late) ſhould well be try'd
(Which you found out) upon your bleeding Hide
And thus Condemn'd, you'll be rewarded well
With Pill'ry, Carts-Tail, Gibbets, Flames and Hell.

And with your Quarters hurl'd into your Grave,
Let this be wrote, *I was both Fool and Knave,*
To Law and Drink a Scandal and a Slave.

Stafford's *Ghoſt*, February 1681.

IS this the Heav'nly Crown? Are theſe the Joys
Which bellowing Prieſts did promiſe with ſuch noiſe;
Charming my Fears with ſuch lewd Words as theſe,
A Saint, a Martyr, Bliſs, Eternal Eaſe?
Such promiſed Glories were for meaner Deeds.
He's trebly bleſt by whom our Monarch bleeds.
Curs'd Prieſts did me with other Fools delude,
Brib'd with their Gifts of the Beatitude.
Had I that Life ſo unadvis'dly loſt,
'Tis not your fawning Jeſuitiſh Hoſt,
Should e'er prevail on my miſguided ſenſe,
To ſmother Guilt with Vows of Innocence:
Nor thou, falſe Friend, as falſe to me or more,
Then all thy Oaths for *Coleman*'s Life before;
With thy true Catholick proteſting Breath,
Should'ſt e'er betray me to a pejur'd Death.
Blinded with Zeal, what, did we once admire
A Sulph'rous Soul, by Jeſuits ſet on Fire;
A Headſtrong, Stupid, Raſh Bigotted P——
Declar'd the open Enemy to Senſe.
Weak are the Sacred Ties that ſhould attend
The Name of Sov'raign, Brother, and of Friend;
This Pious *Samſon* would with Joy o'er throw
The Univerſe, and periſh by the Blow;
His Plots, tho known, yet will he ne'er give o'er,
But ſtill Intreagues with his dear *Babel* Whore;

So much infected by that Fatal Bitch,
He's all broke out in Scabby Zeal and Itch.
Could we diſtinctly view his Tainted Soul,
That all the Relicks of *S*——— were ſmall,
Compar'd with th' Scars of his P———Spiritual:
'Tis not the pow'rful Force of *Jordan's* Streams,
Nor his dear Purgatorys cleanſing Flames,
Can e're remove from his polluted Soul:
The leaſt remains of a Diſeaſe ſo foul:
You'll ſay, 'tis hard that ſuch a one as he
Should be depriv'd of *Naamans* Remedy;
But there's diſtinction to be made, I hope,
'Twixt thoſe that worſhip *Rimmon* and the *Pope*.
Amends for my intended Crimes I make,
If *Charles* from his Lethargick Sleep I wake,
But ſuch a Doſe of Opiats they have given
To Rouſe him were a Miracle for Heaven;
I hope, tho when he hears what I can tell,
Succeſs may Crown my Embaſſy from Hell.
I'll boldly name thoſe that purſue his Life,
And 'mongſt his Subjects feſter endleſs Strife;
Their Friends and their Adviſers I'll reveal,
Thoſe Holy Men that toucht with pious Zeal,
Are ſuch Well-wiſhers to the Common Weal.
Y——— moſt Belov'd, and boldeſt Friend is he,
VVho knows he muſt ſucceed by *Gadbury*;
Yet ſome with wonder are ſurpriz'd to find
That in the Loyal Ague of his Mind,
His hot Fit comes in ſuch a proper time,
VVhoſe cold one thought the Covenant no Crime.
The next a Slave to his Ambitious Pride,
Muſt be the chief, tho of the falling ſide.
This Hot-brain'd *Machiavel* once vainly ſtrove,
For what he ne're can hope the Peoples Love.

Bu

But foil'd he flies for Refuge to the Throne,
Truſting to th' Bladders of his VVit alone,
VVithout one Honeſt Thought to fix them on.
The Third a VVrack of the divided Chits.
Better than Jilting VVhore he Counterfeits;
But not his Treach'rous Eyes diſſolv'd in Tears,
Nor the falſe Vizard his Ambition wears,
Can blind the VVorld, or hide what muſt be ſeen,
His Practices with *J*——— and *Mazarine*.
Vote on, poor Fools! ye Commons vent your Spleen
Sure *France* and *P*——— are a ſufficient Screen:
A Tax at home's a Project Old and Dull.
He'll find new ways to keep the Coffers Full:
The *French* ſhall ſome of our fled Gold reſtore,
They ſuck like Leeches, but they ruin more
When they Spue back part of th' infected Ore:
Tis his Contrivance too, by Change of Air,
To eaſe our Monarch of his Fears and Care
They jointly toil to make thy burden light,
Knowing that Quiet is thy chief Delight,
They therefore haſte and hurry thee to fight.
No Matter *C*——— thy Enemies they'l fright, (flight,
One Stamps, one Talks, one VVeeps thy foes to
come (dread Lord) from the dark Shades below
To give thee timely notice of the Blow.
Which thou may'ſt yet prevent; think well of thoſe
Whom now (miſtaken) you believe your Foes.
They who againſt your Will wou'd fix your Crown,
Giving your Riches, Happineſs, Renown;
Which *Metamorphoſe* ſhould accepted be,
Becauſe redeem'd from Want and Infamy.
(Obſerve poor Wanderer, how thou walk'ſt alone,
Might is the *Atlas* that ſupports thy Throne)

Haſt

Haſte to comply, defer it not too long,
Thou can'ſt not ſtem a Current that's ſo ſtrong.
Truſt to th' Affections of thy *Britains* bold,
Give them but leave thy Honour to uphold;
Tho *Beſſus*, yet a *Cæſar* thou may'ſt be,
Oppreſt with Trophies of their Victory.

On the Dutcheſs of Portſmouth's Picture, Sept. 1682.

WHO can on this Picture look,
And not ſtrait be wonder ſtrook,
That ſuch a peaking doudy thing,
Should make a Beggar of a King?
Three happy Nations turn to Tears,
And all their former Love to Fears;
Ruine the Great, and raiſe the Small,
Yet will by turns betray 'um All
Lowly born, and meanly bred,
Yet of this Nation is the Head:
For half *Whitehall* make her their Court,
Tho th' other half make her their ſport.
Monmouth's Tamer, *Jeffery*'s Advance,
Foe to *England*, Spye for *France*;
Falſe and fooliſh, proud and bold,
Ugly as you ſee, and Old.
In a word, her mighty Grace
Is Whore in all things but her Face.

All Shams.

To the Tune of, *Packington's Pound.*

I.

AN Invaſion from *Dutchland* is all the diſcourſe,
And incredible Tale of Incredible force!
While each graver Sir *Pol* unfolded his Sheet,
An exact Computation of Army and Fleet:
Of their Horſe and their Foot,
And their Great Guns to boot,
Each Fireſhip, each Tender, and Flat-bottom'd Boat;
The time of their Landing, and place, can reveal,
But that, as a ſecret, as yet he'l conceal.

II.

While each buſie-brain'd Machanie, and Fool,
Each chattering Barber, each Aporn and Rule;
Let his private concern be of ne'r ſo much weight,
And nought but his Trade he can call his Eſtate:
Yet ſtraight he declares,
It has long been his Fears,
He dreaded this buſineſs for ſeveral Years:
Nay, the future events he cou'd eaſily relate;
But 'tis dangerous, Neighbours, and touches the State.

III.

Now while we are hearing and telling of Lyes,
A Cloud from the *Weſt* does quite darken the Skies:
All *Ægypt's* ten Plagues do at once on us fall,
For, in Naming the *Iriſh*, it comprehends all:

To

To what purpose they come
Is no secret to *Rome*;
And, to guess at the consequence, we may presume:
Old *England* was ne're so unhappy before,
While the Scum of three Nations for aid we Implore.

IV.

Now lay by Chimeras of Fleets, and Armados,
And, if you can, fairly march off to *Barbadoes*,
Jamaica, *Virginia*, or any Plantation,
Except that of *Will Pen*, the disturber o'th' Nation;
To *Lapland*, or *Greenland*,
Nay sail into *Finland*,
To Presbyter *John*, or the Islands within Land:
And leave both your Honors, Estates and your Wives,
On condition that you may depart with your Lives.

Fumbumbis. *or the* North-*Country-Mayor. A Ballad.*

To the Tune of, *Packinton's Pound.*

I Sing of no Heretic, Turk, or of Tartar,
But a suffering Mayor, who may pass for a Martyr;
For a story so Tragic was never yet told
By *Fox*, or by *Stow*, those Authors of old:
How a vile Lansprezado,
Did a Mayor Bastinado,
And play'd him a Trick worse than a Strapado.
Oh Mayor, Mayor, thou had'st better never Transub'd,
Than thus to be toss'd in a Blanket, and drub'd.

II. All

II.

All laugh'd to behold this Saint of a Mayor
To Heav'n aſſum'd on a Colſtaff of Air;
From the Earth to the Skies they removed his ſtation,
So quick, you'd have thought it Tranſubſtantiation:
Our Hereticks boaſt,
He for turning was toſs'd,
And ſent up, to catch the Religion h' had loſt.
Oh Mayor, Mayor, &c.

III.

Not *Quixot* himſelf was ever leſs daunted
For charging the Windmils, or Gyants Inchanted.
A mind ſo reſolv'd what danger cou'd threaten?
'The Hero's the ſame, whether beat or is beaten:
And the Cudgels and Stones
May bruiſe and break Bones;
Tis the manner of Kicking for Kicking attones.
Oh Mayor, Mayor, &c.

IV:

The various Effects of his VVorſhip's diſgrace
Might have ſpoil'd the Bel-Air of a modeſter Face;
But ſuch an aſſurance his cauſe does admit,
He diſcovers as little of ſhame, as of wit:
For, beſides the expence,
Wou'd one Poſt from thence
To prove himſelf ſuch a Poltroon to his Prince!
Oh Mayor, Mayor, thou 'd'ſt better have never Tranſub'd
Than thus to be toſs'd in a Blanket and Drub'd!

Eſſay written over his Door upon an Inſtitution and Induction.

I.

'TIS a ſtrange thing to think on
That old *Tom* of *Lincoln*,
Who writ for the Reformation,
Shou'd ſo baſely ſubmit,
Without honor, or Wit,
To the Reading the Declaration.

II.

Who ever takes Order
From this *Satan*-Recorder,
And thinks to go out a Divine,
Will find it a Folly
To expect the Ghoſt Holy,
'Tis the Devil that enters the Swine

A new Song of the Times, 1683.

by mr. Wolseley

I.

'TWere folly for ever
The Whiggs to endeavour
Diſowning their Plots, when all the World knows 'um;
Did they not fix
On a Council of Six,
Appointed to Govern tho no Body Choſe 'um.
They that bore ſway,
Knew not one would Obey

Did

Did *Trincalo* make ſuch a ridiculous pother;
Monmouth's the Head,
To ſtrike Monarchy dead,
They choſe themſelves Vice-Roys all o're one another.

II.

Was't not a damn'd thing,
For *Russel* and *Hampden*
To ſerve all the Projects of Hot-headed *Tony*;
But much more untoward
To appoint my Lord *Howard*
With his own Purſe and credit to raiſe Men and Money
That at *Knightsbridge* did hide
Thoſe brisk Boys unſpy'd
Who at *Shaftsbury*'s Whiſtle were ready to follow;
And when Aid he ſhould bring,
Like a true *Branford* King.
Was here with a Whoop and gone with a hollow.

III.

Algernoon Sidney,
Of Common-Wealth Kidney,
Compos'd a damn'd Libel (ay marry was it)
Writ to occaſion
Ill Blood in the nation,
And therefore diſpers'd it all over his Cloſet:
It was not the Writing
Was prov'd or Indicting;
Tho he urg'd Statutes, what was it but fooling,
Since a new Truſt is
Plac'd in the Chief Juſtice,
To damn Law and Reaſon too by over-ruling.

IV.

What if a Traytor,
In ſpite of the State Sir,
Should cut his own Throat from one Ear to the other?

Shall

Shall then a new freak
Make *Braddon* and *Speak*
To be more concern'd than his Wife or his Brother;
A Rasor all Bloody
Thrown out of a Study
Is Evidence strong of his desperate guilt, Sir;
So *Godfrey*, when dead,
Full of horrour and dread,
Run his Sword thro' his Body up to the Hilt Sir.

V.

VVho can think the case hard
Of Sir *Patient Ward*,
That lov'd his just Rights more than those of his (Highness.
Oh Disloyal Ears,
As on Record appears,
Not to hear when to do the Papists a kindness.
An Old doting Citt,
VVith his *Elizabeth* VVit,
Against the French Mode for freedom to hope on
His Ears that told lies
VVere less dull than his Eyes,
For both them were shut when all others were open.

VI.

All *Europe* together
Can't shew such a Father
So tenderly nice of his Sons Reputation,
As our good King is
To labour to bring his,
By tricks to subscribe to a sham Declaration.
'Twas very good reason
To pardon his Treason,
ToObey(not his own,but) hisBrothersCommand,Sir;
To merit whose grace,
He must in the first place
Confess he's a villain under his hand Sir.

VII. Since

VII.

Since Fate the Court bleſſes,
With daily ſucceſſes,
And giving up Charters go round for a frolick
Whilſt our D*uke*—*Nero*,
The Churches blind Hero,
By Murders is planting his Faith Apoſtolick,
Our Modern Sages,
More wiſe than paſt Ages
Think ours to Eſtabliſh by Popiſh Succeſſors,
Queen *Beſs* never thought it,
And *Cecil* forgot it,
But 'tis lately found out by our prudent Addreſſors.

A Heroick Scene.

Enter Oliver's *Porter, Fidler, and Poet in* Bedlam.

The Scene adorned with ſeveral of the Poets own Flowers, known by the Itallick Character.

Porter. O Glory! Glory! who are theſe appear?
My Fellow-Servants, Poet, Fidler here?
Old *Hodge* the Conſtant, *Johnny* the Sincere.
Who ſent you hither? And pray tell me why
An horrid ſilence does Invade mine Eye,
While not one ſound of Voice from you I ſpye.
Johnny. I come to let thee know, the time is now
To turn and fawn, and flatter as we do,
And follow that which does too faſt purſue.
Be wiſe, neglect your Intereſt now no more;
Intereſt! The Prince we ſerve, the God w' adore.

I for the Royal Martyr firſt declar'd;
But, e're his Head was off, I was prepar'd
To own the Rump, and for that Cauſe did Rhime;
But thoſe kick'd out, next Moment turn'd to him
Who routed them: Call'd him my Soveraign,
And prais'd his opening of a Kingly Vein.

Hodge. I by my Lowring Planets was accurſt
To be for barren Loyalty at firſt;
But when to *Nolls*, our *Charles*'s fate gave place,
I could abjure the Unhappy Royal Race:
To *Noll* I all my fingers skill did ſhow,
And charm'd his Highneſs with my nimble Bow.
Beſides, I ſerv'd him as a faithful Spy,
And did decoy the Cavalieriſh Fry;
Gold from his bounteous Highneſs charm'd my Eyes,
My old Whore *Balt Gl---ſs* could ne're ſuffice
For the Expence and Equipage of ſpies.

Johnny. Come joyn with us to make our Party
And you can never be in *Bedlam* long. (ſtrong,

Hodge. Were you yet Madder you might ſerve the
And be concern'd in things of greateſt weight. (ſtate,

Johnny. For (as *Turks* their *Santons*) we adore
The Fools and Madmen, and their aid implore:
They're ſuch who ſhare my Panegyrick Verſe,

Hodge. To ſuch I write, not to Philoſophers. (bring

Porter. Such frequent turns ſhould you to *Bedlam*
From *Rump* to *Cromwell*, *Cromwell* to the King;
Then to your Idol Church, next to the Pope,
Which may one day prefer you to the Rope:
I amongſt Madmen am confin'd 'tis true,
But I have more ſolidity than you.

Johnny. A Windmill is not fickle; for we find
That it is always conſtant to the Wind:

I never change; I'm ſtill to Intereſt true;
The Conquerour ever does my Muſe ſubdue;
And with whatever Toſſing ſhe ſhall meet,
She, like a Cat, ſhall light upon her feet.

Hodge. How long did I write for the *Engliſh* Church,
Yet now think fit to leave her in the lurch:
Like *Will o'th'-Wiſpe* th' Inferiour Clergy I
Led into Quagmires, where I let them lie;
Some into Boggs and Ditches I have caſt,
Where let them flounder what they will, they're faſt:
So far Crape-Gown is plung'd into the mire,
It is not poſſible it ſhould retire.

Porter. My Spirit boils within my troubled Breaſt,
Theſe Rogues are come to interrupt my reſt.

Johnny. When the Exalted *Whiggs* were in their
I ſpent my Oyl and Labour on their ſide.
Wrote a *Whigg* Play, and *Shaftsbury* out-ran;
For all my Maxims were Republican;
For the Excluding-Bill I did declare,
Libell'd and Rail'd, and did no Monarch ſpare:
When they began to droop I fac'd about,
And with my Pen I damn'd the *Whiggiſh* rout.
Nay every turn before-hand I can find,
As your ſagacious Hog foreſees the Wind.

Hodge. You nimbly turn to that which does prevail,
No Seaman e're could ſooner ſhift his Sail,

Johnny. Like a true Renegado ſtill I maul
The party I forſook with utmoſt gall.

Hodge. So I ere long ſhall damn the Heretick Souls
Of my old Comrade Coffee-Prieſts near *Pauls.*
Spies upon all their Pulpits I maintain,
And if of *Rome,* or Slavery they complain,
Or for their own againſt our Church they Preach;
I roar as if they did Sedition Teach;

I brand the Perſon with moſt Venemous Lies
If I want Truth, Invention ſtill ſupplies.
Johnny. But a reſerve I kept for *Monmouth* ſtill,
Should he prevail, I with ſuch equal skill
With Satyr-mingled praiſe he could not take it Ill.
And had that Prince Victorious been at *Lime*,
I the *Black-Box* had juſtified in Rhime.
I was prepar'd to praiſe or to abhor him,
Satyr I had and Panegyrick for him.
[*Por. aſide.*] Oh ſeed of *Locuſts*, from the Infernal
You'l cauſe my anger and I'le make you quake. (Lake
Hodge. Long my ſly pen ſerv'd *Rome*, and I atchiev'd
Ample Rewards, whole ſholes of Prieſts deceiv'd.
I wrought with ſuch Imperceptible Tools,
That I of heaps of Guineas guil'd thoſe Fools:
The only Bubbles in the World they be,
Who, to their coſt, muſt feel before they ſee:
In publick yet the *Engliſh* Church I own,
Tho' I am ſubtilly Writing of it down;
For yet it is not time I ſhould declare
Leſt Fools, to whom I write, ſhould be aware.
Johnny. Men beſt themſelves 'gainſt open foes de-
But periſh ſurely by a ſeeming Friend; (fend,
One Son turn'd me, I turn'd the other two;
But had not an Indulgence, Sir, like you;
I felt my Purſe inſenſibly conſume
Till I had openly declar'd for *Rome*.
Hodge. Now fellow Servant pray at length be wiſe
And follow our Example and Advice.
Porter. VVhat! turn to *Rome*, who did our City
And wou'd our Ancient Government o'return? (burn?
Hodge. Hold! Is not the Inſcription blotted out?
Por. Therefore who burnt the City none need doubt.

Johnny.

Johnny. It was Almighty Fire from Heav'n came
To puniſh the Rebellious ſtiff-neck'd Town; (down
All which had periſh'd in devouring flames,
Tho on the fire y'had emptied all the *Thames*;
Had all its Waves been on the Houſes toſt,
Ithad but baſted them as they did roſt;
But Heaven a Chryſtal Pyramid did take,
Of that a broad Extinguiſher did make
In Firmamental Waters dipt above,
To Hood the Flames which to their Quarry ſtrove.
Porter. A Pyramid Extinguiſher to Hood!
'Tis Nonſenſe never to be underſtood.
Hod. What, you believe the Plot of Varlet *Oates*?
Por. Ten Proclamations and Four Senates Votes.
John. That *Godfreys* Life was by the Papiſts ſped?
Por. Oh, No! He kill'd himſelf when he was dead.
Hod. To Jeſuits dying you will Credit give.
Por. Yes! full as much as all the while they live.
But dying Proteſtants I'le not believe,
For they allow of neat Equivocation,
And of flat Lies, with Mental Reſervation.
John. Hark *Hodge*: To gain him we in vain contend,
Our Fellow Servant is a Wagg, dear Friend.
Hodge. I'le try him farther; for his Parts are ſuch,
To bring him o're muſt needs avail us much, (*Dutch*
Who are for *Rome* & *France* 'gainſt th' *Engliſh* & the
ComeFellow Servant, you blieve our Plot
Of *Ruſſel*, *H*——*n*, *Sydney*, and what not?
Of *B*—, *Walcot*, of *Bow-ſteeple* and the *Rye*
Por. For *R*— I would, but *H*——*n* wou'd not Lie,
Rumbald and *Walcot* too did both deny
Ayloff to boot; *but Cowards are not brave*;
For Fear's a Paſſion which all Cowards have:

Yet to the Plot I firm belief afford,
Of th' Evidence I credit not one word.

Johnny. Can you diſtruſt what G— and E— ſay?

Port. What! two ſuch Excellent Moral Men as they!

Hod. Others there are ſwore home as Men cou'd do,

Por. Who for their Lives muſt ſwear home 'tis true.
Againſt the Popiſh Crew none ever ſwore
But a full Pardon he obtain'd before;
Theſe Swearers are like Cormorants, for they,
On *Whiggs* with ropes about their gullets prey.

John. What then? will you not be to Intereſt true?
We both are of the ſame belief with you;
But we know better what we have to do.

Por. aſide. Did ever Hell ſend ſuch a brace of
Such abject Cowards, Mercenary Slaves! (Knaves;
[*Exit frowning.*

John. His looks are wild, *his fiery Eye-balls roul,*
A Raging Tempeſt's labouring in his Soul.
Let's prudently retire.

Porter *Re-enters with a great Bible given him by* Nell G.

Por. You ſneaking Rogues would you be gone?
Here's that ſhall knock both you and Popery down.
He knocks them down with the Bible, and ſtamps upon them, they get up.

Hodge. Raſh Man! for this I full revenge will take,
And ſet our Evidence upon your back.

John. Audacious Fool, how dare you tempt your
Provoking me a Pillar of the State, (fate?
Who with my Pen alone have turn'd the Scale,
And made the *Tories* o're the *Whiggs* prevail?

Hodge. Your Pen alone! ——
Can I this Arrogance endure to hear,
Wou'd you uſurp the Garland I ſhould wear?

Johnny.

Johnny. You with your *Forty Eight*, and *Forty One*,
With *Screws* and *Antipendiums* plagu'd the Town;
While even the *Whiggs* admir'd my lofty Verses,
Your Witless Prose did Fodder *Torys* Arses.

Hodge. I'll through your Arse touch Honour to (the quick,
And find if you have any by this kick. [*Kicks the* Poet.

Johnny. Kick on, old *Fool*, till you your *Toes* shall maul,
I have had several, and can bear them all: (
Besides, I'm us'd to't———

Porter. Hence you wretched *Slaves*,
There is Contagion in such *Fools* and *Knaves*.
I'll wring your Necks off, if you ever more
Presume to set your feet within this door:
I'm Chief, and have Dominion in this place.

Johnny. I'll spend my gushing blood upon thy Face;
And if thou dar'st effect thy dire Design
With my two Hands I'll fling my Head at thine.

Porter. Holloa *Sr. Dennis*, have at you.

Johnny. Murder, Murder! [*He kicks and beats them,*

Hodge. Help, Help! *they run roaring out.*

Porter. I on these Knaves shall never more complain,
They have call'd back my wandring sense again.
[*He Pauses, and seems to come to himself.*
Of all Mankind, happy alone are we,
From all Ambition, from all Tumults free:
No Plots nor vile Informers need we fear;
No Plagues, nor Tortures for Religion here.
Our Thoughts, nay even our very words are free,
Not damn'd by *Fines*, or loss of Liberty;
None here's impeach'd by a vile Table spye,
Who with an *Innuendo* backs his lye;
Words and Lampoons we laugh at, and ne're care
What's said by Men, if Actions they forbear;

Anger at words is weakneſs underſtood,
Since none can Ridicule ought that is good;
'Tis VVomaniſh, and ſprings from Impotence,
For no great Man at words e're took Offence.
At *Rome*, in all her Glory, words were free;
Juſt Governments can never Jealous be;
But when to Tyranny *Rome* did decline,
VVeak Emperours with *Delatores* join
To plague the people, and themſelves undo;
For when they're fear'd they muſt be hated too.
And whom Men hate with Ruin they'll purſue.
One VVitneſs and a Circumſtance for *Facts*,
Is not enough; we muſt prove Overt Acts.
Our happy Government makes no Offence,
But open and Rebellious Violence.
VVhich we to quell no ſtanding Army need,
Nor can Dragoons upon free Quarter feed;
Booted Apoſtles we have none, that come
To knock and beat Men to the Church of *Rome*;
VVhen its Butt-end prevails not, Torments will,
For *Lewis* is not yet ſo Merciful to kill.
Here we divided from the troubled VVorld,
Reſt and are into no Confuſions hurl'd;
For all our wants does our wiſe State provide
Here every Vacant place is ſtill ſupply'd,
VVith Perſons that are duly qualify'd;
No favour raiſes a Deſertleſs Knave,
Nor Infamy, nor yet the Gold he gave.
How would all Subjects envy us, ſhou'd we
Publiſh the ſecrets of our Hierarchy?

The

The True Way to Honour.

I.

VOu'd you *(Sir)* attain that Honour,
Favourites neither know nor mind,
rch under Vertue's Noble Banner,
hange not Faith with each Court *Wind.*
ther pray to *Saint* nor *Lady*,
heir Religion's but a Jeſt,
okneel down to a painted *Baby*,
orſhipping the *Roman Beaſt.*

II.

in the Youth yet Intereſſed,
hat's a point I can't reach,
e Monarchs have the Sparks addreſſed,
uſt that belief and Duty teach?
, ſince we may not diſpute that matter,
his I hope will be confeſs'd,
build their *Faith* on Holy *Water*,
orſhip to the *Roman Beaſt.*

III.

rt, the beſt way to promotion,
o make the Laws your Rule,
truckle to ſuch blind Devotion,
hich does Religion ridicule.
t tho their Cauſe a while prevails,
ck you to that endures the Teſt,
hem cry up their P*rince* of *Wales*,
ho worſhip to the *Roman Beaſt.*

A New Litany.

To the Tune of, *Cook Lawrel invited the Devil his Guest,* &c.

FRom Jesuitical Polls, who proudly Expose
The only Bulwark 'twixt them, and their Foes
To Ramble i'th' Night to see Rare shows;
For ever Good Lord deliver us.
From a Pious Wise K—g who lets his reign pass,
In raising of *Villains*, and hearing of Mass,
All whose designs still prove but mine A—se;
For ever, &c.
Who is rid, and impos'd on, by many a score
Of Priests, Mac's, and Footmen, his Q. and his W—
Who to make his Foes Rich, will make his Friends
For ever, &c.
Who without doing business still o're it does Buz—
Takes always wrong Measures in all that he do—
As prepostrous in State as *H*—— in's Cloaths;
For ever, &c.
Who has made his Religion a Ridiculous Jest,
And sells all his Friends to buy off the Test,
Yet gives it his Servants from biggest to least;
For ever, &c.
From a P— ce in whose word and promise no trust
And a Court without Conscience, Honour and Justice
Who's bus'ness, Pride, Flattry, Intrest, and Lust
For ever, &c.

rom a blinking Confessor, as free of his Word,
nd as slack in performance as his disciplin'd Lord,
Whose Merits in time may meet with a Cord;
For ever, &c.

rom *Petres* that positive Politick Sage,
Who shams upon Heav'n, and comforts his Age,
filling his Coffers, and Bugg'ring his Page;
For ever, &c.

rom a Turn-coat, Mail-setting, King-killing Rascal,
Who spight of those Villanies, which he's past all,
become a Kings *Favourite*, ev'n from a Stall;
For ever, &c.

rom a Hosier preferr'd before all the State blocks,
rom Preaching in Tubs, and footing of Socks,
nd giving Quack Bills to cure the Pox;
For ever, &c.

Who had hang'd in *Hones* stead with a handsomer face,
nd the Joiner had gain'd the Counsellours place,
to impeach first he had had but the Grace;
For ever, &c.

rom a Nation, which now in so woful a case is,
o be call'd by Church Cheats, and Jesuitical Clashes,
Who their Politicks learn from whipping boys A—
For ever, &c.

---

pitaph on the Lord Fairfax, *by the Duke of* Buckingham.

UNder this Stone does lye,
One Born for Victory;
irfax the Valiant, and the only He,
Who e'er for that alone a Conqueror would be.

Both

Both Sexes Vertues were in him combin'd :
He had the Fierceneſs of the Manlieſt Mind,
And eke the Meekneſs too of Woman-kind.
He never knew what Envy was, or Hate :
His Soul was fill'd with Wroth, and Honeſty ;
And with another thing, quite out of date,
Call'd Modeſty.

II.

He ne'er ſeem'd Imputent, but in the Field ; a Place
Where Impudence it ſelf dares ſeldom ſhow her Face.
Had any ſtranger ſpy'd him in the Room
With ſome of thoſe whom he had overcome,
And had not heard their Talk, but only ſeen
Their geſture and their mean,
They wou'd have ſworn he had the Vanquiſh'd been.
For as they brag'd, and dreadful wou'd appear
While they their own ill lucks in War repeated,
His Modeſty ſtill made him bluſh, to hear
How often he had them Defeated.

III.

Through his whole Life, the Part he bore
Was Wonderful, and Great,
And yet, it ſo appear'd in nothing more,
Than in his private laſt retreat :
For it's aſtranger thing, to find
One Man of ſuch a Glorious mind
As can diſmiſs the Pow'r h' has got,
Than Millions of the *Polls* and Braves,
Thoſe deſpicable Fools and Knaves,
Who ſuch a Pother make,
Through dulneſs and miſtake
In ſeeking after Pow'r, but get it not.

IV.

When all the Nation he had won,
And with expence of Blood had bought,
Store great enough he thought
Of Fame and of Renown;
He then his Arms laid down,
With full as little Pride
As if he had been of his Enemies ſide,
Of one of them cou'd do that were undone:
He neither Wealth, nor Places ſought;
For others, not himſelf, he Fought.
He was content to know,
For he had found it ſo,
That, when he pleas'd, to Conquer, he was able,
And left the Spoil and Plunder to the Rabble:
He might have been a King;
But that he underſtood
How much it is a meaner thing
To be unjuſtly Great, than Honorably good.

V.

This, from the World, did Admiration draw,
And, from his Friends, both Love and Awe,
Remembring what in Fight he did before:
And his Foes lov'd him too,
As they were bound to do,
Becauſe he was reſolv'd to Fight no more, (we,
He bleſs'd of all, he Dy'd; but far more bleſs'd were
While we were ſure to live, till we cou'd ſee
Man as Great in War, in Peace as Juſt, as he.

A Match, between the keen Raſor, *and the dull* Ax, 1683. *Occaſioned by the death of the Lord* Ruſſel *and the E. of* Eſſex.

TEN Pounds to a Crown, (who will make the
On *Bomini*'s head, againſt Squire *Catch*, (match
Whoſe Inſtrument ſhall make moſt quick diſpatch.
The Noble Raſor, or the Ax
In Bulk, (perhaps) not Virtue, lacks;
Which, by rare ſlight of hand, can do
More at one ſtroke, than that at two:
So Gems are precious, which unite
In little Orbs, great Rays of Light:
More ſubtle than th' Inchanted Sword,
Which ſlew twice o'er
The Knight, once ſlain before;
For thou cou'dſt kill,
Againſt thy will,
And his, and ours, a Noble Lord.

II.

Dead doing Tool! ſurely juſt Fate
Will dub thee now the Ax of State;
If firſt the grateful Heav'ns ſhall not Tranſlate
The thither, to maintain
The Regiment of C—— his VVain.
But gentle Muſe, I pray thee tell,
What made that Hack, this Shave ſo well:
And why the dapper *Monſieur* can
Out-do the heavy *Engliſhman*?

Did the old Ax, on that great day,
It went away
To *Rome*, to be Enſhrin'd,
eal all the Steel; and only Iron leave behind?
Or did the Hone
arpen the Raſor, to the Ax give none?

III.

VVou'd you this Riddle underſtand;
iſtinguiſh 'twixt the Butcher's clumſy Hand,
And the inviſible Command,
Divines allow, the unſeen Powers
May wonders work; and why not ours,
VVhether on Scaffolds, or in Towers?
All you, whoſe Lot
It once may be to go to Pot,
VVhen e-er the State ſhall hit your Blot;
And you whoſe Heads by ſullen Fates
Are doom'd to fall at theſe hard rates:
Pray uſe your Barbers cheaper Art,
nd let your bungling Butchers bear no Part.
low, for a curious Youth to cut your Throats,
VVho (on occaſion fine, and neat)
VVill do the clever Feat;
t truſty *Monſieur* preingage your ready Votes.

A New Litany in the Year, 1684.

FRom Immoderate Fines and defamation,
From *Braddons* Pennyleſs Subornation,
nd from a Bar of Aſſaſſination,
Libera nos, &c.

From

From a Lawyer that scolds like an Oyster Wench,
From an *English* Body, and a Mind that is *French*,
And from the new *Bonner* upon the Bench,
Libera nos, &c.

From the Partial Preaching that is now in Fashion,
From Divinity to undo a Nation,
From Wooden Shoes, and Transubstantiation,
Libera nos, &c.

From the Nonsencial cant of a Loyal Addressor
From the Impudent Shams of Popish Professor,
And from Protestant Zeal in a Popish Successor,
Libera nos, &c.

From all those *Esau*'s within their Nonage,
That would both our Laws and Liberties Forage,
And sell their Birthright for a Mess of a Court Pottage,
Libera nos, &c.

From Juries that Murther do Justice call,
And undoing of Men a Matter but small,
And from the Star-Chamber in *Westminster-Hall*,
Libera nos, &c.

The Fable of the Pot *and* Kettle, *as it was told by Collonel* Titus *the Night before he Kiſs'd the Kings Hand.*

AS down the Torrent of an angry Flood,
An Earthen Pot, and a Braſs Kettle flow'd;
The heavy Caldron, ſinking and diſtreſs'd
With his own Weight, and the fierce VVaves oppreſs'd,
Gladly beſpoke the lighter Veſſels Aid;
And to the Earthen Pitcher friendly ſaid,
Come, Brother, why ſhould we divided loſe
The ſtrength of Union, and our ſelves expoſe
To the Inſults of this poor paltry Stream,
Which with united Forces we can ſtem?
Tho different heretofore have been our Parts,
The Common Danger reconciles our Hearts;
Here, lend me thy kind Arm to break the Flood.
The Pitcher this New Friendſhip underſtood,
And made this Anſwer; Tho I wiſh for Eaſe
And Safety, this Alliance does not pleaſe;
Such different Natures never will agree,
Your Conſtitution is too rough for me;
For by the Waves I againſt you am toſt,
Or you to me, I equally am loſt;
And fear more Miſchief from your hard-end-ſide,
Than from the Shores, the Billows, or the Tide:
In calmer Days and ebbing Waves attend,
Rather than buoy you up, and ſerve your end,
To periſh by the *Rigor* of my Friend.

The Moral.

LEarn hence (ye Whigs) and act no more like Fools,
Nor truſt their Friendſhip who wou'd make you Tools;
While empty Praiſes and ſmooth Flatt'rys ſerve;
Pay with feign'd Thanks, what their feign'd ſmiles deſerve:
But let not the Alliance farther paſs,
For know that you are Clay, and they are Braſs.

Epitaph on Harry Care.

A True Diſſenter here does lye indeed,
He ne'er with any, or himſelf agreed;
But rather than want ſubjects to his ſpight,
Wou'd Snake-like turn, and his own Tail wou'd bite.
Sometime, 'tis true, he took the faſter ſide,
But when he came by ſuff'ring to be try'd,
The Craven ſoon betray'd his Fear and Pride:
Thence, *Settle*-like, he to recanting fell
Of all he wrote, or fanci'd to be well;
Thus purg'd from good; and thus prepar'd by evil,
He fac'd to *Rome*, and marcht off to the Devil.

A New Way to Honour.

WOu'd you be a Man of Honour,
Wou'd you be advanc'd to Place,
Take Meaſures from good Biſhop *Bonner*,
And Maxims from *Tyrconnel*'s Grace?

Pray

Pray to a Lady that can hear ye;
Who, as She's Greateſt, is the Beſt;
Your Suit is granted, never fear ye,
If you'l worſhip to the *Eſt*.

II.

Next in her Son get intereſſed,
That's a Point muſt be believ'd;
Mighty Kings have been Addreſſed,
Monarchs cannot be deceiv'd.
Come, come, ne'er diſpute the Matter,
That Religion muſt be beſt,
Which purges ſin with Holy Water,
Therefore worſhip to the *Eſt*,

III.

In ſhort, if you wou'd gain Promotion,
Do as Holy Church Commands,
Be conſtantly at her Devotion,
And ſerve her with your Heart and Hands:
Tis our Religion now prevails,
Therefore ſtill maintain the Jeſt,
Swear Fealty to the Prince of *Wales*
And worſhip always to the *Eſt*.

A Lenten Prologue *refus'd by the* Players, 1682.

OUr Prologue-Wit grows flat: the Naps worn off;
And howſoe'er We turn, and trim the Stuff,
The Gloſs is gone, that look'd at firſt ſo gaudy;
'Tis now no Jeſt to hear young Girls talk Baudy.
But Plots, and Parties give new matter birth;
And State Diſtractions ſerve you here for mirth!

At *England's* coſt Poets now purchaſe fame
While Factious Heats deſtroy us, without Shame
Theſe wanton *Neroes* fiddle to the Flame.
The Stage, like old Rump pulpits, is become
The Scene of News, a furious Party's Drum.
Here Poets beat their Brains for Volunteers,
And take faſt hold of Aſſes by their Ears.
Their jingling Rhime for Reaſon here you ſwallow;
Like *Orpheus* Muſick makes Beaſts to follow.
What an enlightning Grace is want of Bread? (Head!
How it can change a Libeller's Heart, & clear a *Laureats*
Open his Eyes till he the Mad Prophet ſee Medal.
Plots working in a future power to be p. 41.
Traitors unform'd to his *Second Sight* are clear;
And Squadrons here, and Squadrons there appear;
Rebellion is the *Burden* of the *Seer*.
To *Bays* in Viſion were of late reveal'd
Whigg *Armies, that at Knightsbridg lay conceal'd.* (Rcher.
And tho no mortal Eye could ſee't before Com. p. 31.
The Battel was juſt entring at the Door! Rehearſ.
A dangerous *Aſſociation*—ſign'd by None! Comedy
The Joyner's Plot to ſeize the King alone! p. 52.
Stephen with *College* made this Dire compact;
The watchful *Iriſh* took 'em in the Fact —
Of riding arm'd! Oh Traiterous *Overt* Act!
With each of 'em an ancient Piſtol ſided;
Againſt the Statute in that Caſe provided.
But why was ſuch an Hoſt of Swearers preſt?
Their ſuccour was ill Husbandry at beſt.
Bays's crown'd Muſe by Sovereign Right of Satyr,
Without deſert can dub a man a Traitor.
And Toryes, without troubling Law, or Reaſon,
By Loyal Inſtinct can find Plots and Treaſon.

But

But here's our Comfort, though they never ſcan
The Merits of the Cauſe, but of the Man,
Our gracious Stateſmen vow not to forſake
Law — that is made by Judges whom they Make.
Behind the Curtain, by Court-Wires, with eaſe
Thy turn thoſe Plyant Puppets as they pleaſe.
With frequent Parliaments our hopes they feed,
Such ſhall be ſure to meet—but when there's Need.
When a ſick State, and ſinking Church call for 'em,
Then 'tis our Tories moſt of all abhor 'em.
Then Pray'r, that Chriſtian Weapon of defence,
Grateful to Heaven, at Court is an Offence,
If it dare ſpeak th' untamper'd Nations ſenſe.
Nay Paper's Tumult, when our Senates ceaſe;
And ſome Mens Names alone can break the Peace.
Petitioning diſturbs the Kingdom's Quiet;
As chooſing honeſt Sheriffs makes a Ryot.
To puniſh Raſcals, and bring *France* to Reaſon,
Is to be hot, and preſs things out of Seaſon;
And to damn Popery is *Iriſh* Treaſon.
To love the King, and Knaves about him hate,
Is a Fanatick Plot againſt the State.
To Skreen his Perſon from a Popiſh Gun
Has all the miſchief in't of *Forty One.*
To ſave our Faith, and keep our Freedom's Charter,
Is once again to make a Royal Martyr.
This Logick is of Tory's deep inditing
The very beſt they have—but Oaths, and Fighting.
Let 'em then chime it on, if 'twill oblige ye,
And *Roger* vapour o'er us in *Effigie.*
Let 'em in Ballads give their folly Vent,
And ſing up Nonſenſe to their Hearts content.
If for the King (as All's pretended) they
Do here drink Healths, and curſe, ſure we may pray,

Heaven once more keep him then for *Healing Ends*,
Safe from old Foes—but moſt from his new Friends!
Such Proteſtants as prop a *Popiſh* Cauſe,
And Loyal Men, that break all Bounds of Laws!
Whoſe Pride is with his Servants Salaries fed,
And when they've ſcarce left him a Cruſt of Bread,
Their corrupt Fathers foreign Steps to follow,
Cheat even of ſcraps, and that laſt Sop would ſwal-
French Fetters may this Iſle no more endure; (low.
Spite of *Rome*'s Arts ſtand *England*'s Church ſecure,
Not from ſuch Brothers as deſire to mend it,
But falſe Sons, who deſigning worſe to rend it
With leud *Lives*, and no *Fortunes* would defend it.

Dangerfield's *Ghoſt to* Jefferys

Revenge! Revenge! my injur'd *Shade* begins
To haunt thy guilty Soul, and ſcourge thy ſins:
For ſince to me thou ow'ſt the heavieſt ſcore,
Whoſe *Living* words tormented thee before,
When *Dead*, I'm come to plague thee yet once more.
Don't ſtart away, nor think thy *Braſs* to hide,
But ſee the diſmal *ſhape* in which I dy'd!
My Body all deform'd with putrid Gore,
Bleeding my *Soul* away at every *Pore*;
Puſht faſter on by *Francis*, leſs unkind;
My *Body* ſwoln, and bloated as thy *Mind*.
This dangling *Eye-Ball* rolls about in vain,
Never to find its proper *ſeat* again,
The hollow *Cell* uſurpt by Blood and *Brain*:
The trembling *Jury's* Verdict ought to be
Murder'd at once, by Francis, *and by Thee.*

The

The *Groans* of Orphans, and the pondrous *guilt*
Of all the Blood that thou haſt ever ſpilt;
Thy Counteys *Curſe*, the Rabbles *Spite*, and all
Thoſe *Wiſhes* ſent thee ſince thy *long-wiſht* Fall;
The *Nobles* juſt Revenge, ſo bravely bought,
For all the Ills thy *Inſolence* has wrought:
May theſe and more their utmoſt force combine,
Joyn all their *Wrongs*, and mix their *Cries* with mine.
And ſee, if *Terror* has not ſtruck thee blind;
See here a long, a ghaſtly *Train* behind!
Far, far, from utmoſt *W E S T* they crowd away,
And hov'ring o'er, fright back the *ſickly* Day;
Had the poor Wretches *ſinn'd* as much as *Thee*,
Thou ſhou'dſt not have forgot *Humanity*:
Who e'er in *Blood* can ſo much pleaſure take?
Tho an ill *Judge* wou'd a good *Hang-man* make.
Each hollows in thy Ears, —— *Prepare! Prepare*
For what thou *muſt*, yet what thou *canſt* not bear!
Each, at thy *Heart* a bloody *Dagger* aims,
Upward to *Gibbets* point, downward to enleſs *Flames*.

The Troop at Beaconsfield *and their March.*

A Medley of Ruffians, bound up in a Band,
The ſhame of their Sex, & the Peſt of the Land,
Like Blood-hounds train'd up to the Word of Com-
II. (mand.
To hunt in a Pack, who ſingle wou'd flye,
And tho fierce to others, yet ſupplicant lye
To be beat by their Keepers, like Dogs, till they cry.

III.

Each one in Armor, like a Crab in his Case,
On a Horse that can wisely find for him his Place,
And place his Red Nose to his Leaders broad A—se.

IV.

With a Curse at his Mouth, and a Shot in his Gun,
The one to storm Quarters, the other storm Town,
And a Sword that 'gainst Poultry has Miracles done.

V.

With Tears of the March from Bastard-big-Whore,
Petitions and Curses from Tapster for Score,
And honest Men's Wishes to see 'em no more.

VI.

The Trumpet their Actions and Order does sound,
The Corporal aloud must the Meaning expound
To each Horse how his Rider must keep to his (Ground.

VII.

The Files being straitn'd; the Ranks being even,
And all things reduced to Sixes and Sevens,
The Blundering Lieutenant swears Thanks up to (Heaven.

VIII.

The Captain then struts on his *Barbary*-Nag,
Looks Grim, and the Cornet advances the Flag,
The Trumpet does sound, and then marches Tag-rag.

IX.

The Dogs they do bark, and the Poultry run,
Their meeting on each hand the Passengers shun,
And Curses are after them shot from the Town.

X. (Boys;

Where springs a glad Din 'mongst the Girls and the
The Females they lift up the Heart and the Voice,
The Whores to Lament, and the Chast to rejoice.

XI.

XI. (dole

he Countrey and Towns-men do meet, and con-
r what has been ſcor'd, and what has been ſtole,
r Damages, Cuts, and for Knocks on the Pole.

XII.

t when they examine, and find that the Tub,
ho mightily wrong'd, yet retaineth ſome Bub,
ey drink, and ſhake hands, to each Loſs and each

XIII. (Drub.

od God! when a Prince thou doſt give us again,
ch Faith and ſuch Principles in him ordain,
s Friends may live Safely, and he without Pain.

XIV.

the Laws of the Land, and Melitia's old Force,
ead of theſe Legions of Foot and of Horſe,
d *Iriſh* Dragoons than Devils far worſe.

XV.

en *France* may her Models of Government keep,
r Seamen return, and go plow on the Deep,
d Juſtice and Trade may revive from their ſleep.

SONG.

To the Tune of, *Gather your Roſe-Buds*, &c.

KEep to the Church, while yet you may,
Now Sects are ſtill a growing,
Popery that buds to day,
To Morrow will be blowing.

II.

II.

We Dance an endless Circle round,
Like Fairies in Religion,
While the *Italian* gets the Ground;
And calls us senseless Widgeon.

III.

The Presbyterian leads the Van,
And next the Independent,
The Dapper Quaker then comes in
But Popery's the end on't.

IV.

Then be not Wedded to the New,
But in the Old way tarry,
For having once but left the ~~New~~, *True*,
You may for ever vary.

A true and full Account of a late Conference between the wonderful Speaking-Head *and Father* Pulton, *as was related by the* Heads *own Mouth to Dr.* F——r, 1686.

I That was once an humble Logg,
The pissing Post for every Rogue;
And did hope for nothing higher,
Than to grace a *Christmass* Fire,
From th' Element escaped hard,
By th' Favour of *F--et* Shepherd;

Who, being a Friend to *Mathematicks*;
o's for *Virtuoſo's* lay Tricks;
d procure a Man of Art,
hat gave me Voice Articulate,
aught me Tongues the moſt difficile,
o ſing *Sawney*, Laugh and VVhiſtle.
ollow'd now by Court and City,
onfound with my ſtrange Ditty,
th the Learned and the VVitty:
d make all the Talk at *Betty's*,
the help of my Friend *P — s.*
r you VVits were always good
o the Family of VVood,
d before kept ſuch a puther
Vith the Groaning Board my Brother,
me Men think you know our Mother.
d I hope both you and they Sir,
Vill favour me ſweet Dr. *F—r*,
o help me out but with one Jeſt;
t me alone for all the reſt;
r my wondrous Voices ſound,
much admir'd by the *Beau Mond*,
Vho to me pay more Devotion
han to pretty *Punches* Motion.
lany a Lady bright and fine
ys her Cherry Lips to mine,
d without offence I ſmack her
ill I rub off all my Lacker;
Vith that Sex I more prevail
han any Head that wants a Tail.
he King to Court ſent for my Timber
s kind as if I had been a Member,
nd found me an obedient Head
hat did agree to all he ſaid;

VVhich

Which being ſtrange, pleas'd him ſo much,
He wiſh'd that all the Houſe were ſuch;
And 'twould much advance his Cauſe,
If ſuch Noddles could make Laws:
This indeed 's a mighty Comfort,
But, alas! I am paid home for't.
Buſie Prieſts with their Diſputing,
Reaſoning, Arguing, and Confuting,
Who with Charms Eccleſiaſtick,
Can make good *Catholick* of a Stick:
Do torment and plague me more
Than without Ears I ever bore;
May I be a Logg again,
To avoid their Noiſy Train.
Pulton t'other Night did come,
(If I Lie, may I be Dumb,
Or may a Plague I wiſh my Foes,
Will *R---s* blow into my Noſe,)
And brought a Letter ſign'd S. *Petre*,
That he'd privately Confer with me.
I at the Challenge did not flinch,
But bid him ſit down on my Bench;
And ſince he had ſo good a Warrant,
Blow in my Mouth, and tell his Errand.
Says he, I Miſſionary come,
Ad Partes Infidelium;
For your Faith cannot be good,
That ſprings from Shepherds and hard Wood:
I to all Blockheads am the Legate,
And gain ſome in ſpight of *Clegat*.
They alone our Buſineſs muſt do,
Who han't a grain of Senſe to truſt to.
'Tis not my Province to Confute
Thoſe that think and can Diſpute;

here we need not ſuch Expences,
ce our Nation ſuits our Senſes.
thing is ſo apt and fit
r our Doctrine, as your Wit,
d he is moſt our Enemy
ho is moſt removed from thee.
! happy Off-ſpring of the *Maple*,
praiſe thee enough I am not able.
! what comfort doſt thou ſhow Men
thy lucky Faces *Omen*?
mes will come again, I ſee,
hen *England* ſhall adore a Tree;
hen Oracles old Poets ſhall utter,
afers bleed, and Flints ſweat Butter.
n Mother Church you ſtood,
u'd do Wonders like the Rood;
her Sacred Boſom foſter'd,
hat might we hope from ſuch a Coſtard;
r you might convert the Nation,
ce you ſpeak by Inſpiration.
While he thus foam'd with Holy Rage,
—y with pale Viſage,
o bring my late Conveyance home,
me by chance into the Room,
d look'd on him as well as me,
ke Ghoſt of little *Shaftsbury*;
he frightned Prieſt let fall the Matter,
d headlong down the Stairs did clatter;
or could ſuſtain in any place
he Terror of that hated Face.
n this Deliverance bleſt,
ot in my Cheſt, and went to reſt.

A new Addreſs to Mr. Bays, *on his la Converſion to the Church of* Rome.

HAſt thou at laſt that Mother Church too quitte
To which thy Laymans Faith ſo oft ſubmitte
To gain whoſe Grace, and keep thy ſelf from wa
Thou didſt thy Fathers Principles recant ;
Sinn'd againſt all the ſenſe thou didſt inherit,
And choak'd the Motions of thy Grandfire's Spiri
Has then eſtabliſh'd VVorſhip loſt her Charms?
And does blind Admirer *Bays* fly to an Outlaws arm
She who thy VVit to joyn with Law ſtill bred,
And of thy Conſcience had the Maidenhead ;
VVho nurs'd with Care thy pliant-paſſive Nature
And ſanctify'd thy baſe-time-ſerving Satyr ;
Can ſhe e're loſe that true Adorers Heart, (pa
VVhom from Bawd *R---s* three Shankers could n
Thou, who thy Neck, thy Ears, thy Soul did ventu
To libel *Whiggs*, art thou turn'd a *Diſſenter?*
VVell doth this Change, which thou to curſe may
Expound thy bluſtering for Prerogative ; (li
Some Senſe thoſe Rhymes had, which we thought
This is the Key to thy complying Cant ; (Ra
Drawing the Curtain from Long-framing Scenes,
Thou tell'ſt us (now at laſt) what [*Loyal*] mea
See here, ye Sots who ſerv'd the ſame vile Cau
The end of Faith, that hangs on Human Laws!
VVere with more eaſe did Love from friendſh
Than *Toryiſm* up to Popery will flow. (gro

Fr

From having ſold, with a Poetic Dotage,
Our ancient Birthrights for a Meſs of Pottage;
From a Defence of Civil Cheat, and Nonſenſe,
With a Braſs-Forehead, and Caſe-hard'n'd Conſci-
Like a Bilow, who durſt all Laws defy, (ence,
To like Impoſture in a Church thou doſt for a ſafety
After long Floating to a Faith thou'rt driven, (fly;
Where all thy villany may be forgiven,
Nay us'd, and hallow'd, to reſtore her ſee,
Rome has no Hope while Men from Force are free,
But by ſuch Fortune-Followers, as Thee.
How did the Whore open her filthy Breaſt,
And with ſpread Arms receive a Rogue profeſt!
Methinks already with the Beaſts own brand
Mark'd, in her Calender I ſee thee ſtand!
Hard by the Noble Army of Church-braves,
Among the goodly Fellowſhip of Knaves!
Who, to allay the Ferment of Diviſions,
Have into Veins Baſilic made Inciſions,
And play'd the Devils Part in Apparations;
To give freſh Dread to the *Pope*'s ſlighted Th unders,
Have at the Altar acted Lying Wonders,
As Boys do *Proverbs*, and reviv'd the ſpell,
To prove Impoſſible by Miracle,
The better with their Bubble to ſucceed,
And Faith in Stubborn-Stony-Hearts to bleed,
Made Pictures bow, and broken Wafers bleed;
When e're this Bitch, their ſpiritual Mother, will'd,
Their Countrey's Father have depos'd or kill'd;
Brought Hecatombs of Hereticks to the Flame,
And Worlds laid waſt to ſpread her impious Name.
This Party may'ſt thou never diſavow,
Ne're were thy Morals ſo well-match'd, as now,

Fact,

Fact, Scripture, Reaſon, Common ſenſe defying,
'Tis they alone could equal thee in Lying:
Since Man in Gods Name cheated, never yet
Was Church for Saint, or Saint for Church more fit.
Oh, may'ſt thou reaſon for it, as of late
Thou did'ſt in Prefaces for the Crown and State!
In ſpite of a *Fr*— League, and Jeſuit's Wit,
Such fulſom Fooling might preſerve us yet;
Such *Teaguiſh* Arguments, to whipe one's *Br*—,
VVould turn Men's ſtomachs, worſe than the *K*--*S*—.
Since in low Fawning thou do'ſt ſo delight,
Art ſiding ſtill with Power againſt Right,
And, like a *Turk*, ſucceſs in Peace, or VVar,
To all the Moral vertues do'ſt prefer,
As the worſt Curſe we can wiſh *England*'s Foe,
May'ſt thou at laſt truly a *Papiſt* grow;
So many Heav'n's wrath confound thy ſervile Brain,
Thou may'ſt in Earneſt all their Traſh maintain,
Damn'd to believe what now thou do'ſt but feign?
Since on *Rome*'s Truth thou wou'd'ſt have all relye,
That be thy Comfort, when thou com'ſt to dye;
VVhen all the Terrors of grim Death attend thee,
Have not one vertuous Action to befriend thee;
No, in the Church's Pale think thy ſelf ſafer,
And find no God to ſave thee, but her VVafer;
For thy paſt Life full of a juſt Confuſion,
And given over to a ſtrong Deluſion,
Put thy ſole Truſt in a Prieſt's Abſolution;
Let his vain Unction, on thy outward skin,
Be thought to heal thy ulcerous Soul within;
Take't for the Balm which *Gilead* did afford,
And have no hope of Heaven, but his word.

The

A Short Letany.

To the Tune of *Cook Lawrel.*

I.

FRom an old Inquiſition and new Declaration,
From Freedom of Conſcience and Whig-Toleration,
Gainſt Conſcience impoſing upon the whole Nation,
For ever, Good Lord, deliver me!

II.

From Knaves wou'd ſet up a Diſpenſative Power,
To pull down the Teſt, to which we have ſwore,
By impoſing a greater than any before,
For ever, &c.

III.

From the Courts Triumvirate Counſel in vain,
The Father Confeſſor, that Cheater of Men,
The Hypocrite *Lobb*, and the Jeſuit *Pen*,
For ever, &c.

IV.

From loſing the Set in a Paſſion and Flame,
By taking ſeven Men up, and hoping the ſame,
To recover by playing an After-back-game,
For ever, &c.

V.

From a Schiſmatick State and a Catholick Court,
From picking a Jury in hopes to be for't,
By Lopping the Biſhops the Church to ſupport,
For ever, &c.

VI.

From a Puritans Malice and a Jeſuits Spite,
From ſhewing our Teeth without Pow'r to bite,
Againſt our own Conſcience from doing of Right,
For ever, &c.

VII.

From making a Pannel the Prelates to blaſt,
In hopes with St. *Peter* their Lordſhips to caſt,
And finding it all *Ignoramus* at laſt,
For ever, &c.

The E. of Eſſex's Ghoſt, 1687.

FRom the bleſt Regions of Eternal Day,
VVhere Heaven-born Souls imbibe th' Immortal (Ray;
VVhere Liberty and Innocence reſide
Free from the Gripes of Tyranny and Pride;
VVhere pious Patriots that have ſhed their Blood
For Sacred Truth, and for the publick good,
Now reſt ſecure from thence, (poor Iſle) I come
To ſee thy Sorrows and bewail thy Doom;
Thy ſore Oppreſſions and thy piercing Cry,
Diſturbs our Reſt and drowns our Harmony.
VVhen ſtiff-neck'd *Iſrael* did their God reject,
And in his ſtead an Idol-King erect:
Heav'ns flaming Sword he brandith'd in his Hand,
And dreadful Thunder ſtruck their ſinful Land;
Till Penitence atton'd his ſinful Ire,
And quench'd the Rage of his conſuming Fire.

But this poor Land ſtill feels the dire effect
Of his juſt VVrath, who his mild Reign reject.
Unhappy Iſle, how oft has thou been curſt
With ſ—liſh? but this of all's the worſt.
The Fire, the Plague, the Sword, are dreadful Fiends;
This R—l Plague all others far tranſcends.
From him the Fountain all our Miſchiefs flows,
From him the Fire, from him the VVar aroſe.
With *Rome* he Plots Religion to o'rthrow,
With *France* Combines, t' enſlave the People too.
No Man muſt near his Sacred Perſon come,
Except he be for Tyranny and *Rome*.
With hardned Face h'aſſaults the frail and fair,
Uſes his Power the Vertuous to enſnare.
With Troops of *Vice* he conquers *Liberty*,
Depreſſes Vertue, enthrones *Tyranny*,
Threatens the Coward, fawns upon the bold,
Debauches all with Power or with Gold.
Lift up thy Head, afflicted Iſle, and hear,
The time of thy Deliverance draws near;
His full blown Crimes will certainly pull down
A ſlow, but ſure Deſtruction of his Crown.
His loathed Acts thy Freedom's Birth ſhall cauſe,
Secure Religion, produce wholſom Laws.
No more the Poor the Rich one ſhall devour,
No more ſhall Right yield t' Oppreſſive Power:
No more ſhall Rapine make the Country groan,
Nor Civil VVars ſhall reign within the Town:
The Iron Scepter, and the Tyrant's Hand,
Shall ceaſe henceforth to bruiſe thy happy Land.
Rome's *Hocus Pocus* Miniſters no more
Shall cauſe Mankind their Jugling Prieſts t' adore:
Thy *Learned Clergy* ſhall confound them all,
And they, like *Ely*'s Sons, unpitied fall.

Dark Miſts of Errors then muſt flie away,
And Hells Deluſions ſhrink from the bright Day.
Truth's ſacred Light in full abundance ſhall
Upon thy Teachers and thy People fall.
So when th' Eternal Son was born to die
For all the World, the leſſer Gods did fly;
His bright appearance ſtruck their *Prophets* down,
And Death like ſilence did their Gods Intomb.
The tuneful *Spheres* with Hallelujahs rung,
Heavens mighty Hoſt with Man one Chorus ſung:
Ne're fading Glory unto God above,
Peace upon Earth, to Men eternal Love.
Thus the Creation ſhouted with one Voice,
Thus Heaven and Earth did at his Birth rejoyce:
And thus ſhall all repeat this Song again,
When upon Earth he ſhall begin to reign.
But this loud Iſle ſhall be the choſen place,
Here ſhall the King of Kings begin his Race:
Judea was his Cradle, and his Tomb;
Britain ſhall be his Throne in time to come.

Popiſh Politicks Unmaskt.

WAlking (ſome ten years ſince) along the Park
One Summer Eve, before it was quite dark
I fancyed 'mongſt a Grove of Trees I ſpy'd
A Man ſtand muſing by the Water ſide:
I wiſh 'twas but a Fancy, but I doubt
You'll find it none when you have heard it out.

This Perſon was a very tall black Man,
Above the common ſize almoſt a Span,
His Face was waſted in moſt piteous ſort,
In all things elſe he was of Royal Port:
But if grim-looks alone Majeſtick be,
Commend me to that Face for Majeſty,
For ſuch it had enough for two or three.
To this Tall Man joyn'd inſtantly another
Of near his Stature, whom he called Brother,
Richly incircled with a numerous Ring,
Which ſhew'd he wanted nought but Name of King;
Some time they ſilent were, till all were gon;
Then did the Taller ſay, Brother go on,
Which thus he did ——— ———
I ſhall, Great Sir, my laſt Diſcourſe retrieve,
I pray you Good Attention to it give;
Your Caſe peculiar is, peculiar too
Muſt be your Care, or you your ſelf undo;
For Stations high, with Induſtry and Wit,
A ſecond way may find, if firſt don't hit:
But Princes mounted on a Sovereign Throne,
Nor have, nor can have other way but one,
To curb the ſaucy Vulgar, and pull down
Their Cobweb Rights that circumſcribe the Crown.
Tear off your Shackles, make the Bumpkins know
There's none but you Almighty here below.
You ſpoil your Game, Sir, while you do thus dally;
Who follows him that ſtandeth, ſhall I, ſhall I?
You Cow the Bold, and Keen the Cowards Heart,
Whilſt you, divided, act the doubtful part.
Had you, when *London* was in Flames, but run (done,
And cut the Cits damn'd Throats, your work you'd
You ſhould have made their Blood the Fire to meet,
With Bodies fed the Flames in every Street.

To do and undo, suits well with sorry things,
But 'is beneath the Majesty of Kings:
Cæsar, or Nothing's writ on all they do;
For Monarchs know no Medium 'twixt these two.
What is't you stick at, Sir? would you retreat?
Y'are now so far engaged you must beat,
Or beaten be, ride or be ridden now;
He never back must look that holds the Plow.
It may be you not Promise break, nor Oath;
Pish! All the World well know you can do both.
With great Advice the other day you said,
By Parliaments and Counsels you'd be sway'd:
To day you think it good to let them know
What e're you said, you ne're intended so:
Fools to their Word, but Princes great, like you,
To nought but their Intentions must be true.
What! Is't the Laws you tender are to break?
It's well known that's a Scruple but too weak;
For Laws are nothing else but Ties and Bands,
On purpose made to shackle Subjects Hands.
Or, of fit Tool, is't you so doubtful are?
If that be it, I'll ease you of your Care;
I Villains of Intrinsick value have,
And more obedient than a Turkish Slave:
If you but bid them thrust their bloody Knives
Into their Fathers Throats, their Childrens, Wives,
Or any but their own, they'l freely do't,
And lay them sprawling at your Sacred Foot.
I have my Teagues and Tories at my beck
Will wring their Heads off like a Chickens Neck;
Try'd Rogues, that never will so much as start
To tear from Mothers Belly Infants Heart;
First Rape, then rip them up, in one half hour
Two Lusts they'l satiate, do but give them pow

Faint Rogues will melt, and have their qualms of fear
At Fathers Groans, or at a Mothers Tear;
But mine are Monsters, fit for any Prince, (Sense.
Not plagu'd with Conscience, nor yet plagu'd with
The Flames of Hell, Horror, eternal Pains,
The Clergy's Cheats to propagate their Gains;
They ridicule and scorn to lend their Ear;
Let Knaves for Profit preach, and Fools go hear
The Tales of future Bliss, not worth a Rush.
With them one Bird in Hand's worth two i' th' Bush.
Others won't serve you but on constant Pay,
My Hounds will hunt, and live upon their Prey:
A Virgins Haunch, or well-bak'd Ladies Breast
To them is better than a Venson Feast:
Babes Petticoats, cut large with Arms and Leggs,
They far prefer 'fore Pettitoes of Pigs:
Poor Span-long Infants, that like Carps, well stew'd
In their own Blood, their Irish Chaps have chew'd;
And Fathers Cauls have Candles made, to light
Those black inhumane Banquets of the Night.
What e're you'd have, what e're your wishes crave,
Nod, and 'tis done by my obedient Slaves.
They know no Scruple, no Command dispute,
But do't as readily as Turkish Mute.
You see, Sir, where you are, your Royal Date
Grows out, if you don't soon support your Fate.
To shak off Parliaments will be too great,
And put you in too violent a Sweat;
To baffle therefore, but not cast them off,
To hold them still, but hold them still in Scoff,
Must be your work; for we are weakned so,
That we must drive the Nail that now will go:
And that too we must do with gentle hand,
That tho' they sit, they may not understand.

When *January* comes, cold and ill way
VVill call it Love to put them off till *May*;
In *May* some odd Intelligence comes newly
VVon't suffer you to hold them until *July*;
And *July* so with heat and sickness vext,
Pity Prorogues them to *November* next.
And time is ill spent, if before that day
VVe be not able to throw Mask away.
This far exceeds Dissolving in my Mind,
And gives to our Design a better Blind;
For if two Parliaments you slight, I doubt
The Rogues will then begin to scent us out;
For (watchful, with Erected Ears) the Herd
Stand listning now concern'd, and much afear'd;
A Covey, half o're-spread, half scap'd the Net,
Are always harder than at first to set:
So People slipt out of the Noose or Train,
Are much the harder to be catcht again.
VVith Prorogations therefore short and soft
They must be treated; these repeated oft
VVill chafe them so, that either mad with rage,
They'll bring their old Rebellion on the Stage,
Or sullen sit, and leer on what we do,
(The far more dangerous humour of the two)
Their dogged Nature now its Venom vents
In choosing damn'd and plaguy Parliaments:
Poor Fools, their Rage does quite out-run their VVit,
Yet you must never suffer them to sit,
But mock the Choice, and mock the Session too.
Another way, Sir, we our work will do;
One Plot is better than ten Parliaments,
Those give you Taxes, these shall give you Rents;
A Thousand of the Richest we will scrue
Into a Plot they ne'r heard of, nor knew.

If Rents 3000 *l.* a Day, won't do,
I'le three times three, by this Plot help you to.
This, Sir's, your business, and look to your Stuff,
Is all your care, for we have Rogues enough;
Do you but Judges get, I'le Juries find;
Witnesses too, according to our mind,
Such Spruce Rogues, ah! 'twould do you good to hear
How daring bold, and bravely they will Swear;
They're not like *Bedlow*, *Dugdale*, *Oates*, and such,
Consider first, for fear to speak too much.
Nor let their Conscience maim their Evidence,
Through tender fear of hurting Innocence:
Nor do I care for a Phanatick Noose,
All are Phanaticks that have ought to lose.
Judge, Witnesses, and Jury, I'le make sure,
The Devil's in't if all ben't then secure.
Yet if this fails, don't you discourag'd be,
To form new Plots, leave to my Priests and me;
Like Pins one Plot another shall drive out,
Till we have brought our only Plot about.
Our first work is to save our Friends, that done,
Like shirts t'our backs, we'll have more Plots than one;
As fast as this fails, t'other we will start,
Till Plot, like Pox has seiz'd on every part.
They fain would foil our Plots, and fill your Ears
With Regicide intents to raise your fears,
This fruitless Gun, that Dagger stabs your Belly,
When you know all, better than they can tell ye.
Go on, Sir, never fear the heedless Herd,
They have no Courage but when you're afear'd:
On me lay all the faults of Town and Age,
I'le safely screen you from the Peoples Rage;
For when ill Accidents our Plots do spoil
Me they'l call Rogue, but you most sacred stile:

For

For Loyalty aws them in every thing,
Tho' you destroy them, yet, God save the King.
Tho' you them stab and I but hold the Knife,
Yet still they'l wish your Majesty long life.
Thus, great Sir, you're the greatest Prince alive;
If Plots according to our projects thrive;
And thrive they shall, if you'l but do your part,
And from proposed methods never start:
For Plots like Clock-work are; one Pin pull'd out
Doth all its Order, and its Beauty rout,
Steady your hand, keep Parliaments at Bay,
Nor off, nor on, nor VVorking, nor at Play,
Clip every Tongue you find does hang too long,
('Tis taking wind makes every thing scent strong.)
Thus if you do, ill fortune I'le defie,
All other things pray leave to Fate and I:
And now adieu, I'le dive beneath the show,
And act my Popish VVill by Art below.
He being gone, in steps a certain Lord,
VVho had of all was said heard every VVord,
Great Sir (said he) who can tell what to say?
If you by Popish Councils mean to sway,
Curs'd be those Councils! and the Men that do
Perswade you to our Ruine, and yours too.
A Thousand Names, Ten Thousand let your Brother
In's next Book write, if he dare write another:
Ten Gentrys Names for one that he hath got,
Nay let him name us all in the next Plot.
All but the Papists Sir, ——all but a few
Of *Rome*'s sworn Vassals and her Clergy Crew.
Bate but this sort, and then take you the Pole,
You'll hardly get another *English* Soul.

Assoon

Assoon as will then let your Brother draw
High'r Huffs, yet he shall never *England* awe,
On our side stand the People, and the Law:
For don't mistake, Sir, 'tis by Law alone:
Your Right's derived to our *English* Throne,
Set that aside, and make the Law a sham,
No Soveraign you, nor I a Subject am;
For that same Law that gives you Dignity,
Gives me my Life, Fortune and Liberty:
Pardon, if with less reverence this is said,
Than doth become a Member to its Head;
For it sound Doctrine is, tho' Cully Brother
And Popishs VVits would fain find out another.
VVithin the Circle of the Law, great Sir,
I stand, and out of it I'le never stir:
If to be King you be content, I will
Pay all Allegiance and Obedience still;
The Peoples Rights, and all our *English* Laws
Do make the strongest side the Subjects Cause,
Nor can your keeping us from Parliaments
E're futher or advantage your Intents,
Far greater are the Choosers than the Choice,
England's Free-holders have a mighty voice;
These we'l unite, these we'l associate,
And if we can't defend our Lives and Fate
We'l fairly fall, and Freemen to our Graves,
VVe'l rather choose to go, than to be Slaves.
Our Ancestors shan't Curse us in their Tomb,
Nor shall our Children in their Mothers VVomb
They left us Free, and we ours Free will leave.
Or Death, our Hopes and Us shall both deceive.
Thus said——with angry looks He went his way
No answer from his greatness could I pray;
Then I trudg'd too; for vain it was to stay.

On

On *Easter-day* 87. this was found fixed on the King's Chappel Door. *Vide Page 50*

WHen God Almighty had his Palace fram'd,
That Glorious shining Place he Heaven Nam'd;
And when the first Rebellious Angels fell,
He Doom'd them to a certain place, call'd Hell,
Here's Heaven and Hell confirm'd by Sacred Story,
But yet I ne'er could read of Purgatory,
That cleansing place which of late years is found,
For sinning Souls to Flux in till they're sound:
The Priest form'd that for the good *Roman* Race,
Our Maker never thought of such a place.
Oh *Rome*! wee'l own thee for a Learn'd wise Nation,
To add a place wanting in Gods Creation.

Upon K. J. Pistolling a Mastiff Dog at Banbury, *in his last Progress.*

THE Poets tell us idle Tales to please us,
Of mighty *Perseus*, *Hercules*, and *Theseus*;
And several other gallant Heroes too,
Who ev'ry one their several Monsters slew.

The

The *Minotaur* did *Theseus* bravely slaughter,
And then as bravely Sw—d the Kings own Daughter.
Nemean Lion bold *Hercules* did choak,
And of his Skin made him a lasting Cloak.
The far-fam'd *Perseus* kill'd a mighty Whale,
And all t' enjoy *Andromeda's* brown Tail.
Historians all the great St. *George* admire,
For murdering horrid Dragon that spit Fire.
But what concerns us yet far more to tell,
One of these Heroes slew the Dog of Hell;
Renown'd Attempts (you'll all confess) if true,
But our great *Jews* did more than this, (*Morbleau:*)
He who before, t' immortalize his Name,
Lost dreaded *England* all her Naval Fame;
He who return'd from Belgick Lions Roar,
When *Sandwich* sunk in sight of *Southwold* Shore;
He who two Summers but of late sat down
With all his Forces before *Hounslow* Town,
And nothing else but bare dishonour won;
He, when he saw his Loving Friend assail'd
By furious Mastiff Cur, Ear-snip'd, bob-tail'd,
Eyes darting Fire, and with his *Boo-woo's* fierce,
Ready to seize the Lord Lieutenants Horse:
'Tis true, quoth he, to shew that wondrous Might,
Which I have long conceal'd from human sight:
With furious Tone pursuing then his Speech,
Fanatick Dog, forbear my Royal Breech,
(He cry'd) *For know thou art but bluntly pointed,*
Tho sharp thy Fangs, to touch the Lords Anointed.
To which the Dog, who never Scripture read,
And scorn'd to call an Earthly Monarch Dread.
I am no Dog (quoth he) *to fawn and flatter,*
But I address according to my Nature:

However know I am a Dog of Sense,
That's more than may be said of many a Prince.
With this the mighty ~~Fezzle~~ a Pistol drew,
Discharg'd, and shot the Mastiff thro' and thro:
Some say that, *Vulcan*-like, he riv'd his Brain,
No matter which, the Dog receiv'd his Bane,
By Royal Hand for saucy Language slain,
And both got Honour, Dog and Sovereign;
The Sov'reign had the Honour Dog to kill;
The Mastiff, that a Prince his Gore did spill.
Now then, come down from Heaven (ye Cur) come down,
Thou whom the sweltry Summers so renown; (down,
Resign that Place of thine more justly due
To this same Dog, whom God's Vice-gerent slew:
Surely a Dog so dignify'd in Story,
Is th' only Dog worth Constellations Glory.
And you, who in your Signs St. *George* advance,
Trampling o're Dragon's Jaws peirc'd thro' with Lance,
Alter your painting, and set up in place,
The bravest Hero of the Scotish Race,
Discharging Thunder from his gaudy Saddle,
And Mastiff prostrate in a goary Puddle:
So shall you Truth advance o're Fabulous Toyes,
And Dog and Monarch both Immortalize.

To the Observator.

vizt Sr Roger L'Estrange.

HAst thou no Friend so kind, to let thee know
(But thou (lost Wretch) hast neither Friend nor Foe)
That thy insipid Libel's nauseous grown,
No Man will read, or any Party own:

Des-

Despis'd by all, who have the least pretence
To Wit, to Business, Learning, or good Sense;
That every little Fool does thee deride,
And ev'n the Clergy have forsook their Guide.
Canst thou no new, no fresh Diversion bring,
But ever fiddle on the self-same string?
A solemn Blockhead, or brisk old Buffoon,
After the Rates of Influence from the Moon.
Tho Mischief dwells in thy felonious Will,
The Pow'r is wanting, and thou'rt harmless still:
Thou art an impotent, well-wishing Slave,
But Nature made the Fool outweigh the Knave.
Thou shift'st thy Sails, and changest every side,
Art ever labouring to save thy Tide.
In vain thy dulness throws thee still behind,
While nimbler Knaves laugh, and thy Prizes find:
Contemn'd by all, of all Recourse bereft,
Thou leav'st old Friends, and by the new are left.
But since 'twere vain th' abandon'd to advise,
And bid a positive old Fool be wise:
Were I to answer the Fop Observator,
I'd wipe —— with his *Works*, piss on their Author.

Old Gammer Cook.

AS Mother *Cook* went t'other day
To do the Deed of Nature,
What lay in the way, instead of Hay,
But reverend *Observator?*
She took it up, and read a Scrap:
Alas! (quoth she) 'tis pity
That Nock shou'd ever have a wipe
With Pamphlateer so witty!

O ingrateful world! must this learn'd Sire
Be dawb'd, to save our Fingers,
The bawling, Ballad-making-Squire,
That makes such work for Singers?

VVas *Towzer* and *Fidlerio* too,
VVhip-Cat, and *Antipendium*,
Inferiour Clergy's Guide, I tro,
That strikes Dissenting Men dumb?

He whips VVhig-Conventicle Doggs,
And Jears old *Fox*'s Martyrs,
He whips the Sister-Saints, and flogs
Susanna's Bouncing Daughters.

Thus far she trumpeted his Praise,
And (squitter squatter) guilt his Bays.

The Drinking Song.

GIve us Musick with VVine,
And we'll never repine
At prosperous Knaves, but defy 'em;
Those Politick Sots
Are still weaving of Plots,
So fine, that at last they fall by 'em.

VVe Laugh and we Drink,
And on business ne'r think,
Our Voices and Hautboys still sounding;
VVhile we dance, play, and sing,
VVe've the world in a string,
And our pleasure is ever abounding.

Your sober dull Knave,
For VVise is but Grave,
'Tis Craft, and not VVisdom, employs him:
VVe nothing Design
But good Musick and VVine,
And blessed is he that enjoys them.

A Dialogue between Father Petre *and the Devil.*

F. P. OH, are you come? 'Tis more than time;
Your Tardiness is no small Crime;
All our Designs are at a stand,
They've got again the upper hand;
Yet like true Jesuite, I have wrought
My Charge up to the Point I sought,
Both Sense and Reason quite or'ethrown,
For those we deal with must have none.

D. Is this a Conquest to relate,
Worthy a Jesuitic Pate?
I have more Trouble with you had,
Than all the Orders I have made:
Beside, I joyn'd in the Design
One, whose fell Malice equals mine;
One so ambitiously inclin'd,
Of such an uncontrouled Mind,
That, let the Gulph be ne're so deep,
Or Pyramids prodigious steep;
If in th' Extreams thou can'st disclose
Any that does her Will oppose;

(Tho' on just Grounds) they meet their Fate
In violent—unbounded Hate.

F. P. I did not call you to discourse,
We must do something now by Force:
Our whole Society is sham'd,
And we in our first Founder damn'd.
Did I, tho' to my Souls Perdition,
Add things more black than my Commission,
Gaining Belief among the Great,
Who forc'd upon themselves the Cheat?
While the good Man I kept at th'Oar,
No Gally Slave e're labour'd more;
Nor durst I let him pause upon't,
Lest, if he thought he shou'd recant;
With puzzling Notions still possess'd him,
At once tormented and caress't him;
Hood-wink'd the Pilot that shou'd steer us,
With our infallible Chimeras.

D. Boast not as if you'd Conquest won,
You've started much, and nothing done;
Your Order, wherefoe're they came,
Have set whole Kingdoms in a Flame:
Nor Hell, nor *Rome*, can give you thanks,
For acting thus a mad Man's Pranks.
Did I not always to you preach,
The *English* wou'd you over-reach?
They'l be convinc'd e're they believe,
Not pin their Faith upon your Sleeve;
Your publick Chappels have o'rthrown us,
Our very Proselytes disown us;
And face about to th'other Side,
Exclaiming 'gainst the *Roman* Pride.

F. P. What,

F. P. What, do you now complain of me,
For over-acting Villany?
I still consulted you in all,
Did daily for your Conduct call:
And tho', 'tis true, I nam'd the Saints,
Yet 'twas to you I made my Plaints.
I own, about the *French* we fail'd,
But in the *Irish* we prevail'd:
Propose once more, and I'l obey't,
It shall be done if you but say't:
You know, in such a holy Juggle,
My feared Conscience ne'r did boggle:
We must not flag, or sit down here,
That wou'd declare Remorse or Fear,
Which Jesuits do more decline,
Than e're the *Rechabites* did Wine.
But I have something to impart,
Which does oppress my tender Heart,
And made me now invoke you hither,
Tho' 'gainst your Principles, to gather
The truth of some important Queres
Most needful in this dubious Series.

First, if it in you Pow'r does lye,
Tell me what Death I'm doom'd to dye:
I dare not hope 't must be in Bed,
That suits not with the Life I led:
But if I must be hang'd and quarter'd,
Let me be canoniz'd and martyr'd,
With holy *Harcourt*, and his Fellows,
Like them be Sainted at the Gallows.

The next thing I desire to learn,
If you the Secret can discern,

Of Truth does in your Boſom lye,
Which were indeed a Myſtery.)
Let me in private underſtand,
Both when, and where, the *Dutch* will Land.
And laſt, I do this Favour crave,
Since I have ever been your Slave;
Unfold the myſtic Book of Fate,
And read me *England*'s future State,
Who next ſhall to the Throne ſucceed,
The *Engliſh* or *Italian* Breed.

The Devil anſwering, laugh'd outright:
Wou'd I theſe Secrets bring to light,
I ſhou'd not half that Harveſt gain,
For which I've taken all this Pain:
Nor wou'd I, if I cou'd, reveal
That which my Intereſt bids conceal.
Yet I will anſwer thee in part,
Since I've an Intereſt in thine Heart;
The firſt, peculiar is to thee,
For which thou need'ſt not trouble me,
'Tis what thy ſelf did long foreſee.
Nor is it reaſon to believe
Thou ſhou'd'ſt the Mobile deceive:
But whether Martyr, or a Traytor,
Thy Ballad will be Truth's Relator,
The other two will be made plain,
When Belgic Lions croſs the Mane.

This ſaid, the Devil left the Father,
The Meaning of his VVords to gather,
And vaniſh'd from him down the Stairs,
VVhile he proceeded in his Pray'rs.

The Metamorphoſis.

HAd the late fam'd Lord *Rocheſter* ſurviv'd,
VVe'd been inform'd who all our Plots contriv'd;
Authors and Actors we had long ſince ſeen,
In ſharpeſt Satyrs they'd recorded been,
Tho' Captain, Doctor, Lord, Duke, K--g, or Queen:
His bold and daring Muſe had ſoar'd on high,
And brought down true Intelligence from the Sky.
He oft the Court has of its Vices told,
VVhile Prieſts pretend they dare not be ſo bold;
Tho' they're Heav'n's Meſſengers, it's Livery wear
Receive it's bounteous Salary, yet they dare,
Neglect their Duty, or for Gain or Fear:
Connive at what's directly oppoſite,
And, e're they'l give Offence, each turn a Proſelyte:
VVitneſs the diſmal Change that now is come,
Long ſince expected by the Church of *Rome*.
The Calves of *Dan* and *Bethel* bleat aloud,
And *Jeroboam* worſhips in the Crowd;
Our Upſtart Stateſmen turn with every VVind,
That blows from *Rome*, to Senſe and Truth are blind.
But yet, tho' ten of our twelve Tribes ſhou'd fall,
And worſhip *Dagon*, *Aſhtaroth*, and *Baal*;
A Remnant will remain, who firm will ſtand,
To God, Religion, and their Native Land;
VVho will not bow themſelves to th' *Romiſh* Yoke,
Tho' they ſhare *Sydney*'s or brave *Ruſſel*'s Stroke
Nor can this *Egypt*'s Darkneſs long remain,
A Star of *Jeſſe* will ſhine out again;

Scotch Vermine, *Iriſh* Frogs, *French* Locuſts; All
That ſwarm both at Saint *James*'s and *Whitehall*;
Tho' now advanc'd to all Truſt, all Command,
All Offices enjoy by Sea and Land,
Shall, when this Sun doth ſet, no more appear
Within the Confines of our Hemiſphere.
A Princely Branch remains will on us ſmile,
And ſpread its goodly Boughs quite o're the Iſle;
Confirm our ſtaggering Hopes, remove our Fears,
And turn to Balm of *Gilead* all our Tears;
The Church and State ſhall nouriſh as before,
Juſt Judges to the needful Bench reſtore;
And throughly purge the Judgment-Seat from thoſe
Who make the Laws themſelves the Laws Oppoſe.
For ſuch there are, and in the higheſt Place,
VVho their Profeſſion do ſo much diſgrace;
That many fear their Grievance to unfold,
Where Law and Conſcience both are bought and ſold.
Our Pulpits too ſhall be adorn'd with thoſe
VVho turn not with each Blaſt of VVind that blows;
VVho dare preach Truth, and dare that Truth maintain,
Not mov'd by Threatnings, Frowns, Favor, or Gain;
That dare declaim againſt the Sins o'th Nation,
VVhile others of that Tribe embrace the Faſhion.
Nor thenceforth ſhall thoſe Black Coat-Vipers come,
VVho here are daily diſembogu'd from *Rome*;
VVhere Sins of all Kinds, and of all Degrees,
(The Church Revenues, and the Office Fees
Being diſcharg'd) Religiouſly are done,
Tho' 't be to murther Father, Brother, Son;
Raviſh a Siſter, with a Daughter do
VVhat Nature has a juſt Abhorrence to;

For which, if Purgatory or Hell you shun,
See the Priests largely, and your Work is done;
They're Delegates to him that keeps the Keys,
And can't admit one Soul without the Fees;
For he, as God, in Heaven and Earth has Pow'r
To Crown and to Uncrown in the same Hour;
Unmake and Make, Create and Uncreate,
To Torments after Death can give a Date;
From him proceeds inevitable Fate.
These Imps do now in Crowds each other follow,
And hope e're long Churches and Bells to hallow;
To teach you how to worship to the East,
Prescribe us Fasts, while they themselves do Feast;
Whole Loads of Reliques they have got together,
Ay, and Saint *Peter*'s Shadow's gliding hither;
In th'Abbey shortly will be kept a Fair,
Where you may buy such consecrated Ware,
As *England* has not seen this hundred Year.
For 'tis not *France*, nor *Italy*, nor *Spain*,
That can the thousandth Part of Saints contain;
For Saints, by Canonizing, do become,
By an infallible Deception made at *Rome*,
Not only Omnipresent, but beside,
One into twenty thousand they divide:
The like with other Reliques they can do,
Joseph's old Coat, the Virgin *Mary*'s Shoe;
Saint *Peter*'s Sword, that cut off *Malchus* Ear;
The Hoofs o'th' silly Ass which Christ did bear;
The Right Eye of *John Baptist*, and the Apostle
St. *Thomas*'s Shoulder Blade-Bone, with the Gristle;
The Virgin *Mary*'s Milk, sold by the Quart;
Nay, th' Blood and Water, which from Jesu's Heart
Was by a Souldier let out with a Spear,
By Miracle kept 'bove sixteen hundred year:

Besides all this, more Nails to shew there be,
That fix'd our Saviour Christ unto the Tree;
Than twenty Smiths in a whole Day can make;
Yet all these for the same the Church does take.
(this mean?

Bless me, thought I, good Heaven! What does
Such Trumpery by me shall ne'r be seen;
No, nor the Monsters, that were nam'd before,
Altho' a Trumpet stood before the Door,
And, after dismal Sound on *Ludgate-Hill*,
Where Porcupine of you did cast his Quill;
Where Crocodile, Rhinoceros, and Baboon,
With other Prodigies are daily shew'n;
Invite me in, I won'd not stir I swear,
To see those more Prodigious ——there.

Cæsar's Ghost.

By the Right Honorable the Earl of Dorset

'TWas still low Ebb of Night, when not a Star
Was twinkling in the muffled Hemispere;
But all around in horrid Darkness mourn'd,
As if old *Chaos* were again return'd;
When not one Gleam of the eternal Light
Shot thro' the solid Darkness of the Night;
In dismal Silence Nature seem'd to sleep,
And all the Winds were buried in the Deep;
No whispering *Zephyrs* aloft did blow,
Nor warring Boughs were murmuring below;
No falling Waters dash'd, no Rivers purl'd,
But all conspir'd to hush the drowsie World.
When on my Couch in thoughtless Slumbers wrapt
I lay repos'd;——My very Soul too slept

In

In peaceful Dulneſs, ſilent and ſerene,
Till 'twas debauch'd and waken'd into Dream.

Methought I ſaw a dark and diſmal Vault,
Whoſe Horror cannot be conceiv'd by Thought,
And ſeem'd by ſome Infernal Magick wrought:
So vaſt, and ſo perplexing intricate,
As if the dreadful Court of Death and Fate;
And yet of Kings the great Repoſiter,
And only Royal Duſt lyes mouldering here.

Amongſt theſe Monuments of Sacred Fame,
Great *Caſar* ſtood; *Caſar*, whoſe deathleſs Name,
When Shrines decay, triumphant ſhall remain,
While Senſe, good Nature, Wit, and Love ſhall reign.

VVhile I with awful Fear and Trembling paid
Humble Oblations to the mighty Dead,
Methought the ſweating Marble did uncloſe,
And from Death's Manſion the dead Monarch roſe;
His Eyes o're all ſcatter'd a ſullen Light,
Such as divides the breaking Day from Night;
By whoſe faint Rays the Object I diſcern'd
All pale——with ghaſtly Majeſty adorn'd.
His ſtiffen'd Loyns a purple Mantle bore,
His Brows a VVreath of wither'd Lawrels wore,
Such as had flouriſh'd there in Life before.

Now forth he ſtalks, ſilent as Shadows glide,
Or Clouds that skim the Air while they divide,
As quick as thought the faithleſs Town he paſs'd,
And towards the *Camp* of wonderous Fame does haſt,
VVhile Midnight Fogs ſurround his awful Head,
And down his Locks their baneful Poyſon ſhed;
The wandring airy *Demons* at the View,
And all the *Ignis Fatuus*'s withdrew;

Hecate

Hecate let fall, her charm-preparing Weeds, (treads,
Wondring what unknown Pow'r Earth's Surface
Which more than that which she invokes, she dreads.
She flies all frighted with erected Hair,
And scarce her Broomstaff bears her thro' the Air;
From his dread Presence every Evil ran,
Except that more exalted Evil, Man:
Not the first Race of less corrupted Fiends,
Till taught by Man, knew half their new-coin'd Sins.

Thrice with Majestick Pace he walks the round
Surveying the Pavilions utmost bound,
And useless Grandeur every where he found.
Philippi, nor the fam'd *Pharsalian* Field,
Did not more Signs of Glorious Action yield;
But this was all for show not Terror made,
'Twas *Hounslow* Farce, a Siege in Masquerade.

More near he views it yet, and found within,
All the Degrees of Luxury and Sin;
Alsatia's Sink into this Common-Shore,
Did all its vile and nasty Nusance pour;
Fat Sharpers, Broken Cuckolds, Gamesters, Cheats,
What *Newgate* disembogues find here Retreats;
The Groom and Footman from their Livery stript,
With Scarf, Gay Feather, and Command equipt,
Promotion gives to Saucinesse Pretence,
And greatness is mistook for Insolence;
And to evince their Valour every Hour
Bamboo the Slaves that bow beneath their Pow'r;
Yet to the Countrey Ladies these appear
So Novel, witty, *beau*, *en Cavalier*,
That scarce a tender Heart is left behind,
Pray God a Maidenhead you chance to find!

The

The Phantom to that Quarter first reforts,
Where the Illustrious Generals keep their Courts.

I.

Great *F——* the Foremost of the Crew,
Whose Uncle *Turenn* well cou'd fight we know.
He who so often do's repeat the Jest
How he subdu'd the Monarch of the *West*,
(Or wou'd have done had he not been undrest,)
This rough stern Hero of the *British* War
To Neighbouring Tents is always born in Chair,
For fear of Incommodement from the Air.

II.

It wonders what did *Churchill* recommend,
Who never did to Deeds of Arms pretend:
Love, all his Active Youth, his business was,
Love that best suits his handsom Shape and Face.
But Armies are like Verse, whose Dogrel Lines
Are here for Sense, and there for gingling Rhimes.
(Here where *Bellona* lays her Armour by,
And learns to be more charming Company,
Where the ill-manner'd God has nought to do:)
Some few for fighting are, but most for show;
Where rich embroidered Cloaks *a la Campagne*
So often shine, unless it chance to rain.
Then Lord, how the Sir *M.* will fret and fling!
Undone, 'tis spoil'd, e're shown before the King;
In perfum'd Beds adorn'd they 're basking laid,
As fine as young Brides, on Persian Carpets tread,
That o're the spacious Floor in wanton Pride are spread,
Like Feasting Gods luxurious, and, they say,
As arrant Fornicators too as they.
None come amiss when Lust their Fancies lead,
Alcmena, nor the sweet-fac'd *Ganimede*;

And,

And, like those Gods, they all are given to Love,
But none we hear e're thunder'd but old *Jove*.

III.

Here one the Hero acts in *Lovit*'s Arms,
And calls his Passion out in warlike Terms,
Tells of soft Sieges, Batteries and Alarms;
How the Artillery of her Eyes did wound,
And how at the first Onset he gave ground:
He who ne're yet did to a Conqueror bow,
Yet kisses and adores his Fetters now;
While all the Batteries ever he essay'd,
Have been against some Female Fortless Maid;
But *Love-it*, who has less of Love than Pride,
Being with guilt Coach and Country-house supply'd,
Makes that attone for all Defects beside.

IV.

There lay a Youth of all his Wits bereft,
Who this Campaign was by his Mistress left;
A nauseous Strumpet, insolent and loud,
False and destructive, basely born and proud.
Oh bubbl'd Fool, thou that hadst seen the Fate
Of Cully-*B---shes* quietly spent Estate:
Collier undon, and forty Rake-hells more
For an old common o're-grown flabby Whore,
Whose Bastard Son may vie with thee for Age,
A Trader twenty years upon the Stage:
What from th' expensive Folly couldst thou see,
But shameful Ruine, laught-at Infamy?
Thy Eyes, I know, were open'd long before,
But still the Jilt betray'd thee to the Whore;
Debas'd thy Noble Spirits to her Rule,
And turn'd thy once fair Fame to Ridicule,
Debauch'd thy Sense with Conversation base,
Whores, Eating Pimps, Players, a numerous Race,

While

While thou the treating Cully art despis'd,
And Cuckold by the Slaves thou Gormandiz'd.
Return, thou Prodigal, from Husks and Swine,
The Ruine of the first, was cause of thine:
They say thou'rt brave, give us this Proof of it,
And we'll believe thou can'st be braver yet:
Thou'st yet a Nobler Race of Life to run,
Leave *Herwood* to her now to be undone:
But her kind Keeper gone, his Flame will fade;
Love cools when 'tis an Obligation made.

V.

Here an old batter'd *Tangieren* he beheld,
More mawl'd by Love than e're he was in Field;
Yet wondrous Amorous still, and wondrous gay,
Old *January* dizen'd up in *May*;
His Zeals as Trophies of his Victory Graces,
But all adorn'd with many Looking-glasses, } *Col. Sachvil.*
In which he practises *Bon Mein* and Faces;
How well to manage *Ogling*, and what Air
He shou'd maintain, when cock, when frisk his Hair;
What Affectation best wou'd Youth express,
And least the Ruines of his Age confess;
Half-choak'd with monstrous Crevat-string, Disputes
What Colour best to his Complection suits;
And all in Middle Gallery to pore,
And claim which is his Joy, some low-priz'd Whore;
Vain self-admiring Fop, tho every day
Thou dost thy antiquated Form survey!
But to be well deceiv'd, cease playing the Ass
Six hours each Morn[illegible] before a Looking-glass,
And trust the wiser Valet with thy Dress;
For whilst thou dost not that ag'd Face behold,
Thy Dress may flatter thee, thou art not old.

Chest,

6. *Cheit*, that Scundrel, he whom Nature made
An arrant Fool, although a Rogue by Trade,
Which he industriously improv'd so well,
He does in nicest Villany excel,
And from the Trumpet rais'd the Colonel;
Yet lives a double Scandal in his Race,
His Morals are as odious as his Face:
Tho Knave and Coward in his Front be writ,
He has one Vertue recommends him yet;
A Passive Valour that can kicking bear,
A Caution that secur'd him in his Fear
Behind the Canon in the *Western* War.
And farther to this Honour has Pretence,
Can cheat his Men with matchless Impudence:
But that's the general Cry, While no bold Tongue
Is found to tell *Augustus* of their wrong.

VII.

7. Next a *Grahesian Alemier*, who sat
Like *Bacchus* on his Tun in drunken state,
With all his mellow Gang encompass'd round,
In high Debauch of Wine and Bawdry drown'd.

VIII.

8. That Monster *G——dy* of prodigious size,
A Body fitted to his beastly Vice;
A Face to all more formidable far
Than *Gorgon*'s Head, or to that Coward *Warr*;
In youth mean Cheats and Rooking was his Trade,
Now (starving) got Command... for Drink... not (Bread

IX.

9. *V——*our new *Troy*'s Hector, and it's hope,
Preferr'd from Tail of Coach to Head of Troop;
'Twas no true Valour got him first a Name,
But some Welsh Fury did his Blood inflame,
And sure he never fought when he was tane.

No

No Brutal Coward Tyrant *Algerien*
E're healed Slaves so ill as his have been;
As if to him Authority were new,
It is but damn the Rascal, and a Blow.
For they so oft false Musters we observe,
Rather than follow him the Rogues will starve;
And wou'd, if e're indeed there came a War
Be justly shot like wry-neck'd *Chevalier*,
By some of his own Soldiers in the Reer.
But *V——n*'s not alone, more of his stamp,
That better merit *Tyburn*, rule the Camp.

X.

10. Among this Crew *Merill* that Fornicator,
Incamp'd with Grandam *Doxy* and her Daughter;
The good old Soul he loves because she's handy,
Can joque and smoak and hold him tack with Brandy:
Full threescore years in wise Experience bred,
Preferr'd from drawing Ale to *M——ll*'s Bed;
She's old enough to witch, and by her Art
Has struck some crooked Pin quite through his Heart.
Or has some damn'd Infirmity unseen,
That makes him dote on such a rivell'd Queen.

XI.

Among this Drunken Club was Beau Sir *Tom*,
Dub'd for his Brother's Merits, not his own;
From drudging City Prig advanc'd to be
Right Worshipful, in Place of High Degree,
But knew not how to manage Quality.
And thought the nearest way was to be lewd.
While all Degrees the Debochee pursu'd;
But like true Cit did always over-do,
As well in Lewdness as in Fashions too;
Drinking's his leading Vice, his Darling Sin,
That pumps his duller Inclination in;

Then

Then loud as Storms, incourag'd for all evil,
Swears and invokes by Healths his Guardian Devil.
By chance the Poet *Elcanah* was there
To make 'em sport, for 'twas not yet the Fair;
With many more too scandalous to name,
Whose Talents are to swear, whore, drink and game;
At a large Table they were seated round,
With Bottles, Snuff, foul Pipes and Glasses crown'd,
Boxes and Dice——but whether false or true,
I leave it to the Fools that Night shall rue;
For there was Country Squire and City Cully,
That came to see the Show, look'd to by Bully,
Where bubbl'd of their Coyn, they healed are
A la Campagne— that is, with Chear entire:
Damme, cries *Grab*, *each Prig his Buttock bring*,
And let us forthwith fall to managing;
When I am boozing, clear old Dudgeon's *Drolish*,
Then let my Natural be a Jump, a Polish,
I sink her down—— Then makes some nasty Jest,
And Crowns it with a Bumper to the Best;
(And calls for Link-boy, swears his Pego's nice
And therefore cannot deal in common Vice.)
Then to the Height of Lewdness they retire,
And *Venus* must extinguish *Bacchus* fire.
Thus 'tis when Men forsake an honest Trade,
How much a better Pedant thou hadst made;
Or (bilking sharp) hadst bully'd up and down,
And scar'd the Trembling Mortals of the Town?
This was thy Talent, this thy proper Sphere;
Yet still this Part of thee remains while here,
That thou canst cheat, oppress, and domineer.
Tho thus much by thy Foes must be confess'd,
Of all thy roaring Tribe thou art the best.

The rest such Cowards, Sots, such hard'ned Rogues,
Blasphemers, Villains, Rake-hells, Swines and Dogs,
Have newer Sins than were to *Sodom* known,
And if just Heav'n shou'd send his Vengeance down,
There's not one *Lot* to save a sinking Town.
But numberless and endless 'twere to tell
All the rank Vice that fills this Local Hell.

All which the Phantom does in hast survey,
It scents the Morning Air, and must away,
And on the Eastern Hill he views the breaking day.
Yet e're he goes with a Remorse extreme
Looks back and sighs o're this *Jerusalem*;
Nor cou'd depart till like the Prophet too,
In whispering Our pronounc'd thrice —wo, wo, wo;
And then methought I heard a Hollow Sound,
Like Ecchoes that from Caves and Rocks rebound;
And thus it spake——*Full five and twenty years*
I Reign'd, without the Noise or Toil of Wars,
Bore all th' Indignities of Factious Power,
And saw my Life in danger every hour;
Yet rather had resign'd it up in Peace,
Than ow'd my Safety to such Brutes as these;
At best a Scare-crow Rebels to affright,
Put them to Action, and scarce one will fight.
Ah, great Augustus! *thou deservist an Host*
Of Heroes, such as ancient Rome *produc'd;*
When each Commander should like Scipio *be;*
Or rather like the yet more Godlike thee,
Brave, Temperate, Prudent to the last degree.
The common Rout all Sceva's *in the Field,*
Who bore a thousand Arrows in his Shield.
At least they shou'd have Souls to be inspir'd,
And by thy great Example to be fir'd;

Thy Constancy and Valour imitate,
And raise at once thy Glory and the State.
This said, and parting with a pitying Look,
Tow'rds his Eternal Hope his way he took,
And bleſt his Fate he cou'd again return
To the bleſt Confines of his peaceful Urn.

The Fourth Satyr of Boileau *to* W. K. 1687.

BElieve me, *Will*, that thoſe who have leaſt Senſe,
Think they to VViſdom have the ſole Pretence;
And that thoſe VVretches who in *Bethlem* are,
Deſerve it leſs than thoſe who put them there.

The haughty Pedant, ſwoln with Frothy Name
Of Learned Man, big with his Claſſick Fame,
A thouſand Books read o're and o're again,
Does word for word moſt perfectly retain,
Heap'd in the Lumber-Office of his Brain;
Yet this cram'd Skull, this undigeſted Maſs,
Does very often prove an arrant Aſs;
Believes all Knowledge is to Books confin'd,
That reading only can inform the Mind;
That Senſe muſt Err, and Reaſon ramble wide,
If Sacred *Ariſtotle* ben't their Guide.

While, on the other hand, a Flutt'ring thing,
VVith a full Roll, and three pil'd Crevat ſtring,
Whoſe Life's a *Viſit*, who alone takes care
To ſay fine things, write Songs, and count the Fair;

Laughs

Laughs at the musty Precepts of the School,
Calls the Learn'd Writer an Authentick Fool;
Swears that all Learning is a thing unfit
A well-bread Person, or a Man of *Wit*;
Names proper only to the Sparks o' th' Town,
And dams his Scholar to his Colledge Gown.

The fierce Bigot, who vainly does believe
His bantring Zeal can Heaven it self deceive,
With Saint-like Looks the bleer-ey'd Crowd does blind,
And the silt Villain damns all Human kind.
While the wild Libertine, that Beast of Prey,
Who bears down all that stops him in his way,
Ranges o're all, and takes his savage fill
In the wild Forest of a boundless will:
Swears that Heaven, *Jove's*, and Hells Eternal Pain,
Are the sick Dreams of a Distemper'd Brain,
Tales fit for Children, a meer holy Jest,
to starve the People, and to glut the Priest.

The sharpest Satyrist with Poetick Rage
Strives to reform the Vices of the Age;
Laughs at the *Fool*, and at the *Villain* rails;
Yet *Folly* reigns, and *Villany* prevails;
While the crack'd Skull shows all that has been said,
Leaves Marks on nothing but the Poet's Head:
For partial Man, try'd by himself alone,
Protesting every Sentence but his own;
Severe to all Men, to himself too kind,
Sees others Faults, but to his own is blind;

The sordid Miser, a meer lump of Clay,
Form'd into Man e're from its gross Allay,
It was refin'd by the Souls Heavenly Ray,

VVhose Thirst of Wealth encreases with his Store,
And to spend less, does covet to have more;
VVho *Midas*-like, to feed his Avarice,
Starves in the enjoyment of a golden wish;
Thinks himself wise, boasts of being provident,
And down-right Scraping calls good Management.

The Love of VVealth is madness, and I hate
The very trouble of a great Estate:
'Tis perfect Dirt, cries the vain Prodigal,
Mad till 'tis gone, and when he has spent all,
The beggar'd Fool calls himself Liberal.

Now weigh them both, and tell me, if you can,
VVhich of the two seems the most prudent Man:
The Gamester swears both shou'd in *Bethlem* be,
That Fortune-monger, maddest of the three,
VVhose Life, whose Soul, whose very Heav'n is Play,
At which the Bubble throws them all away;
Who every moment waits his Destiny
From the uncertain running of a Die;
And, if he chance to lose, then how he stares!
Then how the Fury, with his bristled Hairs
Curses his Fate! Earth, Hell, and Heaven defies,
And with Oaths heap'd on Oaths, he storms the Skies.

I could name thousands more, but to draw all
The Shapes of this false Reasoning Animal,
Wou'd be as hard, as to count all that die
Each Spring and Fall by *Low'r* and *Mercury*:
Or say how of th' impatient Heir, to have
The Old Man's wealth, has wisht him in his Grave:
A Drudgery so great my Pen declines,
Content to sum up all in these four Lines.

Greece

Greece boasts seven Sages, but the Story lies,
For the whole World ne'r saw one truly VVise:
All Men are Mad; and the sole Difference
Lies in the More, or the Less, want of Sense.

A Candle for a Sick Jesuit.

FRom *Rome*'s Infallibility take a Grain,
Two Drams of Inquisition fetch from *Spain*;
Of *Dryden* Honesty one Mite engage,
Dryden the Glory of the British Stage!
O're Flaming Coals in let 'em blow it,
Till the all-conquering dissolve the Poet.
Add, that the Fire and Brimstone be not dull,
Two Grains of VVit drain'd from an Irish Scull,
VVith Conscience galling for those senseless Gulls,
To see th' untimely Fate of twenty Bulls.
From Statute-Shelfs pull down the Acts, and drain
The Twenty Fifth of old Queen *Bess*'s Reign;
Set those on Coals of Purgatory-Fire,
The space the Devil napping catch'd the Frier;
'Twill cure all Maladies, tho conceal'd in Closet,
And 'tis the true Catholic-Cordial Posset.

A Congratulatory Poem on his Highness the Prince of *Orange*, his coming into *England*. Written by Mr. *Thomas Shadwell*.

on Shadwell by T. Brown.
Tom writ but the Reader still slept ore his b[illegible]
for he carefully writ the same Opium he too[illegible]

OUR *Glorious Realm*, o're all the Earth *Renown'd*,
Once with the *Noblest Government* was *Crownd*;
By which all Foreign *Tyrannies* were aw'd,
Easie we were at *home* and *Terrible abroad*.
All our wise *Laws* of *Empire* were design'd
Nor for the *Lust* of one, but good of *all Mankind*;
The great *Prerogative* was understood
A vast *unbounded* pow'r of doing good:
From doing ill, by *Laws* it was confin'd;
If *Sanctions*, *Pacts*, or *Oaths*, could *Princes* bind,
By *Ancient usages* and *Laws* they sway'd,
VVhich both were by the choice of *Subjects* made.
Old *Customs* grew to *Laws* by *long consent*,
And to each *Written Law* of *Parliament*:
Freedom in *Boroughs*, and in Land Freehold;
Gave all, who had them, Voices, uncontroul'd:
But few *new Rights* were by *new Laws* obtain'd,
Only some *ravish'd liberties* regain'd.
Who had no *Voices*, yet alike were *bound*
By the *Protection*, which from *Law*'s they found,
For every one in those had *equal right*,
And no *great Man* could *injure*, or *affright*;
Where *Subjects* in the *Laws* can claim no share.
'Twixt them and *Cattel* no distinctions are.

This

This was the *Constitution* of our *State*,
And true *Religion* flourish'd in its height:
From lying *Legends*, false *Traditions*, free,
From *Monkish* Ignorance, *Schoolmens Frippery*,
From *Idols*, and from *Papal Tyranny*.
Their *building* made of *Stubble* and of *Hay*,
VVas by our *Wise Reformers* swept away;
Thus we enjoy'd a happy Union,
Under the great *Eliza*, perfect grown,
Hers and the Peoples Int'rests, were thought one.
She, and the Realm, with mutual kindness strove,
Great its Obedience, and as great her Love;
Long might such happiness have been enjoy'd,
Had it not been b' Ambitious Priests destroy'd.
Those haughty Priests could not contented be
VVith what remain'd from Popish Dignity,
But would their Hierarchy have greater made,
VVith cast off Rights the Laity th' invade,
And call in *Jus Divinum* to their aid.
VVith that invisible Commission arm'd
Our Kings, with Sov'raign, and Inherent charm'd,
VVith Sacred Person, power without a Bound,
Prerogative unlimited, no ground
VVhereof is in our Constitution found.
Thus they, by Ecclesiastick Flattery,
Turn'd Kings to Tyrants, and to Slaves, the free;
These Furious Fools yet VVise Divines contemn'd,
And their rash Doctrines, privately condemn'd;
None dare in publick say they were unsound,
But Fines, and Pillories, and Brands, were found.
For now Commission'd from above the Sky,
Kings soon were deem'd for Laws, and Oaths too high;
Hotly 'twas taught, they were not bound by Oaths,
Because no Pow'r above them to impose.

'Twas now no Kingly Office nor a Truſt,
No Laws to Rule by but their Sov'raign Luſt;
And all the Land for their Eſtate they own'd,
The Subjects were their Stock upon the Ground.
At length, to rivet on the Chains we wore,
Leud Knaves in Quoifs yield the Diſpenſing Pow'r,
VVhich never Tyrant here had claim'd before.
The Scandals of the Bar muſt now be found
To give the Government this mortal wound;
VVhich at one blow took all its ſtrength away,
And down in pieces daſh'd, the Noble Structure lay.
Ruine and Rubbiſh cover'd all the Ground,
And no Remains were of the building found.
Monſters of Roman and Hybernian Race,
VVith Phangs and Claws infect the waſted place:
VVith one of *Britiſh* kind, who ſwallow'd more
Than any other Bloody Beaſt of Pow'r;
Fiercely he goggled, his Jaws open'd wide,
Louder he roar'd than all the Beaſts beſide.
Some like *Jaccals*, before him Prey'd for Blood,
And to his Rav'nous Maw brought all they cou'd:
Againſt the Rapine of theſe Beaſts of Prey,
Firſt *Londons* Noble Prelate ſtood at Bay;
One fit t' attone for all the Clergies Blots,
For three vile Engliſh Biſhops, and twelve Scots.
Then Valiant *Fairfax* and brave *Hough* made head,
But by theſe Monſters were diſcomfited;
And now the trembling Church began to reel,
And the effects of Non-reſiſtance feel
VVhere *Jus Divinum* was not on their ſide;
They ſtrove to ſtop the fierce impetuous Tyde.
Seven Suffering Heroes gave it ſuch a ſhock,
It ſeem'd to daſh its Surges on a Rock;

But

But Show'rs of Locusts came with thickest Fogs,
From Tybers Marshes and from Shanons Bogs;
Vast clouds of Vermin hasten to their aid,
And intercepting light, thick darkness made;
All clouded was our Sullen Hemisphere,
But Lo! the Glorious *Orange* does appear!
And by his Universal Influence,
Does to our Drooping Land new Life dispence;
His heat ferments that Lump, was dead before,
Which now in every part exerts its Pow'r;
To purge its self, that it may clean become,
The Fermentation soon throws off the Scum.
And ev'ry part does tow'ards Perfection move,
Tow'rds Strength, and Soundness, Harmony & Love:
When Earth oppress'd, with darkness over-spread,
From filthy Boggy exhalations bred.
The Sun with noiseless Marches of his light,
Discusses Vapours, and dispels the Night;
With Equal Silence in his Glorious Race,
Our noysome Fogs does the Brave *Orange* Chase:
Does all the powers of Darkness put to flight,
And the Infernal Ministers of Night;
The Guilty Spirits shun th' approach of light.
When undistinguish'd in the Mighty Mass,
And in Stagnation Universal matter was;
Huddled in heaps the diff'ring Attomes lay
Quiet, and had no Laws of Motion to obey;
Th' Eternal Mover threw the ferment in,
The Solid Attoms did their Course begin;
The Quickning Mass moves now in every part,
And does its Plastick Faculties exert.
The jarring Attomes move into a peace,
And all Confusion, and Disorders cease;
The Ugly undigested Lump became,

The

The perfect Glorious, and well order'd Frame.
Let there be Light, th' Almighty *Jove* Run,
No sooner 'twas pronounc'd, but it was done:
Inspir'd by Heav'n, thus the great *Orange* said,
Let there be Liberty, and was obey'd.
Vast VVonders Heav'ns great Minister h'as wrought,
From our dark *Chaos*, beauteous Order brought:
H'invaded us with Force to make us free,
And in anothers Realm, could meet no Enemy.
Hail Great Assertor, of the Greatest Cause;
Mans Liberty, and the Almighty's Laws:
Heav'n Greater VVonders has for thee design'd,
Thou Glorious Deliv'rer of Mankind!

A Congratulatory Poem to the most Illustrious Queen Mary, *upon her Arrival in* England. *By* Thomas Shadwell.

MADAM,

IMmur'd with Rocks of Ice no VVretches left
Hopeless of Life, of Heat and Light bereft,
Under the Influence of the rugged *Bear*,
Where but one Day and Night is all the Year,
With ne'er so much transporting *Joy* could meet
The dawning Day, as Your Approach we greet:
Your *Beams* reviv'd us from the *Belgian* Shore:
VVhich now our long-lov'd *Princess* does restore.
VVhat could make us so rich? Or them so poor?
The *World* nought equal to our *Joy* can find,
But the despairing *Grief* You left behind.

from the *Mighty States* have now gain'd more
n by our *Aid* they ever got before.
hen the Great *Vere's* and *Sidney's* won such Fame,
t each of them *Immortallix'd* his *Name*,
Alva's Rage would have *distrest'd* them so
MADAM, we have done, recalling You.
r ador'd *Princess* to *Batavians* sent,
ome to us with mighty Interest sent:
r we, with her, have won the *Great Nassau*,
hose Sword shall keep the *Papal World* in awe.
comes, She comes, the *Fair*, the *Good*, the *Wise*,
ith loudest *Acclamations* rend the Skies,
k all the *Steeples*, kindle ever *Street*,
under ye *Cannons* from each *Port* and *Fleet*.
all the neighb'ring *Lands* sound out your *Joys*,
d let *France* shake at the *Triumphant Noise*.
s'd be the rising *Waves*, the murmuring *Gales*
ain'd the *Mighty Cargo*, swell'd the *Sayls*.
s'd be the *Vessel*, as that was which bore
e *Sacred Remnant*, when there was no *Shore*.
t the *returning Dove* they welcom'd so
we our *MARY*, who brings *Olive* too;
at only promis'd Safety to their *Lives*,
is our lost *Peace* and *Liberty revives*.
s'd, *bless'd* be his *Invasion*, which made way
r this most *happy* and *Illustrious Day*.
brave an *Action*, so *Renown'd a Name*,
as ne'er yet written in the *Book* of *Fame*.
Parasites call *Princes Wise*, and *Brave*,
ho hear *inglorious Arms* but to *inslave*. (bind:
r *Prince* will break those *Chains* wherewith they
his true *Glory* to *enlarge* Mankind.
any *Land* You would *Dominion* gain;
MADAM, in each *Common-Wealth* would *Reign*.

Where

VVhere'er your *God-like* PRINCE from us should
They would like us, submit without a Blow.
In his short *Sway* more *Wisdom* He has shown,
Than here before in *Ages* has been known.
The Name of KING adds nothing to his *Fame*;
But his great *Virtues dignifie* that *Name*.
VVhat *Land* can boast of such a *matchless Pair*,
Like him so *wise*, so *brave*; like You so *wise*, so *fai*
VVhere e're so many *sacred Virtues* joyn,
They to a *Scepter* shew a *Right Divine*.
Who are approv'd so *Valiant*, *Wise* and *Just*,
Have the best *Titles* to the *highest Trust*,
Though from the *Loins* of *greatest Kings* deriv'd,
That *Title*'s not so strong, nor so long liv'd;
For *Princes* more of *solid Glory* gain,
Who are *thought fit*, than who are *born* to *Reign*.

Ode on the Anniversary of the King's Birt
By Thomas Shadwell.

WElcome, thrice welcome, this Auspicious Mor
On which the Great *Nassau* was Born,
Sprung from a mighty Race, which was design'd
For the Deliv'rers of Mankind.
Illustrious Heroes, whose prevailing Fates
Rais'd the Distress'd; to High and Mighty States;
And did by that possess more true Renown,
Than their *Adolphus* gain'd by the Imperial Cro

y cool'd the Rage, humbled the Pride of *Spain*,
since the Insolence of *France* no less,
Had brought the States into Distress,
t that a precious Scien did remain
m that Great Root, which did the shock sustain,
d made them High and Mighty once again.

his Prince for us, was Born to make us free
From the most abject Slavery.
ou hast restor'd our Laws their Force again;
e still shall Conquer on the Land by thee;
By thee shall Triumph on the Main.

t thee a Fate much more sublime attends,
ope for Freedom on thy Sword depends;
And thy Victorious Arms shall tumble down
The Savage Monster from the *Gallick* Throne:
To this Important Day, we all shall owe,
Glorious Birth, from which such blest effects shall flow.

On this glad Day let every Voice,
And Instrument, Proclaim our Joys,
And let all Europe *joyn in the Triumphant Noise.*
Io Triumphe *let us Sing,*
Io Triumphe *let us Sing,*
d *let the Sound through all the spacious Welkin Ring.*

From thy fresh Lawrels shall the Olive spring,
Thy Victories shall bring us Peace,
And under Thee, our most Indulgent King,
Shall Industry and Arts increase;
iet we shall possess, but not Inglorious Ease.
Then shall each fertile Mead, and grateful Field,
Amply reward our Care and Toil;

The

The Herds and Flocks a vast increase shall yield,
Which raging War shall never spoil,
Free from Invading Force, and from Intestine Broil.

And though our plenteous Isle shall need no more
Than what its Soil for Natives does provide,
Yet added to its mighty Store,
Whatever any Foreign Coast,
Of Plenty, or of Wealth can boast,
Shall on our Happy Shores flow in beside,
From the superfluous Bounty of each Tide.

Now Av'rice or Ambition in the Great,
Shall under thee thy Godlike Power pervert,
Rewards nor Threats corrupt thy Judgment Seat;
Nor Trusts be gain'd but by desert,
While thy Great Self thy Wisdom shalt exert.
Then shall the vile ungrateful murm'ring Band,
Whom our great *Moses* has set free
From *Egypts* Bondage, and Idolatry,
Glad to submit to his Command;
For shame their guilty Heads hang down,
Owning the best of Kings that ever fill'd the Throne.

Thus the Prophetick Muses say,
And all the Wise and Good will say,
That they long, long, may celebrate this Day.
Soon Haughty *France* shall bow, and Coz'ning *Rome*
And *Britain* Mistress of the World become;
And from thy wise, thy Godlike Sway,
Kings learn to Reign, and Subjects to Obey.

On this Blest Day let every Voice,
And, &c.

An Ode on the Queens Birth-Day, Sung before their Majesties at Whitehal. By Tho. Shadwell.

NOw does the glorious Day appear,
The mightiest Day of all the Year;
Not any one such Joy could bring,
Not that which ushers in the Spring.

That of ensuing Plenty hopes does give,
This did the hope of Liberty retrieve;
This does our Fertile Isle with Glory Crown,
And all the Fruits it yields we now can call our own.
On this blest day was our Restorer born,
Far above all let this the Kalender Adorn.

II.

It was a work of full as great a weight,
And require the self-same Power,
Which did frail Humane kind Create,
When they were lost them to restore;
For a like Act, Fate gave our Princes Birth,
Which adding to the Saints, made Joy in Heaven,
As well as Triumphs upon Earth,
To which so great, so good a Queen was given.

III.

By beauteous softness mixt with Majesty,
An Empire over every Heart she gains,
And from her awful Power none could be free,
She with such Sweetness and such Justice Reigns:
Her Hero too, whose Conduct and whose Arms
The trembling Papal World their Force most yield,

Most

Must bend himself to her victorious Charms,
And give up all the Trophies of each Field,
Our dear Religion, with our Laws defence,
To God her Zeal, to Man Benevolence;
Must her above all former Monarch raise
To be the everlasting Theme of Praise;
No more shall we the great *Eliza* boast,
For her Great Name in Greater *Mary*'s will be lost.

Now now, with one united Voice
Let us aloud proclaim our Joys;
Io Triumphe *let us sing,*
And make Heaven's mighty Concave Ring.

An Impromptu to Shadwell is Memory
by Dr. B

And must our Glorious Laureat than Depart
Heaven if it please may take his Loyall Hea
As for the rest Sweet Devil fetch in Cart.

FINIS.

A

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

MUSES FAREWEL

TO

Popery & Slavery,

OR, A

COLLECTION

OF

Miſcellany Poems, Satyrs, Songs, &c.

Made by the Moſt Eminent Wits of the Nation, as the Shams, Intreagues, and Plots of Prieſts and Jeſuits gave occaſion.

Suis & ipſa Roma, viribus ruit, Hor.

LONDON: Printed in the Year, 1690.

THE

CONTENTS.

THE Obſervator: Or the Hiſtory of Hodge, *as reported by ſome; from his ſiding with* Noll, *and ſcribbling for* Rome, p. 1.
The Farewell, p. 5.
The Scamperers, p. 6.
The Miracle: How the Dutcheſs *of* Modena (*being in Heaven*) *pray'd the B. Virgin, that the* Queen *might have a* Son, *and how our Lady ſent the Angel* Gabriel *with her Smock; upon which the* Queen *was with Child*, p. 9.
Dialogue, p. 11.
The Propheſie, p. 14.
An Excellent New Ballad, call'd, The Prince of Darkneſs: *Shewing how Three Nations may be ſet on Fire by a* Warming-Pan, p. 16.
A New Song, p. 17.
A New Song, p. 19.

THE

CONTENTS

The Oſervator. Or the Hiſtory of Hodge, *as reported by ſome; from his ſiding with* Noll, *and ſcribling for* Rome.

STand forth thou grand Impoſtor of our time,
The Nations ſcandal, Puniſhment and Crime;
Unjuſt Uſurper of ill gotten Praiſe,
Unmatch'd by all but thy leud *Brother Bays*;
How well have you your ſev'ral Gallants choſe,
Damnably to plague the World in Verſe and Proſe.
Like two *Twin Comets*; when you do appear
We juſtly may ſuſpect ſome danger near.
He lately did under correction paſs,
Honour'd by that great hand that gave the Laſh,
A doom too glorious for that curſed head,
And unproportion'd to the Life he lead,
But you are to a viler fate deſign'd,
To ſuffer by a vulgar hand like mine,
We'll tear your Vizard and unmask your ſhame,
And at each corner Gibbet up your name.
Expoſe you to the Scorn of all you meet,
As Dogs drag grinning Cats about the Street.
Under Uſurping *Noll* you firſt began
To rear your Head and ſhew your ſelf a Man;
Unpittying ſaw the Royal Party fall,
And Danc'd and Fiddled to the Funeral;
Diſclaim'd their Intereſt and renounc'd their ſide,
And with the Independant ſtraight comply'd;

Officious in their Service wrote for Hire;
A brisk Crowdero in the Factious Quire:
Your nimble Pen on all their Errands run;
The Horoscope still opens to the Sun.
There 'twas in those unhappy days,
You laid foundation for designed Praise;
By disrespect ignobly purchas'd shame,
And damn'd your Soul to scandalize your Name:
When *Charles* at length by Providence came in,
You fac'd about and quickly chang'd the Scene;
Turn'd to new Notes your mercenary strings,
Began to play Divinity of Kings:
Your former Master straightway is forgot,
Stil'd Villain, Rogue, Thief Murderer, what not?
Such recompence he doth deserve to have,
Who for his Interest durst employ a Knave.
Now 'twas a time you thought to take your ease,
After such great Exploits perform'd as these:
Applauding to your self your own deserts,
You strait set up for a vain Ass of Parts;
Resolving that the Ladies too should know,
What other Tricks and Gambals you could do.
Was there a skipping Whore about the Town?
Or private Baudy-house to you unknown?
Here for a Stallion, there for a Pimp you went;
To do both Drudgeries alike content.
But Ill success you had with Madam C——k,
Whom in the Act her Husband took:
Strong *Bastinado* o're your shoulders laid,
Made you a while surcease that letcherous trade,
Till growing old in customary sin,
You with a Chaster Lady did begin.
Whom when you found she all Assaults refus'd,
And would not yield her self to be abus'd;

Down

Down on your Knees you preſently was laid,
And thus (O righteous Heaven) devoutly pray'd:
Since you diſdain the kind requeſt to grant,
Dear Madam let me lay my hand upon't.
This is the Man whoſe whole Diſcourſe and tone,
Is Honour, Juſtice, Truth, Religion;
Was ſuch a ~~Godly~~ Raſcal ever known?
But now reform'd by indigence of Gold.
Your former wanton courſe grew ſlack and cold,
For 'twas at firſt indeed too hot to hold.
Now new expedients muſt employ your Brain,
And other Methods for advance of Gain;
Something contriv'd in private, touch'd the State,
Which made you timely think of a retreat;
Beyond Sea then the wretched Caitiff flies,
A guilty Conſcience has Quick-ſighted Eyes.
When you return'd, you fell to work amain,
And took up your old Scribling trade again;
Some ſorry ſcandal on Fanaticks thrown,
And viler Canting upon Forty one;
You thought ſufficient to oblige the Crown;
Then who but you, the World was all your own.
Now for the Church of *England* you declare,
A witty zealous Proteſtant appear;
Your ſecret ſpies and emiſſaries uſe
To pay for falſe Intelligence and News:
When nam'd in two Diurnals you diſpence
Equally void of Reaſon, Truth, and Senſe.
Guinea's now from every quarter came
To pay reſpect to your encreaſing Fame,
While you at *Sam*'s like a grave Doctor ſate,
Teaching the Minor Clergy how to prate,
Who lickt your Spittle up and then came down,
And ſhed the naſty Drivel o're the Town.

Ay theſe were bleſſed times and happy days,
When all the World conſpired to your praiſe:
He who refus'd and would no Token ſend,
Muſt be traduc'd as the Diſſenters Friend:
And that your Greatneſs no regard might lack,
You got a Knighthood chopt upon your Back.
But ſomething now has ſtopt that rapid ſtream,
And you have nothing more to ſay for them:
Your piercing Eye diſcovers from a far,
The glittering Glory of ſome further Star,
Which bids you pay your adoration there.
Inconſtant Rover, whether do'ſt thou tend?
When will thy tedious Villanies have end?
Whither at laſt do'ſt thou intend to go?
Of which party wilt thou e'er prove true?
To Turk, or Pope, to Proteſtant or Jew?
Should I here all thy Villanies recount,
To what a mighty ſumm do they amount?
Thy ſolemn Proteſtations, Oaths and Lies,
Devices, Shams, Evaſions, Perjuries,
My Paper to a Volumn would exceed,
Of greater bulk than *Hollingſhead* and *Speed*.
For thou art now ſo ſcandalouſly known,
And ſo remarkable in Vice alone,
That every one can find a ſtone to throw
At ſuch a ſnarling pimping Cur as thou.
But wretch! if ſtill thou art not paſt all Grace,
And wholſome counſel can with thee find place;
If thou at laſt ſincerely wouldſt attone,
And expiate thy former miſchiefs done,
Like dying *Judas* render back thy pelf,
Recant thy Books and then go hang thy ſelf.

The Farewell.

I.

FArewell *P*——, farewell Cross;
Farewell *C*——, farewell Ass.
Farewell *P*——, farewell Tool,
Farewell *S*——, farewell Fool.

II.

Farewell *Middleton*, farewell *Scot*;
Farewell *B*——, farewell Sot.
Farewell *R*——, farewell Trimmer;
Farewell *Dryden*, farewell Rhymer.

III.

Farewell *B*——, farewell Villain;
Farewell *W*——, worse than *Tresilian*.
Farewell Chancellor, farewell Mace;
Farewell Prince, farewell Race.

IV.

Farewell Queen, farewell Passion;
Farewell King, farewell Nation,
Farewell Priests, and farewell Pope;
Farewell all that deserve a Rope.

The SCAMPERERS.

To the Tune of, *Packinton's Pound.*

WHen the Joy of all Hearts, & desire of all Eyes,
In whom our chief Refuge and Confidence lies,
The Protestant Bulwark against all Despair,
Has depriv'd us at once, of her self and her Heir:
That hopeful young *Thing*,
Begot by a King,
And a Q. whose Perfections o'er all the world ring.
A Father whose Courage no Mortal can daunt,
And a Mother whose Virtue no Scandal can taint.

II.

When *Jeffryes* resigns up the Purse and the Mace,
Whose impudent Arrogance gain'd him the place,
When, like *Lucifer*, thrown from the height of his pride,
And the Knot of his Villanies strangely unty'd.
From the Chancery Bawling,
He turns a Tarpaulin;
Men still catch at any thing when they are falling:
But a plague of ill fortune, before he could scoure,
He was taken at *Wapping*, and sent the *Tower*.

III.

When Confessor *Petre's* does yield up the Game,
And proves to the worst of Religion a shame;
When his cheating no more o're our Reason prevails,
But is blasted like that of his true Prince of *Wales*:

Which

Which was his Contrivance,
And our Wise King's Connivance,
To establish the *Papists*, and *Protestants* drive hence:
But their Cobweb Conception is brought to the Test,
And the coming of *Orange* has quite spoil'd the Jest.

IV.

When *Pet* —— noted for all that is ill,
Was urg'd by his Wife to the making his Will;
At the hearing which words he did stare, foam & roar,
Then broke out in Curfing and calling her Whore.
And for two hours at least
His Tongue never ceas'd,
He rail'd on Religion, and damn'd the poor Priest,
And his Friends, who had hope to behold him expire,
Are afraid by this Bout they shall lose their desire.

V.

Young *S*——— fam'd in this great Expedition,
Not for going to War, but obtaining Commission;
It's no Mystery to me if his Courage did fail,
When the greatest of Monarchs himself did turn Tail:
So that if he took Flight,
With his Betters by night,
I am apt to believe the pert Spark was i'th' right:
For the Papists this Maxim do every where hold,
To be forward in Boasting, in Courage less Bold.

VI.

Nor should *B*———, *P*———, and *A*— throng,
But each in due place have his Attributes sung.
Yet since 'tis believ'd by the strange turn of Times,
They'll be call'd to account for their Treasonable Crimes,
While the *Damn'd Popish Plot*,
Is not yet quite forgot,
For which the Lord *St*— went justly to Pot;

And to their great comfort I'll make it appear,
They that gave them their Freedom, themselves are
(not clear.

VII.

Wi. W —, that Friend to the Bishops and Laws,
As the Devil would have it, espous'd the wrong Cause;
Now loath'd by the Commons, and scorn'd by the
His Patent for Honour, in pieces he tears, (Peers,
Both our *Britains* are fool'd,
Who the Laws over-rul'd,
And next Parliament each will be plaguily school'd:
Then try if your Cunning can find out a Flaw
To preserve you from Judgment according to Law.

VIII.

Sir *Edward Hale*'s Actions I shall not repeat,
Till by Axe, or by Halter, his Life he compleat,
Pen's History shall be related by *Lobb*,
Who has ventur'd his Neck for a Snack in the Jobb,
All their *Priests* and *Confessors*,
With their Dumb *Idol-Dressers*,
Shall meet that Reward which is due to Transgres-
(sors,
And no *Papist* henceforth shall these Kingdoms inhe-
(rit,
But ORANGE shall reap the Fruit of his Merit.

The Kings health
Here is a health to his Majesty
With a falala lero falala la
And I drink it on my knee
With a falala lero falala la
And he that will not drink this health
I wish him neither wit nor wealth
Nor Never a Limb to help himself
With a falala lero falala la

The

The Miracle; How the Dutcheſs of Modena *(being in Heaven) prayed the B. Virgin that the Queen might have a Son, and how our Lady ſent the Angel* Gabriel *with her Smock; upon which the Queen was with Child.*

To the Tune of, O *Youth, thou handſt better been ſtarv'd at Nurſe.* *In* Bartholomew-Fair.

YOu Catholick States men and Church-men (rejoyce,
And Praiſe Heavens Goodneſs with Heart and (with Voice;
None greater on Earth or in Heaven than ſhe,
Some ſay ſhe's as good as the beſt of the three.
Her Miracles bold,
Were Famous of Old,
But a braver than this is was never yet told;
'Tis pity that every good Catholick living, (ving.
Had not heard on't before the laſt day of Thankſgi-

II.

In *Lombardy-Land*, great *Modena*'s Dutcheſs (ches,
Was ſnatch'd from her Empire by Death's cruel Clut-
When to Heaven ſhe came (for thither ſhe went)
Each Angel received her with Joy and Content.
On her knees ſhe fell down,
Before the bright Throne,
And begg'd that Gods Mother would grant her one Boon;

Give

Give *England* a Son (at this Critical Point)
To put little *Orange*'s Noſe out of Joynt.

III.

As ſoon as our Lady had heard her Petition,
To *Gabriel*, the Angel, ſhe ſtraight have Commiſſion
She pluck'd off her Smock from her ſhoulders divine
And charg'd him to haſten to *Englands* fair Queen.
Go to the Royal Dame,
To give her the ſame,
And bid her for ever to praiſe my Great Name;
For I, in her favour, will work ſuch a Wonder,
Shall keep the moſt Inſolent Hereticks under.

IV.

Tell *James* (my beſt Son) his part of the matter
Muſt be with this, Only to cover my Daughter;
Let him put it upon her with's own Royal Hand;
Then let him go Travel to viſit the Land;
And the Spirit of Love,
Shall come from above,
Tho not as before, in form of a Dove;
Yet down he ſhall come in ſome likeneſs or other,
(Perhaps like Count *Dada*) and make her a Mother.

V.

The Meſſage with hearts full of Faith were receiv'd,
And the next news we heard was Q. *M.* conceiv'd;
You great ones Converted, poor cheated Diſſenters,
Grave Judges, Lords, Biſhops, & Commons, Conſen-
You Commiſſioners all, (ters
Eccleſiaſtical,
From *M*—— the Dutiful, to *C*——the Tall;
Pray Heaven to ſtrengthen Her Majeſties Placket,
For if this Trick fail, beware of your Jacket.

The

DIALOGUE.

M. WHY am I daily thus perlex'd ?
Why beyond Womans patience vex'd ?
Your Spurious Iſſue grow and thrive ;
VVhile mine are dead e'er well alive.
If they ſurvive a nine days wonder,
Suſpicious Tongues aloud do thunder ;
And ſtreight accuſe my Chaſtity,
For your damn'd Inſufficiency :
You meet my Love with no deſire,
My Altar damps your feeble fire :
Though I have infinite more Charms
Than all you e'er took to your Arms.
The Prieſt at th' Altar bows to me ;
VVhen I appear he bends the Knee.
His Eyes are on my Beauties fixt,
His Pray'rs to Heav'n and Me are mixt ;
Confuſedly he tells his Beads,
Is out both when he Prays and Reads.
I travell'd farther for your Love,
Than *Sheba*'s Queen, I'll fairly prove.
She from the *South*, 'tis ſaid, did rome,
And I as far from *Eaſt* did come.
But here the difference does ariſe,
Though equally we ſought the Prize ;
VVhat that great Queen deſir'd ſhe gain'd,
But I ſoon found your Treaſury drain'd,
Your Veins corrupted in your Youth,
'Tis ſad Experience tells this Truth:

Though

Though I had caution long before
Of that which I too late deplore.
J. Pray, Madam, let me ſilence break,
As I have you, now hear me ſpeak.
Theſe Stories ſure muſt pleaſe you well,
You're apt ſo often them to tell.
But, if you'll ſmooth your brow a while,
And turn that Pout into a Smile,
I doubt not, but to make't appear,
That you the great'ſt Aggreſſor are.
I took you with an empty Purſe,
Which was to me no trivial Curſe,
No Dowry could your Parents give;
They'd but a Competence to live.
When you appear'd, your Charming Eyes
(As you relate) did me ſurprize
With VVonder, not with Admiration,
Aſtoniſhment, but no Temptation:
Nor did I ſee in all your Frame,
Ought could create an amorous flame,
Or raiſe the leaſt Deſire in me,
Save only for Variety.
I paid ſuch Service as was due,
VVorthy my ſelf, and worthy you:
Careſs'd you far above the rate
Both of your Birth, and your Eſtate.
VVhen ſoon I found your haughty mind
VVas unto Sov'raignty inclin'd;
And firſt you practis'd over me
The heavy Yoke of Tyranny,
VVhile I your Property was made,
And you, not I, was ſtill obey'd:
Nor durſt I call my Soul my own,
You manag'd me as if I'd none.

I took ſuch meaſures as you gave,
All day your Fool, all night your ſlave.
Nor was Ambition bounded here,
You ſtill reſolv'd your courſe to ſteer:
All that oppoſe you, you remove;
'Twas much you'd own the Powers above.
Now ſeveral Stratagems you try,
And I'm in all forc'd to comply:
To Mother Church you take Recourſe,
She tells you 'tmuſt be done by force;
And you, impatient of delay,
Contrive and execute the way.
When mounted to the place you ſought,
It no Contentment with it brought:
One Tree within your Proſpect ſtood
Faireſt and talleſt of the Wood:
Which to your proſpect gave offence,
And it muſt be remov'd from thence.
In this you alſo are obey'd,
While all the Fault on me is laid.
Now you was quiet for a while,
As flattering Weather ſeems to ſmile,
Till buzzing Beetles of the Night
Had found freſh matter for your ſpite,
And ſet to work your buſie Brain,
Which took Fire quickly from their Train.
Some VViſe, ſome Valiant, you remove,
'Cauſe they your Maxims don't approve;
And in in their ſtead ſuch Creatures place
VVhich to th' Employments bring diſgrace:
While whatſoe'r you do I own,
And ſtill the dirt on me is thrown.
Straight new Chimear's fill your Brain,
The humming Beetles buz again;

A Goal-Delivery now must be,
All tender Consciences set free ;
Not out of Zeal, but pure Design
To make Dissenters with us joyn,
To pull down Test and Penal Laws,
The Bulwark of the Hereticks Cause.
The sly Dissenters laugh the while,
They see where lurks the Serpents guile ;
And rather than with us comply,
Will on our Enemies rely.
The Chieftains of the Protestant Cause,
We did confine, though 'gainst the Laws :
But soon was glad to set 'em free,
Fearing the giddy Mobile.
Now all is turning upside down,
Loud Murmuring's in every Town ;
We've Foes abroad, and Foes at home,
Armies and Fleets against us come :
The Protestants do laugh the while,
And the Dissenters sneer and smile ;
But no assistance either sends ;
They're neither Enemies nor Friends.
Now pray conclude what must be done,
Consult your Oracle of *ROME*,
For next fair Wind be sure they come.

The Propheſie.

WHen the K. leaves of *Sidly*, & holds to the Queen
And *Berwick* has fought as many Battles as
Then *Clifford* shall look like a Lass of fifteen, (he's seen,
And Popery out of this Nation shall run.
When

When *M* — ſhall leave off his Luſt and his Pride,
And *C*—*wall* his Pimp, which none but his breed,
Then *M*—— Letchery ſhall be deny'd.
And Popery, &c.

When *B*— *ly* the Cynick leaves being Satyrick,
And of his Wifes Vertue writes a large Panegyrick,
Then his Manners ſhall fight for his good Natures (Merit,
And Popery, &c.

When *R* —— gives up his 12 *s.* i'th' Pound,
And the Army does *B* —— Generoſity ſound,
Then *D* — refuſing of Bribes ſhall be found;
And Popery, &c.

When *G*— his Conſcience ſhall fly in's face,
And rather than Vote 'gainſt the the Teſt leav's place,
And *S*—— likewiſe ſhall have no more Grace;
And Popery, &c.

When *C*— and *D* — for Religion dye Martyrs,
And *C* — refuſes to be Knight of the Garter.
Then the Country no longer ſhall the Dragoons (Quarter;
And Popery, &c.

When the K. from the Word he hath given does (ſwerve,
And the Judges the Oath they have taken obſerve,
Or for breaking have but what they deſerve;
And Popery, &c.

When Archbiſhop of *York* we ſee Dr. *Ken*,
And *Compton* made Biſhop of *London* agen,
And *Herbert* Rule, as before, on the Main;
And Popery, &c.

When *Norfolk* grows Rich, and *Powis* grows poor,
When *N*—— is humble *S*—*cer* demure,
When the Town can love one, & the other endure;
And Popery, &c.

When *Tyrconnel*'s turn'd out, and an *Ormond* put in,
When the Groom of the Stool thinks declaring a Sin,
Then *Oxford* shall have his Regiment agen;
And Popery, &c.

When the Prince of *Denmark* leaves *W*— direction,
And is suff'red to bring what she breeds to perfection,
And a Parliament's call'd by a legal Election;
And Popery, &c.

When *Fenwhams* Conduct a Souldier shall prove him,
And the Chancellour beggs that the King would remove him,
Oh, then we shall see how the People will love him;
And Popery, &c.

When *Petres* and *P*— Council shall fail,
And if what the Q. goes with shou'd prove a Female,
Lord! How wou'd the Romish Religion prevail,
That out of this Nation it might not turn

An Excellent new Ballad, call'd, the Prince of Darkness; Shewing how three Nations may be set on Fire by a Warming-Pan.

AS I went by St. *James*'s I heard a Bird sing,
Of certain, the Q. has a Boy in the Spring,
But one of the Chair-men did laugh and did say,
It was born over Night, & brought forth the next day
This Bantling was heard at St. *James*'s to squaul,
Which made the Q. make so much haste from *White-H*
Peace, Peace, little Master, and hold up thy head,
Here's Money bid for thee, the true Mother said;
But

But no body knows from what Pariſh it came,
And that is the reaſon it has not a Name.
Good Catholicks all were afraid it was dying,
There was ſuch abundance of ſighing and crying;
VVhich is a good Token by which we may ſwear,
It is the Q—s own, and the Kingdoms right Heir.
Now if we ſhould happen to have a true Lad,
From the Loins of ſo wholſom a Mother and Dad,
'Twere hard to determine which Blood were the beſt,
That of *Southask*, or the Baſtard of *Eſt*;
But now we have cauſe for Thanſgiving indeed,
There was no other way for mending the Breed.

A New SONG.

To the Tune of, *Lilli-burlero.*

OUR Hiſtory reckons ſome Kings of great fame,
Ninny Mack Nero, Jemmy Tranſub,
But none before this who deſerved the Name
Of *Jemmy Mack Nero, Jemmy Tranſub*;
Nero, Nero, Nero, Nero, Ninny Mack Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, Nero, Nero, Ninny Mack Nero, &c.

II.

He pick'd up a parcel of Fools and Knaves,
Ninny Mack, &c.
And make them all Judges to make us all Slaves,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

III.

III.

Then for the Church he solemnly swore,
Ninny Mack, &c.
He took as much care as his Brother before,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

IV.

To *D* —— the dapper, and *C*——. the tall,
Ninny Mack, &c.
He added *Tom. W*—— and *Timothy Hall*——,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

V.

Yet for all this the Heretick Clowns,
Ninny Mack &c.
Have set out a Fleet to ride in the *Downs*,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

VI.

And General *Scomberg* fierce as a Bear,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Is coming a Board, let him come if he dare,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

VII.

For now our brave K——has fitted his Arms,
Ninny Mack, &c.
And all our *Dear Joys* are Landing in Swarms,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

VIII.

VIII.

WHat though the *Dutch* are ſo Impudent grown,
Ninny Mack, &c.
To ſwear the K—g's Son is none of his own.
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

IX.

WHat need they make ſuch a deal ado,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Is not our K— a Ch——g too,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

X.

As long as he bought him with his *French* Pence,
Ninny Mack, &c.
For matter of getting the Pope will Diſpence,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

A New SONG.

To the Tune of, *Lulla by Baby.*

IN *Rome* there is a moſt fearful Rout,
And what do you think it is about,
Becauſe the Birth of the Babe's come out:
Sing lulla by Babee, by, by, by.
The Jeſuits ſwear the Midwife told tales,
And ruin'd His Highneſs the Prince of *Wales*;
She's a Jade for her pains, Cutſplutter-anails:
Sing lulla, &c.

The

The Popish Crew did all protest,
That twenty great men would swear at least,
They see his *Welsh* Highness creep out of his Nest;
Sing lulla, &c.
The Goggle-ey'd Monster in the *Tower*,
He peep'd at his Birth for above an hour,
And 'twas a true Prince of *Wales* he swore:
Sing lulla, &c.
Another great Lord, both Grave and Wise,
Stood peeping between Her Majesties Thighs;
He look'd through a Glass for to save his Eyes:
Sing lulla, &c.
Both were so well satisfy'd, (cry'd;
They knew the sweet Babe from a thousand they
'Twas Born with the Print of a Tile on his Side:
Sing lulla, &c.
Some say 'tis a Prince of *Wales* by Right,
And those that deny it tis out of Spight;
But God send the Mother came honestly by't:
Sing lulla, &c.
Some Priest, they say, crept nigh her Honour,
And spinkled some good Holy Water upon her:
Which made her conceive of what has undone her.
Sing lulla, &c.
The Papists thought themselves greatly blest,
Before the young Babe was brought to the Test;
But now they call *Peters* a Fool of a Priest:
Sing lulla, &c.
The Priests in order to fly to the Pope,
Are got on Board on the Foreign Hope,
For all that stay here will be sure of a Rope:
Sing lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

FINIS.

X01-1-

26610

350833